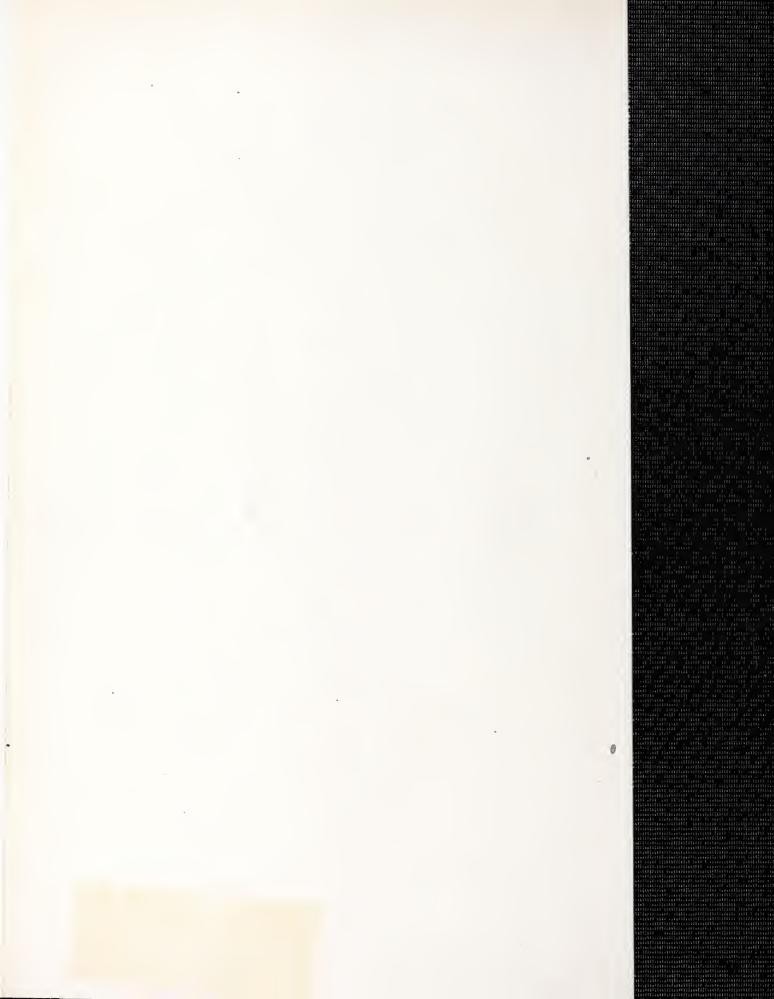
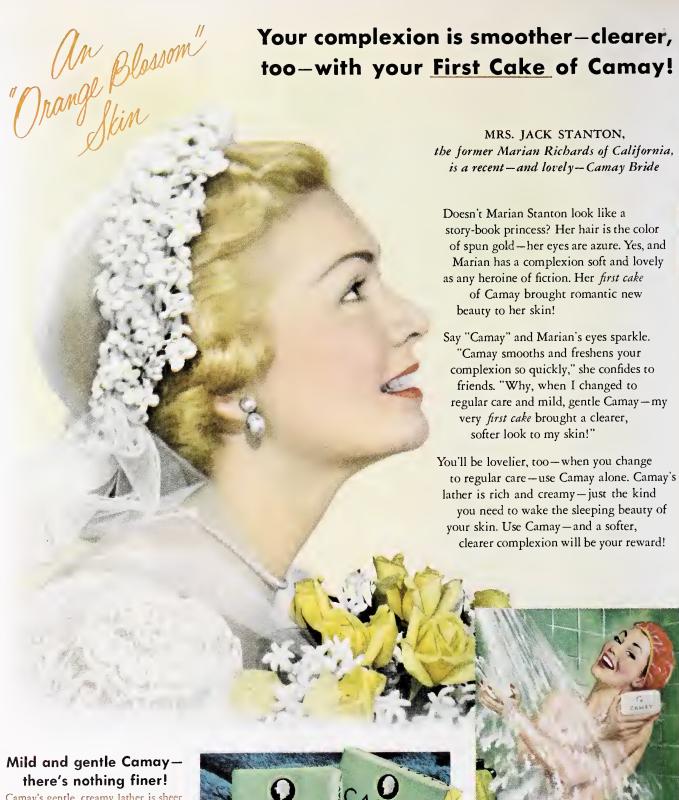




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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toolhpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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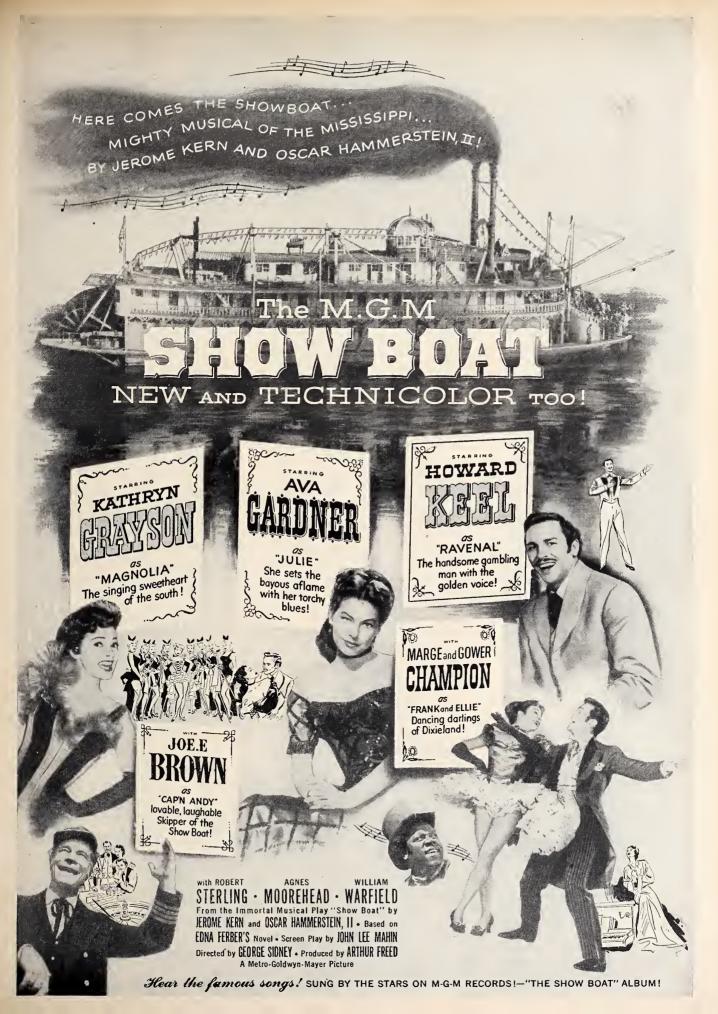
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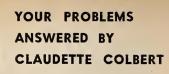


BISSELL SWEEPE

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what should I do?



Claudette Colbert appears next in "Don't Call Me Mother'

EAR MISS COLBERT: We have been married seventeen years and have three children. My husband is forty-five and I am thirty-five. During the past summer my husband visited his folks in his home state and while there, met a girl twenty-seven years old. When he came home, he talked about her incessantly, especially after a cocktail or two. I learned that he really cared for this girl and she loved him, but that he had forced himself to come home to keep our family

together. He really is a good man.

He broods a good deal now and takes little interest in our home. He is saving every penny in order to make the trip home again this summer, and he has gone on a rigid diet in order to regain what he calls his "football days" figure.

I am worried sick for fear he will dis-

cover that he and the girl are still in love and will make a change in our lives.

Barbara S.

Something about your letter gave me the impression that, instead of doing something about this situation, you have dissolved into tears. You are worrying, instead of working out a solution. Nothing in life remains static, certainly not in marriage. No woman can resign herself to comfortable drifting; she must be as aware of her husband and the gradual changes in his personality and character, as she is aware of the changes in fashion. A woman who would laugh at the suggestion that she wear a 1934 bathing suit to the beach sometimes treats her husband with 1934 attitudes.

Have you allowed your figure to thicken? Could you benefit by joining your husband in his diet? Or should you gain a few pounds? In either case you should get busy in self-improvement with the same determination your husband is showing. You should announce at once that you are going to accompany him on his trip to visit his parents, and that you are going to leave your children with relatives or in a nursing home. There is no reason why you should permit yourself to be abandoned while your husband hurries away to a romantic rendezvous.

Don't nag your husband. Don't charge him with what you regard as his mistakes. Be as sweet to him as you think this girl would be. A wife has every advantage-if she is wise enough to know it and to profit thereby.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and have been working for the past seven years. I have a younger sister and a brother.

Our problem is our mother. I had to quit school when I was sixteen so that I could help pay her debts. My sister and brother have also had to go to work to keep Mother out of trouble.

She simply can't resist pretty things. She isn't selfish; when she goes on a buy-

ing spree, she buys for every member of the family. We are all away during the day, so the mail comes to her, and we never know exactly how much she has spent until she is so deeply in debt that she has to start borrowing from friends in order to keep her creditors quiet.

My mother is very pretty and young looking (she is only forty-two) and she came from a family that once had money. Each year we are a little worse off financially, and each year Mother promises to economize and help us to get out of debt.
What can we do to make Mother be sensible without hurting her feelings?

Elvina P.

From your letter, which unfortunately was too long to print in its entirety, it is clear that your mother has a mental problem. You should have a talk with your family doctor and ask him to refer you to a competent man dealing with neurotic disorders. You live in such a large city that you will be able to take your mother to a clinic where treatment will be provided at nominal cost.

There are some additional steps you

should take: Write to every shop at which your mother has a charge account and cancel these accounts, explaining you cannot be held responsible for her purchases. Get in touch with your family friends who supply your mother with money. Tell them too that you cannot be responsible for another penny.
In brief: Secure medical aid for your

mother while shutting off all means of her involving you in deeper debt. Such a step is not cold-blooded or undaughterly, but merely sound common sense.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a high school student and am very fond of a girl who is in my class. She likes me too, but she is also very fond of a boy two classes ahead of us.

This girl tells (Continued on page 11)

......

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

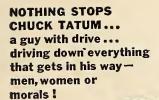
CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

•••••

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READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

Now that Jane Powell has graduated to adult roles, someone should give Lois Butler a chance. She's a natural to replace Jane in the singing teen-age roles. She has a lovely voice and is a good actress.

JEAN SCOTT Oak Ridge, Tenn.

If Liz Taylor can't pick any better men to go out with than Stanley Donen, she'd better quit dating. How about Vic Damone, someone her own age?

BEVERLY HAMILTON

Seward, Pa.

Why don't so-called stars like Gloria Swanson, Tallulah Bankhead and even Marlene Dietrich bow out now. They make me ill. Why can't they learn to grow old gracefully instead of painting up like carnival girls to hide their old age? Look how lovely Joan Bennett is, Eve Arden, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Billie Burke, to mention a few of the really great actresses. They may of the really great actresses. They may not be fifty yet, but they certainly don't hide the old age that's creeping up on

Drop a few hints to the glamour grannies and tell them they should have stayed secluded like the lovely Clara Bow instead of trying to push their way back.

ALICE STETSON Elyria, O.

Casting:

Wouldn't Louis Jourdan and Marta Toren be wonderful in a remake of "Camille"?

WILLIAM ESTERS Los Angeles, Cal.

If Valentino was anything like the impersonation that Anthony Dexter gave of him, no wonder every woman was mad about him! He sizzled, he smoked, he was Romance! Why not remake the Valentino films with handsome Mr. Dexter as the Great Lover?

SHIRLEY M. RICHARDSON Arthur, Ill.

How about Hollywood making a new movie version of Mark Twain's book, "Tom Sawyer"? Dean Stockwell would be perfect as *Tom*, with Marjorie Main as Aunt Polly.

R. AIGNER Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

Readers' Pets

I've watched Steve Cochran die in three movies now and since he was the reason I went to see them in the first place, I hated to see him get killed off. He's handsome in such a masculine way that he makes other actors seem very pastel.

Marilyn H. Seattle, Wash.

This is to inform you that a certain star by the name of Gene Kelly is still alive. By the looks of things some people might think he is dead or something. And the main reason is because Liz Taylor and Farley Granger are flooding your maga-zine. These two are the ones I would like to know less about.

You seem to think they're really something to worship or swoon over, but they never compare to that "Tap-Happy Kelly."

MARY MADERE Reserve. La.

I have just seen Vincent Edwards in "Mr. Universe." They couldn't have chosen a more perfect man. He has height, large shoulders, beautiful physique, dreamy eyes and a beautiful mop of blond hair!! Need I say more, girls?

GLADYS M. Detroit, Mich.

If there is anyone whose looks make me look twice, it can only be Susan Hayward with her sexy, pouty face. She has that special quality in her face that would make any man obey her slightest wish. As for her acting, I think she's tops. And most of my friends think the same.

GERTIE PETERSON Estevan, Canada

Agrees with Farley:

I'm an American student studying in Italy and by chance I came across Farley Granger's article in March Photoplay. I must say that he hit the nail on the

head referring to the Italian people, saying that they get the greatest happiness out of things we take for granted. He also out of things we take for granted. He also hit the bull's-eye saying that the European girls aren't as pretty as the Hollywood girls and not nearly as hep, although they have other qualities that make up for the lack of beauty, such as dignity, culture and the ability to assume great responsiand the ability to assume great responsi-bilities. Living in Italy for two years I can confirm this statement, but the European girls have these qualities because of the war. They had to be clever to save their families from famine and they also had to worry about where their next meal was coming from. We should thank God that our girls didn't and don't have to get clever because of hardship. They are also cultured because the surroundings the cultured because the surroundings they live in are full of art, so I don't think Farley Granger was being fair in comparing the American girls with the European girls. As far as dignity is concerned I really couldn't say.

However, I believe he grew up by com-

ing to Europe; so did I

Dino Insalaco Siena, Italy

Question Box:

Could you please tell me who the doll is who played the role of *Coffman* in "Halls of Montezuma"?

MIMI HEMING Baltimore, Md.

(His name is Robert Wagner. He was born in Detroit twenty-one years ago; is unmarried, 6' tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He will be seen next in "The Frogmen.")



Could you tell me who played Bill Phillips in "Highway 301" and a little about him? I think he's a very good actor.

MICKIE DAVIS Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(His name is Robert Webber. He's 6'1", weighs 170 lbs., has hazel eyes, brown hair, and is unmarried. Was on the New York stage, but "Highway 301" is his first picture.)

(Continued on page 8)



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(Continued from page 6)
Alex Nicol impressed me in "Target Unknown" and he impressed me even more in "Tomahawk." I would like some information on him this minute—and hope you'll do something special on him in future Photoplays.

Frances Denholm Jacksonville, Fla.

(He was born in Ossining, N. 1/20/19. Has blue eyes, blond hair; 6' 3½", and weighs 185 lbs. See "Choose Your Star" in August Photoplay for write-up on Alex, Robert Wagner and all the other new promising Holly-. wood talent.)



Will you please list the records of Mario Lanza and tell me, if possible, where I can get them? I think he is the best singer ever, and a good actor, too, but not my favorite.

JUANITA S. Winter Haven, Fla.

(Mario Lanza has made several operatic records, also "That Midnight Kiss" and "They Didn't Believe Me," as well as his latest albums, "Toast of New Orleans" and "The Great Caruso." They are RCA Victor Records and can be obtained at any good record shop.)

I read in some magazine that Dean Martin and Perry Como are brothers. I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me if they are or not.

Rose DI MARTINO

Chicago, Ill. (Dean and Perry are not related in any way.)

Jane's Choice:

My friends and I have just seen "Three Guys Named Mike." We thought, as I'm sure everyone who saw the picture did, that Jane Wyman should have married Howard Keel instead of Van Johnson. Van Johnson and Jane Wyman had nothing in common.

Jo Anne Joffrion Baton Rouge, La.

They say love is blind . . . it must be if Jane Wyman didn't pick Barry Sullivan the real heart-breaker of those "Three Guys Named Mike.'

RUTH PREWITT Colorado Springs, Colo.

Forgive Us, Topeka!

In your story "How Hollywood's Drinking Habits Have Changed" (May), it was stated, "Dan Dailey goes to Menninger Clinic in Kansas City." I thought everyone knew the clinic was in Topeka-and being a former Topekan am proud of that great institution.

IYDA COOK Neosho, Mo.

(We bow our heads in shame. However, Louella Parsons accurately places the clinic in Topcka in her Dan Dailey story in August Photoplay.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received. The hottest combination that ever hit the screen!

-LOUELLA O. PARSONS

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LAUGHING

STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johusou's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

ONY MARTIN, discounting movie fame, wailed: "One day you're making love to Grable, another day to Turner, another day to Darnell, then the next day you're a has-been."

"Yeah," spoke up a friend, "but look where you has been!"

Overheard at a Hollywood fashion show: "Don't let her figure fool you. She's only a bird in a girdled cage."

A Minneapolis newspaper took a poll on the question: "Are you in favor of kissing at the movies?" One teenager replied: "Who thinks about kissing? I haven't got time for that. I'd rather eat popcorn.

Those dungarees Alan Ladd wears so well in most of his movies should look good. He has 'em made by an exclusive Beverly Hills tailor for \$150 apiece.

As Gracie Allen sees it:

"I was just saying to George this morning, if they don't reduce the cost of living we'll just have to get along without it."

Bob Crosby sings a song, "Let's Make Comparisons," to a life-size dummy of brother Bing in a new film. "Leave us face it," says Bob, "the dummy cost 'em more than I did. But it's a cheap way to get Bing in the picture."

Overheard at Ciro's: "Look-she's wearing one of those off-the-body type dresses."

Joan Caulfield, blushing over attempts at a sexy walk for a movie: "Any chorus girl can do a sexy walk, but when I try it I look like Junior Miss entering an icecream parlor."

Eye-popping spelling error on a movie marquee: Alan Ladd in "Brandied."

Jack Carson's quip about the cannibal who leaned back after a hearty meal and sighed: "Sometimes I get so fed up on people."

Anita Martell to a movie doll: "Darling, you look so healthy. Are your cheeks naturally rosy or did your henna run?

Ed Wynn's definition of a scandal: "Something that has to be bad to be good."

Movie fan in a theater lobby to her comtures with happy endings. Every picture lately ends with the couple getting married."

Robert Taylor lost his heart and subsequently Barbara Stanwyck, according to Rome news dispatches, to Lia de Leo, a red-haired actress who gives him a pedi-cure in "Quo Vadis."

That's a new twist on "the-way-to-a-man's-heart-is" theory.

(Continued from page 4) me in confidence that she likes me best, but she doesn't want to lose this other boy either. Every time we are at a school dance, she wants to dance lots of times with him, and she expects me to understand. When we go to the drugstore for a soda and we see him, she wants him to come sit in the booth with us. He has a car and can take her places I can't because I can't get the family car very often. Sometimes she insists that all three of us go to parties together. I do not like to share my girl friend. Do you think I should try to forget her, or should I have it out with this other boy?

Barton T.

No, I don't think you should "have it with the other boy, and I don't think you should give up your girl friend. It seems to me that you are in the midst of one of life's delightful situations.

From your letter, I judge that you and the little minx in the case are either freshmen or sophomores in high school, and the other boy is a junior or senior.

At that age you should be dating in groups. You are too young to be even faintly serious, and apparently the girl knows it. She impresses me as being that rare example of femininity, a girl who is able to keep two boys interested in her at the same time. The thing for you to do is have another girl friend, or perhaps two or three.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and am rather attractive because I have green eyes and blonde hair and what is said to be a pretty mouth. But I have an extremely large nose with a hump on it. It spoils me completely.

Occasionally I have read stories in the movie magazines about actresses who have undergone plastic surgery, but whenever I have written to these actresses for the names of the doctors who performed the surgery, I have received no reply. I would like to secure the names of some good plastic surgeons and their addresses. I would also like to know how much such an operation costs.

Because you are married to a doctor and because you seem to take an interest in people with worries, I am writing to you. Can you supply the answers?

Brownie T.

The reason one cannot publish the name and address of a doctor in response to a query like yours is that medical ethics forbid, in spirit, such mention. It is construed as a diluted and very modest form of advertising and from such publicity an ethical surgeon shrinks.

In all parts of the country there are competent plastic surgeons performing their miracles. The thing for anyone contemplating such surgery to do is to talk it over with her family doctor. He will know of, or will be able to secure in-formation about the best man for each person's particular needs.

As to cost, this varies according to the type of work which must be done.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am going with a very nice boy my age and am enjoying my school life.

However, last summer I met another boy five years my senior. At the end of the summer vacation he enlisted in the Army. When he asked me to write to him, I agreed, and I have been a steady correspondent. I don't care a hang about this older man, but I like to have many friends and I think it is patriotic at present to write to boys in service. However, he writes the mushiest, silliest letters I have ever read in my life.

I certainly don't want to break up with my steady, but if he were to see one of these mushy letters, or to hear about them, it would be the end of me. How can I explain to this soldier that I am not interested in him as a boy friend, but only as a sort of pen friend?

There are only two ways in which word of your "service" correspondence could reach your steady school beau: By someone showing him one of the letters, by someone telling him about them. You can forestall such a situation by burning each of the letters as soon as it has been read, and by refraining from reading the letters to any of your girl friends.

Naturally, since you object to the "mushiness" of the letters written to you by this service man, I am sure that your answering letters are pleasant, newsy and impersonal and that you say nothing to encourage the young man's ardor!

Claudette Colbert



Vic Damone greets his Mom, Mamie Farinola, on set of "Rich, Young and Pretty." Mrs. Farinola made first trip to Hollywood from Brooklyn to see Vic make screen debut

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"David and Bathsheba" took co-stars Susan Hayward, Greg Peck on trek to Arizona. With them, above, is director Henry King

The Gene Nelsons, Esther Williams exchange "views" at Director Chuck Walters's one-man show at Raymond Galleries

INSIDE STUFF





cal york's gossip of hollywood

Smiling away those rift rumors are Gene Kelly and wife Betsy Blair, chatting at Raymond Galleries with Gail Robbins (left)



Dinner at La Rue, for Babs Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, newly divorced. No, it wasn't reconciliation, they said—just business!

Hearts Aflame—Hearts Acooling: Peter Lawford has it bad (at this writing) for beautiful Australian Jeanne MacDonald, who is now visiting Hollywood. Sharman Douglas never looked less worried . . . Richard Egan's dates with Piper Laurie (the reformed petal cruncher) are strictly studio publicity stuff . . . John Dall and Janice Rule, who look like sister and brother, feel exactly the opposite about each other . . . Tony Curtis hasn't given Janet Leigh an engagement ring, but she is now officially in charge of selecting his neckties!

Peeks at Production: Ethel Barrymore, at her own request, was removed from the cast of "Oh Baby." Her given reason, "The part called for too much physical strain and exertion." What the seventy-two-year-old actress thought about the direction, however, she didn't say publicly . . . That darling old gray-headed lady who totters around the RKO lot and talks like she has marbles in her mouth—really has 'em. They're used by Jane Wyman in aging her speech for that



That peppy twosome, Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds, repeat their famous "Abadaba" number at Jewish Home for Aged benefit

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger clown for their producers Norman Krasna, Jerry Wald. Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



I'm told that men don't whistle as much as they used to and, because Marie Wil-

son told me, I am inclined



Sidney Skolsky

to believe it . . . Dietrich did for Grandmas what Pinza did for Grandpas . . . You can enroll me as a member of the Ann Blyth fan club. There's no heroine around who sings a song as sweetly and as unaffectedly as Ann does . . . Although I know that Jane Powell is a married woman, when I see her in a novie, I think she's playing "grown-up" . . . Keenan Wynn is funny off the screen as well as on. When he effected a reconciliation with wife Betty, he did it by singing "Baby, It's Cold Outside" . . . Ocean Park, where the movie stars go for fun, is the poor man's Coney Island . . . The majority in movie town did a to see the stars go for fun, is the poor man's Coney Island . . . The majority in movie town did a to see the second stars go for fun, is the poor man's Coney Island . . The majority in movie town did a town about the grounding Olivia de Hayilland and her Island.

in movietown didn't feel sorry about the spanking Olivia de Havilland and her Juliet took from the drama critics. It's unfair, though, when Hollywood takes the rap if a screen star returns to Broadway and flops. Hollywood is never given credit when a movie star comes back to make a hit on the stage, as witness Gloria Swanson, Claude Rains and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Patricia Neal is the tallest heroine in pictures. I'd rather have her on my side than the hero . . . I'd like to see an actor in a movie light his cigarette with a match instead of a lighter . . . Betty Grable posed with a book for a magazine layout but not without protest. "A book!" Betty shouted when the photographer suggested a pose. "That's for Jennifer Jones. I'm Betty Grable. Remember?" . . . Alfred Hitchcock says that Walt Disney has the right kind of actors. Disney draws them and if he doesn't like them, he tears them up.

Celeste Holm has more bounce to the ounce than any soft drink . . . I can remember when Rita Hayworth was painfully shy. At a party she wouldn't even ask for a cigarette, but would lean far across the table to get it herself

know whether you know it or not, but Cecil B. De Mille is the landlord of the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Yet in all the years I have been going there, I have only seen C. B. in the place once . . . Shelley Winters remains my favorite character. When told that a certain news story had been suppressed, Shelley shouted, "I thought we had a free press. At least the press is always free enough with me!"... Whenever I see George Montgomery, I think of Dinah Shore singing "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House" . . . Hot dogs taste better at a ball game and Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling agree with me . . . I'm faithful. I don't like the changes they made in "Show Boat," despite the fact that it is a tremendous hit. I still prefer the Ziegfeld version.



Montgomery

Jerry Lewis is supposed to have written a letter which started, "I know you can't read fast, so I wrote this letter slowly" . . . Audrey Totter was asked by an old friend if she ever felt conceited because she had become a movie star. "Not at all," answered pretty Audrey. "I just remember that among the great stars there's one named Lassie"... I have yet to see Stewart Granger and Farley Granger together.

Ginger Rogers looks as good dancing at Mocambo as she did dancing in films with



De Haven

Astaire . . . There's no actress working so hard at her career as Gloria De Haven . . . Greg Peck doesn't act like an actor on a set . . . I can recall Ava Gardner telling me that she believed M-G-M signed her only because she was Mrs. Mickey Rooney and would never give her a chance to make good . . . Actors in pictures don't wear vests like they used to . . . His intimate friends call Robert Newton "The Fig."

There's been no male singer in pictures to crowd Bing Crosby . . . Mike Curtiz, during a discussion with Jack Warner, commented, "That's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!" . . . Barbara Bates is an actress who not only doesn't have to wear "falsies," but actually, for a scene in a picture, had to wear a "chest depressor." Barbara looked overdeveloped for the young-

ster she was to portray . . . Faith Domergue is apt to surprise you and prove to be an actress . . . I find that the trouble with most whodunits is that after I find out, I don't care . . . A local movie theater, to lure customers, gives away television sets. Therefore a movie patron who hasn't a TV set can win one and then not go to the movies. That's Hollywood for you!

INSIDE

role in "The Blue Veil" . . . When Mitzi Gaynor broke her little toe during a dance routine, Lana Turner, who broke her toe when she slipped on the Topping boat, sent a wire saying, "Greetings from one peg leg to another."

Cheerio and Pip-Pip: Word drifts back from London (where she's making "Another Man's Poison") that Bette Davis is annoyed (and who can blame her) at reporters who referred to Gary Merrill as "the fourth Mr. Davis" . . . June Haver, who was over there last year, sent her little black address book to Ann Blyth, who is making "The House on the Square" with Tyrone Power . . . Speaking of Ty (who was away from London on a vacation), even Scotland Yard's news of their jewel robbery couldn't dim the Powers' happiness over the expected arrival of the stork this fall.

Censor Stuff: If only Cal could tell you this story without censoring it! It seems that Lucille Ball, who is expecting her baby in July, was strictly instructed by her obstetrician: "Regardless of the hour, be sure and call me if anything unusual happens." Well, due to her delicate condition, something unusual did happen and Lucy called at once. The doctor was out on an emergency case. Two hours later the maid announced to the now frantic Lucille that the doctor was on the phone. Lucille rushed over, picked up the instrument and poured out (and how!) all the intimate details of her problem. Following a dead silence, the voice on the other end quietly said: "That's a very interesting story, Mrs. Arnaz, but this isn't your baby doctor. This is the vet calling to see how your dog is!"

Happy Talk: In case they aren't aware of it, Cal can tell Warners that Ruth Roman may not be "available" in the near future. "I love children," she con-fided across the luncheon table at Scandia. "The house we bought is rented. As soon as the lease is up and we can move in, Morty and I want a family. We'd like to have two boys and two girls." Tanned to a turn, Ruth, who had



Cramped quarters: Ricardo Montalban tries tub for size for "bathtub" scene in his next, "Mark of the Renegade"

STUFF

just returned from Honolulu, looked radiant. Handsome Mortimer Hall has given his wife a present every day since he married her. The first was a mink coat—the last a Mickey Mouse wristwatch! Though terrified of flying, Ruth flew back from Honolulu just to spend more time with her husband, who had to rush home on business. "When I do that, it's got to be love," she sighed softly.

Set of the Month: Through the hills and up a winding trail, we went. It was hot and dusty but it was worth every single, uncomfortable second. Waiting for us was—Josephine Hull! Round, firm and fully packed with genuine charm, the enchanting character actress was about to do a barnyard scene for "Fine Day." "When you feed the chickens, talk to them as if they were people," instructed director Joe Pevney. Josephine was so serious it completely broke us up! "Any eggs today, girls?" she called to the chickens wistfully. Later she showed us the "Oscar" she won for "Harvey." "It's like a good friend," she told us simply. Howard Duff arrived to do his scenes with Josephine. "How are you, glamour girl?" he greeted her. "Seriously speaking," says Howard, "I think Miss Hull does have glamour—not the Marlene Dietrich kind, of course. It's a great warmth that one feels constantly and to me that's very glamorous." Cal says, "Me too!"

Men at Work: Unattached females of Hollywood are about to picket Howard Duff and Jeff Chandler! Until they finish their individual pictures, both gents are living in their dressing rooms. Tired at the end of the day, they usually meet in a restaurant opposite the studio. After a couple of beers and dinner they return to the studio and turn in early. What this is doing to those lovely ladies who sit all alone by the telephone, is disastrous!

Praise from Caesar: Until she reads it here, Lucille Norman won't know of this well-deserved tribute. It happened backstage at the Academy Awards, where the



Ruth Roman and her new husband, Mortimer Hall, dine out with friends at Mocambo. Ruth's next is "Strangers on a Train"

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN

The shower of the month was the fun luncheon-baby shower that Evie Johnson gave for Mrs. Jimmy (Gloria) Stewart. Of course, everyone knew that Gloria expected twins and Evie's invitations to the twenty-five girls announced it was to be a Double or Nothing Party! So they all brought two gifts. The buffet table was beautifully decorated with masses of white and yellow blooms—gardenias and jonquils. The gals were seated at round individual tables for five and Evie had match-books at each place that were specially printed with the words "Twins Yet!" Roz Russell looked so cool in a black and white checked cotton dress topped with a chalk white linen bolero and flashing black patent leather belt and shoes. June Allyson looked darling in a black sweater knitted



Shower set: Sharman Douglas, June Allyson, Roz Russell, Gloria Stewart, Ann Sothern

darling in a black sweater knitted with gold threads, tucked into a full-circle black felt skirt—but she almost roasted! Just three males showed up at the end of the afternoon—Vanny-boy, Jack Bolton and poppa-to-be Jimmy—who didn't mind the surplus femmes at all.

There was more than one example of the seemingly "casual" look (but oh, brother, how well-thought-out the costumes were!) the day the Beverly Hills Hotel opened its extension of The Polo Lounge, which goes right on outdoors into the garden where lunchdaters can meet and gab among the flowers. Betty Hutton wore a street-length dress that can go to cocktail parties or dinner with equal aplomb—a lovely lavender raw silk slim-skirted, widely belted

dress with short sleeves, big turn-back cuffs. The tight bodice had a plain, rather low square neckline and its only trimming were large self-covered buttons down the front and two enormous loose flap pockets at the hip. Betty's shoes, bag and gloves were of cotton in a deeper mauve shade. Her coat was cut very full with simple lines, in a shade just this side of purple. Diana Lynn was another luncher in a sheer navy crepe, tight-bodiced, full-skirted in fan pleats; with little-girl collar and cuffs of pale pink faille and a bright navy calf belt. Di wore a tiny hat of deeper pink trimmed with vari-colored lilacs with this dress. Peggy Dow looked darling in a two-piecer of navy taffeta with a snug jacket and a skirt that was a pyramid of unpressed pleats. Her shoes were navy but her hat, bag and gloves were a mad, bright yellow!

Once more Hollywood can take a bow for its fine cooperation with a worthy cause. We refer to the galaxy of stars who helped put over the benefit premiere of "Father's Little Dividend," proceeds of which went to the John Tracy Clinic. This, as you know, is Mrs. Spencer Tracy's long-time project to aid deaf children that gets so much of her time, money and heart. Some of the glamour-pusses, who greeted the paying customers in a sort of "receiving line" and shook hands with the fans in the bleachers were: Esther Williams, in the lowest-cut dress we've ever seen her in; Janet Leigh, wearing a full-length white silk evening coat with huge collar and cuffs of black velvet; Vera-Ellen lcoking so purty, but too fussily done up in a tulle-skirted gown with flower-trimmed bodice and elbow-length gloves of net trimmed with enbroidery and sequins; Liz Taylor (with Stanley Donen), who topped her white evening dress with a tiny draped cape-stole of navy taffeta. There was quite a gala later at Romanoff's because that was the eve that Mike was closing his worldfamous dinery. He'll have his new and swankier place open, just a few blocks away, by the time you read this. The most dazzling dress there was on petite Sonja Henie—heavy pink satin, countless yards of it in the skirt, and the whole thing trimmed all over with dull pink pearls. Sonja was wearing great gobs of her fabulous diamonds and Kay Spreckels remarked, "Someone could get rich just by hitting her over the head." To which Sonja's spouse Winnie Gardner flipped, "Oh, no! If you hit Sonja over the head, a burglar alarm goes off!"

The night that lovable fool Joe E. Lewis opened at Mocambo the walls bulged with celebs who didn't mind the crush, they were so busy laffing at Joe's nonsense. The Van Heflins, George Jessel and Tommye Adams, Pete Lawford beauing Barbara Stanwyck in a party, Marie Wilson (who seemed to be wearing a white lace "boudoir cap" with her white lace gown) with Bob Fallon, Denise Darcel, whose low-cut bodice gave Marie some competition in the chest-expansion department, were in the crowd. Also Linda Darnell, luscious in black and white, with her ex, Pev Marley.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

WHISPERING ABOUT



Pev and Linda

BY HERB STEIN

Featured Columnist for Hollywood's Newspaper, The Reporter

Linda Darnell's tremendous dating activity: Although she sees much of her ex-hubby Pev Marley, she's around town with every eligible guy in town, having the time of her life with Eddie Norris, author Polan Banks, Glenn Rose, oilman Bob Calhoun, Ted Briskin, among others . . . Deanna Durbin's letters to friends that she'll make a stab at pictures again after she has her baby. But she's under contract to no studio . . . Judy Garland's big success in England despite her heft, which she doesn't care about so long as she can sing her heart out into yours . . . The Paris

Theatre that has the know-how on making ladies remove their hats: It puts a strip on the screen which reads, "The management wishes to spare *elderly* ladies inconvenience. They are permitted to wear their hats!"

The fight between Nicky Hilton and director Stanley Donen outside Liz Taylor's home, which was kept hush-hush with the papers . . . The plague Clark Gable went through with the attendants at a local hospital for autographs when he was there for a "check-up"—then beat it to Arizona with a publicity man. When he returned, Sylvia left for the Bahamas.

The studios' clamor for he-men yarns—dame stuff isn't going as well . . . The great ego of Marcus Goodrich, Olivia de Havilland's hubby, when she was doing "Romeo and Juliet" on the New York stage—and he insisted she be called Mrs. Goodrich. And the wag who wagged the play should be called "Marcus and Juliet" . . Phil Baker's claim that success hasn't changed him: With taxes as they are, he's still poor . . . Marlene Dietrich's wire to us when we said she looked awful with that bleached white make-up and she replied, "I have news for you, dear. I'm that color all over." To which we had to reply, "We don't believe you, Marlene, prove it!"

NBC taking out a \$1,000,000 life insurance policy on Bob Hope . . . John Lucas's line about the gal who has the biggest following in town—and has a tough time getting a girdle to fit it! . . . The happy Hollywood note—easting of eight-year-old Donna Marie Corcoran to top moppet role in M-G-M's "Angels and the Pirates," which will allow her dad to put aside his broom in the studio maintenance department . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s refusal of all offers to play the life of his famous father in a picture . . . Red Skelton giving a blind kid who peddles papers near M-G-M studios a hundred-dollar bill . . . Ezio Pinza's line: "A boy scout is a boy scout until he's sixteen—after that he becomes a girl scout!"

INSIDE

talented radio singer (she's now under contract at Warners) appeared on the program. Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton stood in the wings and listened rapturously. With a catch in her voice, Ruth Chatterton whispered: "Doesn't that beautiful voice remind you of Grace Moore's?" "At that very moment," Helen Hayes says, "I was thinking the same thing."

Mr. Hush: His studio is finally convinced that Richard Basehart won't talk about his romance with Valentina Cortesa. When he was refused permission to visit the Italian actress, Richard took a suspension (Translation: No dough!) and visited her anyway. Upon his return from Europe, everyone waited breathlessly. No announcement was forthcoming. Then they started questioning. Finally, local columnists demanded a statement. Richard, who gives a brilliant performance in "Fourteen Hours," remained strong—and silent. Some say the couple were secretly married. We wonder.

John's Other Life: Here's hoping John Agar's many fans join us in believing he'll soon be back to being the gentleman he's always been. According to a tip (Cal checked but the information was not available), following a third drunk-driving charge, John joined Alcoholics Anonymous. With such a fine family background, he's obviously suffering from some emotional shock. Some say it all stems back to his first picture when he found himself in fast company. Like any ambitious newcomer, the sensitive John wanted to hold his own with the oldtimers. Living within the very shadow of Shirley Temple's family didn't add to his composure. Naturally their divorce and his wife's subsequent testimony was a bitter pill to swallow. If a guy's willing to try and help himself, he's entitled to everyone's support. Let's give it.



The harried grandparents of "Father's Little Dividend" meet at Romanoff's before going their separate ways—Joan Bennett, for television shows in New York; Spencer Tracy, for film role in London



Monica Lewis, of recording fame and now a Hollywood actress, has 1.0 trouble selling cigarettes to Scott Brady, John Bromfield at Jewish Home for Aged benefit

STUFF

'At the Moment: Twentieth Century-Fox's contract player Bob Wagner, who's been dating Darryl Zanuck's daughter, Susan, gets a be-eg studio build-up on account of it's bosses' orders . . . Dan Dailey, who surprised everyone with his sudden recovery and return to Hollywood, hopes to interest his studio in the documentary musical he wrote while convalescing in the Menninger Clinic . . . Bill Holden, the most popular actor who ever lost an "Oscar," has a scrapbook filled with wires and letters of condolence . . . It wasn't a strike and it wasn't a race riot. Hedy Lamarr merely announced that she had sold her home before she found another one—and didn't have a place to rest her beautiful head . . . Literary note: Anne Baxter and John Hodiak poring over a book with the title "2,500 Names for the Baby" . . . Joan Evans thrilled to her beautiful teeth when big boss Sam Goldwyn called to say, "I just saw 'On the Loose' and if you were my own daughter, I couldn't like you more" . . . Scott Brady just looks mysterious when questioned about that rumored M-G-M contract.

Legs and Laughs: Betty Grable was doing her "No Talent Joe" number for "Meet Me after the Show." "Meet me on the sound stage after lunch," she called across the Twentieth commissary. "I do a dance in my bare feet. You can help me count the slivers!" Cal can't describe Betty's costume, but those skintight knee-length pants made Grable look very able! Manly muscle boys decorated the background as she went through the number staged by brilliant dancer Jack Cole. Harry James dropped by to watch his woman. Even Rory Calhoun, who had a day off, couldn't stay away. "Hey, Betty," a publicity man called over to her. "The New York Yankees are here and they want to meet you." Betty's eyes popped. "They want to meet me?" she quipped. 'Brother, I want to meet them. You know I caught their act too!"

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSRY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Joanne Dru, who has plowed bravely through many a Technicolor epic unscathed by Indians or gun-totin' heavies, finally has been nicked.

Miss Dru has been winged by the Internal Reven-ooers who are the biggest heavies in Hollywood these days. The reven-ooers have foreclosed the back income tax "mortgages" on the old homesteads and Cadillacs of such "Little Nells" as Miss Dru, Nat "King" Cole and Marlene Dietrich, so Internal Revenue Agents can now be seen paddling in kidney-shaped swimming pools



John, Joanne and their five children

ney-shaped swimming pools around town. Miss Dru, according to the local prints, has to fork over \$50,000 to Uncle Sam to pay for income taxes that are in arrears. In the interest of keeping lovers of the cinema posted on such financial matters, I sped over to Miss Dru's dressing room hard by the "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle" set at Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

"I'm not embarrassed about it," Miss Dru shrugged. "After all, I didn't incur the debt." She explained that her ex-husband, singer Dick Haymes, is responsible for this little oversight. Miss Dru first foreclosed on him in a divorce court. Then she was told she had to pay half of his debts, anyway. "He couldn't pay them because he hasn't been working lately," she said. "For a while I was giving the government 20 per cent of my salary. Then I guess the agents were told by Washington to get the money right now, so they got rough about it. I had to sell our three-acre place in the San Fernando Valley and give them the money. And I'll have to give them 52 per cent of the salary I'll make from two movies at Fox this year. I'll get to keep only 7 per cent of my salary after withholding and unemployment insurance and my agent's fee are taken out," she sighed. "If I hadn't been working, they'd have taken our cars, too."

taken our cars, too."

And what will Joanne and her husband, John Ireland, and five children (from other marriages) eat on?

"It's wonderful that both John and I work," she said. "And I feel that I'll get some of this money back from Dick when he works again." To cut down on expenses, the family has moved into a "very informal" English farmhouse in Beverly Hills. It's on a little lot. And it has no swimming pool.



John Agar and Elaine White, who used to date Clark Gable, at Mocambo. John left soon after for successful singing engagements in Chicago and Miami



Tea party in Disney-land: Twelve-year-old Kathryn Beaumont, the voice of *Alice* in Walt Disney's cartoon "Alice in Wonderland," plays hostess. Ed Wynn, center, is the voice of the *Mad Hatter*

Sweltering summer day find out about Tampax

Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference then is almost startling. Here is monthly sani-



tary protection with no heatdampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an *internal absorbent*. It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And O so clean!

A doctor invented Tampax to remove many of the monthly difficulties that trouble women. Since it is worn internally, there will be no bulging or chafing. Edge-lines won't show no matter how snug or sheer the clothing. Odor can't form....Tampax is made of long-fibered surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in efficient applicators. Easy to use and to change.

Are you aware that Tampax may be worn in swimming? That you can fit an average month's supply into your purse? That unfamiliar vacation circumstances will present no disposal problem? ...Don't let this summer go by without Tampax. Get it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

INSIDE STUFF

Man of the Moment: Jeff Chandler, who is the best bet on the U-I lot, is beginning to believe that old one about "all is not gold." With the exception of another actor (Richard Egan) not a single studio soul congratulated him when he received an Academy Award nomination. Then recently, Jeff had to wait until the eleventh hour before he was notified that U-I had taken up his option. In the romance department, however, his obvious charm isn't going to waste. When he had an interview in the Brown Derby, Jeff sat with his back to Ann Sheridan, in an adjoining booth. Annie knew the writer, so she sent over a kidding note, complaining about the "bad view." Always accommodating, Jeff shifted his position. He liked what he saw and they've been having dates ever since!

It's the Truth That: Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun," portrays Ben Hogan, the famous golf champ. However, the actor won't be seen in the long shots performing those master strokes. The difference in form was so great, they finally put a mask of Ford's face on Hogan (who is shorter and heavier) and he swung for "himself" . . . Helen Hayes, who is President of ANTA (American National Theatre Association) is so impressed with the masterful way Hollywood presents its Academy Awards, she's going to incorporate our ideas into the New York ceremonies . . When Robert Thomsen (M-G-M's brightest boy producer) received the opinion cards from the sneak preview of "The Thin Knife," the raves over Keefe Brasselle's performance were all written in—lipstick!

Truth and Consequences: Some say Mrs. Tarzan was wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall. At any rate, Arlene Dahl requested that she be released from her M-G-M contract for various reasons . . . Esther Williams, on the other hand, just wants new plots

to swim in . . The Clark Gables may be divorced by the time you read this, but Sylvia definitely remains "married" to her art. Her paintings (very much on the style of the celebrated Raoul Dufy) hang in the home of the Fred Astaires as well as in those of other friends too . . . Far from its being a publicity stunt, Dick Powell and June Allyson couldn't be more serious about their plan for heading an adoption home to protect California parents. The admirable couple filed incorporation papers last October . . . Those close to the Dick Contino case declare the now famous accordion player has never been able to drive a car alone, or sleep in anything but an unlocked room on the ground floor. Since childhood he's been so seriously complexed, he is deserving of understanding for having fled in terror from his Induction Center.

Guise and Dolls: Shel and Farl (their Quixotic names for each other) were announced as being "officially engaged" recently. However, the proper ring—"twelve good-sized diamonds that made Shelley Winters squeal with delight," wasn't placed on the proper finger by Farley Granger. According to witnesses, when the handsome actor tendered his tantalizing token, he supposedly said: "Now behave yourself, or I'll take it back—and don't call the columnists!" Right up to the day the story broke, Farley, who is very devoted to his parents, had never mentioned matrimonial intentions. Neither had he ever introduced them to Shelley. While it's all a familiar publicity pattern, should this devoted due eventually marry, they have so much in common, (including a talent for creating front page news) they could easily live happily ever after.

Puppy Love: "Come back to the set and meet my dearest friend and severest critic." Cornel Wilde's black eyes twinkled as he (Continued on page 21)



John Ireland slipped out of the picture when Hymie took this snap of Mrs. Ireland (Joanne Dru) at a party with that new twosome, Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler

As Fresh and Fragrant as Spri



Yes, every morning . . . and before every date . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

RUTH ROMAN, CO-STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"



RUTH ROMAN, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Ruth Roman uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its Loveliest with Lustre-Creme Thampoo

When Ruth Roman says... "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



Richard Widmark drops his tough role for a gentlemanly whirl around the dance floor. His partner? Mrs. W., of course!

Enjoying the play from the side lines at Palm Springs Racquet Club Tennis Tournament are Frank Ross and wife Joan Caulfield

(Continued from page 18) stopped by Cal's table in the Paramount commissary. A little later we got his "message," watching C. B. De Mille shoot a scene for "The Greatest Show on Earth." The action called for a mongrel dog to lick Cornel affectionately on the hand. Poochie, it seems, was just too doggone bored to even try. They tempted him by smearing on sausage, then honey. Finally, the exasperated director barked for a canine star who would succumb to Cornel's masculine charms. "Please let me try once more," pleaded the prop man. He then proceeded to perfume the actor's hand with a fragrant—sardine! This time the results were sensational. The last we saw of Cornel, he was still trying to shake the new love in his life—and we don't mean Jean Wallace!

A Little from Lots: The appearance together of Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal in Havana, made top topical conversation on Hollywood sound stages... Pity poor Nancy Olson, who was so embarrassed while making "Force of Arms." Because she is "expecting," the blonde beauty even had to dash out of love scenes, when illness overtook her... Betty Hutton, who should know, predicts that Charlton Heston's performance in "The Greatest Show on Earth" will make him the most sizzling sex boy on celluloid... Time marches on and Charles Boyer has now reached the age and stage where he can kid about the hairpiece he's worn since he played great lovers. The fascinating Frenchman refers to his hirsute adornment as "My brain doily!"

Rage in Hollywood: When the most co-operative and peace-loving actor in Hollywood wants to walk off the set, the reason has to be rigorous. Alan Ladd's the lad. Charles Vidor's the director, who also had trouble and a lawsuit at Columbia. The picture is "Rage of the Vulture" and the set is about as soothing as a quiet day in a boiler factory. Climax came when cameraman

INSIDE STUFF



John Seitz (he photographed "Foreign Affair" and other great hits) was replaced. Alan, who has a sympathetic role and loves it, wasn't getting along with Vidor and he was very pleased with Seitz and his work. Walking out would have cost him many thousands, but Alan was too indignant to care. However, when he realized the cost to the studio, he reconsidered. Now star and director speak only when it pertains to production.

Bits and Pieces: Now that MacDonald Carey, Wendell Corey, and Mark Stevens are living on the same Beverly Hills block, they're sharing the same swimming pool, tennis court, and lawn mower . . In between making records, appearing on radio and acting in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," Dinah Shore's making all the curtains and cushions for their new Palm Springs home that George Montgomery is building by himself . . . Leave it to Corinne Calvet to be très original. Anyone can paint on canvas, but the French filly is doing portraits on flagstone—but don't you dare ask us why!

Wedding Belle: Mrs. Marty Melcher finally came down to earth long enough to pour a spot of tea. However, Doris Day, wearing dungarees and moccasins, looked about as bride-like as a bobby soxer! "We didn't want any fuss or chichi," she grinned. "So one day Marty just casually called while I was covering a sofa. 'Let's do it,' he said. I dressed, we dashed over to the Burbank City Hall five minutes from this house. Two photographers magically appeared, so we grabbed them for witnesses. My gold wedding ring looks like a miniature belt with holes and a tongue buckle. But someone had changed the size and Marty had to stop and readjust it before he could slip it on. It broke me up completely! After the ceremony we drove home again." Doris sighed ecstatically. No, Cal didn't ask her if she ever got that sofa covered!



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INSIDE STUFF

Looking in all directions are Dinah Shore, the Oleg Cassinis (Gene Tierney) and Dinah's husband, George Montgomery. They're at Screen Writers **Guild banquet**

Romantic Round-up: Rhonda Fleming and John Payne really put Cupid to the test, when they went to Florida for the Pine-Thomas production of "Cross Pine-Thomas production of "Cross Winds." The amorous ones had to make love to each other-under water! Marlene Dietrich, who happens to be very fond of Michael Wilding, happened to be at the same desert hotel where the handsome Britisher spent his last weekend before heading back to London . The shy Lew Ayres, who isn't too shy to get around local lovelies, is getting around with lovely Helene Stanley, recently brought out from the New York stage by Twentieth Century-Fox It comes up love (or a reasonable fac-simile thereof) when Howard Duff gives the King of his cats to Marta Toren.

Good Will Toward Men: Cal's seen it happen before. An actor is so close to his studio they take him for granted. He gets lost in the shuffle. From now on it will be a different story for Ricardo Montalban. Since his tour of all the important South American countries, M-G-M wouldn't dare deprive him of the build-up he has long deserved. Ricardo, who is always a gentleman, kind and sincere, was a great ambassador for Hollywood. Thousands waited to see him everywhere and he saw them all. Ricardo Montalban is a religious man, whose faith is being rewarded by the faith others have in him.

Great Open Spaces: Ronnie Reagan (completely reconciled to his divorce from Jane Wyman) is a happy man these days. He has a new 350-acre ranch that he loves and it's very obvious that he is in love with Nancy Davis. If that new house he plans to build is any indication, wedding bells should be a-ringing soon. The first day on his ranch, a man drove up, offered to trim the trees free and buy the branches. "It's a deal," exclaimed Ronnie, who was digging his ninety-fifth Ronnie, who was digging his ninety-fifth post hole, "But I'm curious. What do you do with the branches?" Came the amusing answer: "Oh I sell them to your studio. They use them for props when they build outdoor sets on the sound stages!"

Boy's Town: Cal kind of worries at times because he's seen what success does to nice guys like Gene Nelson, who was a one-man dreamboat in "Lullaby of Broadway." Well, our worries are over. Gene's values remain as solid as those dancing feet. We ran into the charming Mrs. Gene the other day and she brought us up to date on our boy. It seems David Butler called to tell Gene the front office was raving over his performance. The maid answered the phone. "I'm very sorry," she said to the pleading director, "Mr. Nelson is on the lot next door-flying a kite! He instructed me not to disturb him-unless it was very important."

Two loves has Ronnie Reagan-a new 350-acre ranch and Nancy Davis. If that new house he's planning to build is any indication—wedding bells will soon be ringing



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Naval engagement: Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure in story of fictional British hero

(Warners) (F) Captain Horatio Hornblower

DVENTURES on the high seas that range from threatened mutiny to raging naval battles and finally to romance, mark "Hornblower" as a wonderful movie. Gregory Peck as The Captain possesses all the heroic, stoic, romantic qualities that has made the hero of this fictional classic an idol the world over. In the off-path Pacific in the year 1807 with England at war with both France and Spain, the British frigate, under Peck's command, makes its uncertain way to a Nicaraguan coastal town with arms for a Spanish rebel. Too late Peck learns that England and Spain have become allies against France and the ship granted to the rebel by Peck must be retaken.

The battle scenes are tremendously effective and the love scenes between Peck and Lady Barbara Wellesley, who becomes a passenger on the return trip to England, are quite touching. Robert Beatty as Lieut. Bush, Terence Morgan as a gunnery officer, blonde James Justice as Quist and James Kenney as the young midshipman top a fine performing cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful romance, thrills and excitement galore.

Program Notes: Peck did so much research on the lore and technique of seamanship for his long role of Hornblower that he now can issue commands anent rigging, gunnery, navigation, signaling and codes and actually know what he's talking about ... Throughout the action five complete ships were needed and each had to be technically correct down to the last detail. An entire French seaport town and the town and harbor of Plymouth, England, were constructed on a Warner sound stage for a brief period of action . . . Virginia Mayo wore eighteen changes of costume and had the rare good courage to dispense with all make-up during her illness scenes . . . It required not one or two stunt men for the battle scenes but thirty-seven members of the Jock Easton's Stunt Team, an aggregation of performers famous for their daring. None, may we say, was as daring as some of Miss Mayo's necklines . . . Cameraman Guy Green, who won an Academy Award for his work on "Great Expectations," could easily win another for the Technicolor beauty of his work on "Hornblower."

SHADOW

VV OUTSTANDING
VV GOOD VFAIR



Deep water: Murder and intrigue are stowaways on wrecked ship sighted by Carla Balenda, Eric Feldary, Dana Andrews

VV (F) Sealed Cargo (RKO)

A FISHING boat slowly emerges from the enveloping fog to run headlong into an eerie, exciting adventure that literally carries along the entire audience as uneasy passengers. Dana Andrews is the boat's skipper who finds himself, in the year 1943, a victim of Nazi intrigue off the coast of Newfoundland. Sighting a ship in distress, Andrews discovers only Captain Claude Rains aboard. Rains claims his crew abandoned the vessel when attacked by a German submarine. Andrews agrees to tow the disabled ship to his port of destination, a Newfoundland village, where he discovers the vessel is actually a mother-ship for Nazi U-boats. His long range scheme for destroying the enemy craft and its dangerous cargo provides plenty of goose-pimply excitement.

Philip Dorn, as a Danish sailor, lends tip-top support. Skip Homeier as a young seaman, Carla Balenda as the pretty passenger and Onslow Stevens, her father, contribute to the well-directed and suspenseful story. Andrews and Rains, of course, are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A first-class thriller.

Program Notes: Andrews needed little technical advice in the ship scenes, being himself the skipper of two boats, the 85-foot ketch, Vileehi, and the 55-foot cutter, the Katharine. Like the postman on his day-off walk, Dana sailed one of his own boats to Catalina Island every Sunday the picture was in production . . . Claude Rains took off for New York immediately after the movie was completed to reap honors in the Sidney Kingsley play "Darkness at Noon" . . . Skip Homeier, the Nazi brat of "Tomorrow the World," now twenty, shortened his name from Skippy to Skip and was made happy by playing on our team in this film . . . Philip Dorn, a Hollander by birth, who speaks Dutch, German, English and Malay, had to be coached in the Danish dialogue he is required to speak.

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A—FOR ADULTS



The red menace: Dorothy Hart, Frank Lovejoy are involved in a daugerous game in this stranger-than-fiction revelation

(F) I Was a Communist for the F.B.I. (Warners)

Post comes the true story of a man who, on the surface, was a member of the Communist party for nine years, but in reality was an undercover agent for the F.B.I. Matt Cvetic, who actually lived a dual role all those years, is convincingly played by Frank Lovejoy in a straightforward, honest and intensely interesting movie that reveals Communism in all its ugly reality.

Shunned by his friends and neighbors, rejected by his family and scorned by his son, Cvetic plays the dangerous, ruthless game until he is finally given an opportunity to clear himself. Dorothy Hart, a pretty and intelligent girl, plays the high school teacher who leaves the Party and narrowly misses death. Ron Hagerthy gives a fine performance as Cvetic's son. Gerhardt Eisler, noted Red leader, is played by Konstantin Shayne.

Your Reviewer Says: A must for every loyal American.

Program Notes: Frank Lovejoy comes to Hollywood from radio and first attracted attention in the film "Breakthrough" with David Brian and John Agar. "Goodbye, My Fancy" with Joan Crawford followed. Lovejoy is a quiet but forceful actor who, oddly euough, raises pet fish as a hobby . . . The high school scenes were shot in and around Burbank High. The shooting took place on a Saturday with extra players as students . . . Ron Hagerthy was spotted by a Warner scout in a Glendale College play in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, and promptly signed . . . In answer to the hundreds of queries from feminine fans, the studio is forced to admit all F.B.I. ageuts are uot as haudsome as young Philip Carey and Richard Webb who play them in the film. Carey was a Marine in the last war and couldn't be happier playing in an anti-Communist movie.



Campus controversy: Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson in straightforward expose of the cruelties of sorority snobbishness

(20th Century-Fox)

OLLEGE sororities come in for a slam-bang right on their pretty snobbish noses in this little number and Whooo, are they going to be furious! Jeanne Crain gives her usual fine performance as Liz who wants only to join her mother's sorority but finally, in complete disillusionment, decides not to pledge at all. Dale Robertson who plays Joe Blake, the older non-fraternity man, is just about as interesting a newcomer as you can find on any screen. Mitzi Gaynor, a breezy individualist, Jean Peters as the snobbish Dallas, Carol Brannon, the rebellious Casey, and so many others keep the plot interest high. Good looking Jeffrey Hunter plays the fraternity man about campus and does a good job of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch the Greek pin wearers land on this one.

Program Notes: On the sound stages the gals really lined up sides, the sorority and anti-sorority sisters, but the star, Jeanne Craiu, remained ueutral. Jeanue's term or two of extra classes at UCLA rendered her ineligible for any sorority . . . Dale Robertson, a graduate of Oklahoma Military College, claims he was too busy horse training on his father's ranch near by to bother about the Greek letter nonsense . . . Jean Peters, the snob instrumental in depledging Ruthie, wanted no part of the "singing smirks" during college days while Jeffrey Hunter is a Phi Delt at Northwestern and heartily approves of sororities and fraternities . . . Believe it or not, Lenka Peterson, who plays Ruthie is an Iowa University Pi Phi herself . . . Mitzi Gaynor was the romping rowdy of the set and kept both director and cast in constant hot water. But the biggest excitement occurred when handsome Jeff Hunter eloped over one weekend with starlet Barbara Rush. The co-eds picketed Jeff the following day with banners that read "Unfair to his own College Widows" . . . When Director John Negulesco asked Jeanue what she intended doing after the picture was over, she replied, wearily, "Take care of my little boys."





(F) The Last Outpost (Paramount)

ACK we go to the West of Civil War days for another set-to between the Yanks and Rebels with lots of howling Injuns thrown in, including our old friend Geronimo. Action centers around two brothers, Ronald Reagan of the Confederate Cavalry and Bruce Bennett, a Union colonel. A mistake in their identity by John Ridgeley, a shady post owner who has married Reagan's former sweetheart, Rhonda Fleming, sets off a series of incidents that prove fatal to Ridgeley and provide plenty of giddap action for the rest of the cast. Bill Williams and Noah Beery Jr. play two Confederate sergeants, Peter Hanson is Lieut. Crosby, Hugh Beaumont is Lieut. Fenton and the "mysterious" Apache Chief Grey Cloud turnsout to be Charles Evans, a former Major General who has made his home with the Indians since Army Headquarters disapproved his marriage to an Indian. Of course, Rhonda and Reagan plan to meet again at war's end.

Your Reviewer Says: They went both thisand-that-a-way in this whoop-de-do Western.

Program Notes: Tucson, Arizona, was beside itself during the shooting of this Western with movie stars, bit players and extras practically taking over the town. But the man who claimed the most interest was Gordon Jones, who was sent on ahead of the cast to "interview" horses for the movie. Jones "interviewed" over 400 horses, judging their ability to take direction as well as their appearance before deciding on 140 of Arizona's finest . . . Use of the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, was granted the company by the citizens who were dumbstruck when the crew spent one day aging the already aged mission by removing all electrical fixtures. The private interoffice telephone system that linked the eight-mile-wide location and the four-block-square replica of Tucson in the 1860's were more amazing features of the incredible movie-ites . . . Ronald Reagan required no riding lesson, being already an accomplished rider . . . The natural scenic beauty shared Technicolor honors with beauteous Rhonda who claimed all the shootin' and feudin' were child's play after the nonsense that went on in both her Bob Hope and Bing Crosby pictures . . . And guess what? Geronimo was played by an Indian, War Eagle, no less. Such casting!!

✓ (F) The Prince Who Was a Thief (U-I)

ERE we go again, friends, riding down the same old Ali Baba highway of Far East chicanery. The bazaars are as intriguing as ever. The beautiful dancing girls are as un-Arabian as Hollywood can make them. The story is repetitious but to thousands in audiences the faults will scarcely be noticed as long as touslehaired Tony Curtis and cute little Piper Laurie are around. And they are, most of the time.

Looking a blue-eyed dream in his colorful raiments, Tony plays a harem-scarem prince, spared death as an infant at the hand of a hired assassin (Everett Sloane) who adopts the lad as his own and trains him well in the art of thievery. With the aid of a lithe and incorrigible street gamin, Tony robs the treasury of its gold, becomes involved with a princess and an egg-sized pearl and eventually comes into his kingdom. Peggie Castle plays the princess and Piper the waif who wins Tony's heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful people in beautiful settings.

Program Notes: Bells rang for Tony Curtis when the role of the adventurous young prince came his way but they were school hells, alas, with Tony dashing to lessons in belts, atas, with Tony dashing to tessons in drama, fencing, gymnastics and readings un-der the tutelage of his friend Marlon Brando, no less. The studio issued Tony a no-dates-with-Janet-Leigh ultimatum until the picture was finished. Did he keep it? We're not telling . . . After a few weeks of shooting, Piper Laurie was afraid the Technicolor would emphasize her many black-and-blue marks. Petite Piper was thrown over and over into a swimming pool by Tony, was over this a swimming pool by Fony, was required to toss a 180-pound man over her shoulder, was chased by guards for three days and compelled to scale a fifty-foot wall up a ten-man pyramid . . . Blonde Peggie Castle dyed her hair jet-black in order to play the Arabian princess but lost the prince after all to a redhead . . . Major Ramsay Hill, retired British army officer and out-standing authority on Arabian customs, acted as technical advisor and all but fell into his teapot when he discovered the wardrobe department had sewn zippers into the men's turbans in order to save the time needed in the winding each day.

(Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO)

THIS is a true adventure film that tells the saga of a deep sea voyage taken by a young Norwegian, Thor Heyerdahl, and his five companions who sailed from Peru to the Pacific Islands. The "Kon-Tiki" is a primitive raft on which these daring are went adventuring over a distance of men went adventuring over a distance of 4,300 miles. Heyerdahl has a theory that the original Polynesians could have had their origin in South America and that venturesome Peruvians could have reached the South Seas using native rafts and taking advantage of the trade winds. film is documentary proof of his theory. The expedition was made in 101 days. En route, they were followed by vicious sharks and huge whales that threatened to wreck the raft.

Your Reviewer Says: For adventure-lovers.

Program Notes: The films of the Kon-Tiki expedition were originally taken for scientific purposes only—but were so fascinating that they were edited to be shown as a fea-ture-length documentary. Except for the in-troduction, no extra footage was added. Thus the most dangerous phase of the voy-Thus the most dangerous phase of the voyage—the shipwreck on a coral reef as they tried to land—has to be illustrated in a diagram. There were only six men in the world who were convinced that the Kon-Tiki would survive the voyage. They were the six men aboard. One skeptic went so far as to offer the crew all the whiskey they could drink for the rest of their lives if they lived to complete the journey. The only casualty was the pet parrot who was mysteriously washed overboard one night. Bengt Danielsson was the lone Swede involved in the adventure. The others are all Norwe-gians. The book "Kon-Tiki" is now in its ninth printing, has been tops on the best-seller list since its publication in America and has been published throughout the world in twenty-five languages.

VV (A) The Thing (RKO)
SCIENTIFIC horror film designed with A SCIENTIFIC horror film designed with one purpose in mind—to scare the living daylights out of everyone who pays good money to see it. Far-fetched in theme—that of a vegetable-compounded creature arriving on earth from some distant planet in his specially designed flytreature arriving on earth from some dis-tant planet in his specially designed fly-ing saucer—it is nevertheless so well directed, produced, written and acted, one becomes completely lost in the vampirish goings-on. Unfortunately, the Franken-steinish appearance of this refugee de-

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stroys much of the illusion. A "Thing" in less human form would have deepened the horror to our way of thinking.

The saucer and its peculiar passenger is discovered in the North Pole regions when Captain Pat Hendry (Kenneth Tobey) is ordered to fly to the radioactive spot and find out what cooks. What cooks turns out to be a vegetable stew the likes of which no one outside Hollywood would be caught dead thinking up. But Tobey and his crew are such a likable, natural bunch of kids, they lend a certain credence to the tale. Margaret Sheridan plays the Captain's girl and Robert Cornthwaite the scientist.

Your Reviewer Says: Screaming won't help. We tried it.

Program Notes: Producer Howard Hawks, one of Hollywood's best, can now be labeled a "rank" juggler. In choosing his compara-tively unknown cast, Mr. Hawks upped Tobey, a California University graduate, from his real life rank of Army private to that of captain. Dewey Martin, a Navy pilot for five years, was made a warrant officer. James Young, a Navy pilot in the Pacific, emerged an Air Force co-pilot. But the real payoff casting was that of William Neff, a West Point graduate and former Air Corps Colonel, who became a scientist because he didn't look a military type . . . Miss Sheridan, a former model, waited five years for her chance and emerged with a pair of slacks and a sports outfit . . . When Hawks applied for the usual insurance and it was discovered The Thing had to be set on fire, frozen in an ice block and attacked by Husky dogs, every insurance company turned him down. The cast was snowbound for weeks on location in Montana and went coyote hunting for sport. Oh yes, The Thing is played by James Arness.

> VV (F) The First Legion (Sedif-UA)

STORY of faith and its wondrous heal-A ing comes straight from Hollywood in a warming, intimate story of men living and working within the cloistered walls of a Jesuit Seminary. Endowed with many of the same human qualities that beset less spiritual men, the Fathers react, each in his own way, to a miracle within their halls when Father Sierra (H. B. Warner), paralyzed for three years, arises from his bed and walks.

The ensuing frenzy that brings hundreds of pilgrims to the Seminary, each hoping for a personal miracle, is faced with skepticism by Father Arnoux, beautifully played by Charles Boyer, who questions the young doctor in charge. In private confession the doctor admits the miracle is a hoax, sealing the Father's lips against honest revelation. But a genuine miracle in the final reel, when Barbara Rush, a hopeless cripple, is healed before the altar, restores shattered faith, harmony and peace to all. Boyer, William Demarest and Lyle Bettger are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for the soul.

Program Notes: Playing the role of a priest is no new experience to Charles Boyer. Back in the 30's in "The Garden of Allah" Charles undertook the role of a monk who renounces his yows to pursue Marlene Dietrich across endless sand dunes . . . Adapted from Emmet Lavery's famous play, the picture was filmed in and around the famous Mission Inn in Riverside, California, mecca of thousands of visitors from all over the world. The Mission has also served as wedding chapel for many Hollywood couples. Jesuit Father Thomas J. Sullivan of Loyola University acted as technical advisor to keep authentic the austerity of Jesuit background . . . Lyle

Bettger, the agnostic young aoctor, and pretty Barbara Rush are the youngest members of a famous stage-name cast including Walter Hampden, Taylor Holmes, William Demarest and Leo G. Carroll. Demarest believes he's played every type role possible, but the fun-loving Monsignor with his scene-stealing dog was that something new for Bill.

✓ (F) New Mexico (Allen-U. A.) THERE are several points of difference in this scenically beautiful Western that render it unique. The cavalry comes riding on the screen in the very first scene instead of the last where, heavens knows, it is badly needed, and the hero and villain alike meet death. Lew Ayres plays the very Cartein and the screen instead of the screen care in the very care in th the young Captain who attempts defense of the Indians who are being cheated and abused by Indian Affairs Commissioner Judge Wilcox (Lloyd Corrigan) and Colonel McComb of the U.S. Cavalry. Finally, the Indians rebel and Ayres, with a handful of men, is forced to hunt down and arrest his old friend Chief Acoma, taking refuge atop the famous Acoma Mountain for his last and fateful stand. Marilyn Maxwell, out-glowing in raiment the new Ansco color process, plays a frontier actress of the 1860's wearing and revealing, for some reason beyond us, a strictly modern bra. Robert Hutton, Andy Devine, Jeff Corey, Raymond Burr and Donald Buka gather around nobly.

Your Reviewer Says: Above average in all outdoor departments.

Program Notes: The amount of sand swallowed on the New Mexico location could, according to the hard-riding, hard-working cast, sink a battleship. For weeks the cast withstood sun, sand, Navajo jewelry salesmen and the vigorous action that centered around Gallup and the Acoma Rock which was first visited by white men in 1539 and is still inhabited by a handful of Laguna Indians. Navajo wives and children trailed after the Hollywood cast to gather up the brass cartridge cases left after battle scenes, to be melted and used in the making of their famous jewelry . . . Eleven-year-old Peter Price, son of Broadway star Georgie Price, played the son of the Indian chief, thereby becoming the idol of his schoolmates . . . Andy Devine was given an ovation by the citizens of his home town, Flagstaff, Arizona, when he passed through . . Bob Hutton's only concern was keeping on his horse. The horse was worried, too . . . Ayres claims Ted de Corsia, as Chief Acoma, stole all his scenes. Under the desert sun the Chief's bright feathers and native jewelry lit up like a pinball machine.

(F) Whirlwind (Columbia)

ASALLY and lazily Gene Autry sings and rides respectively along the old familiar trail that leads on down to the old familiar I-Seen-All-This B4 Ranch. But the one big bright spot, and I mean big, that lightens up the proceedings like an arc lamp, is the presence of Smiley Burnette who, 'way back there when Bossy was a heifer, once clowned through all Gene's opreys. Together again they play a pair of government agents, with Smiley disguised as a hoss doctor, and still together they trap the thieving villain—the leading rancher, of course—and his numerous hangers-on. Varmints all of them.

Autry sings the new Stan Jones song "Whirlwind" while courtin' Gail Davis, the pretty niece of the bad old rancher, Thurston Hall. Champion, the "World's Wonder Horse" who must wonder why so much shootin' goes on and so few people fall, is just as pretty as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: I'd as leave set on a cactus.

Program Notes: It was old homeweek on the "Whirlwind" location when Smiley Burnette and Gene Autry were united after eight years apart. The pair who rose to fame together parted during World War II, with Smiley joining forces with Charles Starrett in the "Durango Kid" series. Every day on location actors and crew gathered 'round to hear Smiley and Autry swap stories of the old days of 1934 when the two first started and went on to make sixty-one pictures to-gether. Unfortunately, Smiley goes back to his "Durango Kid" series after this one Autry film. But Gail Davis, the former University of Texas co-ed, has become quite a fixture, this being her fifth Autry film.

VV (F) The Man with My Face

(Gardner-U.A.)

AVE you a double? Well, Barry Nelson has, and has he ever got troubles when said double calmly moves into when said double calmly moves into Barry's home, takes possession of his wife and dog, and leaves frustrated Mr. Nelson out in the cold as a suspected bank robber? Cleverly and adroitly the plot winds and twists in and out the streets and byways of Puerto Rico, leaving the spectator a mite breathless but mightily intrigued as the movie unfolds. What's more, a man-killing Doberman does most of the chasing and in several instances catches up with his victims.

Nelson, of course, plays the dual role

Nelson, of course, plays the dual role and cleverly, too. Lynn Ainley is his two-timing spouse, John Harvey his brother - in - law, Carole Matthews his former sweetheart who comes to his aid, and Jin Bolos the description.

and Jim Boles, the dog trainer.

Your Reviewer Says: How do you say "Help" in Spanish?

Program Notes: Guess who bought and other than Edward F. Gardner, the "Archie" of radio's "Duffy's Tavern." The Sam Taylor story appealed to Archie as just the right one to be filmed in Puerto Rico and since Gardner does his broadcasting from since Gardner does his broadcasting from there, what could be cozier? . . . Barry Nelson, who made a name for himself on Broadway in "Light up the Sky," flew to the Island for his dual role before taking on the lead in his current Broadway hit "The Moon Is Blue" . . . The scenes shot in and around the massive old 16th century fortress, "El Morro," in old San Juan, thrilled production manager Frank Mayer who makes a specialty of authentic anothers shots a specialty of authentic on-the-spot shots. In fact, the cast and crew fell so deeply in love with the Island they all plan vacations there next fall.

(A) The Hollywood Story (U-I) MODERN Hollywood and the fabulous days of the silent films are blended in an engrossing manner in this picture which revolves around the solution of a twenty-year-old murder mystery by a young movie producer. As the producer, who finds himself more obsessed with the film about it, Richard Conte turns in a polished performance. Aiding him in his sleuthing is screen newcomer Julia Adams. Rounding out the cast are Henry Hull as an old-time screenwriter, Fred Clark as Conte's producing partner, Jim Backus as a Hollywood agent and Richard Egan as a city detective. Familiar Hollywood landmarks are used freely as backgrounds as well as the modern sound stages where movies are shown in the making.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood "inside."

Program Notes: A welcome bit of nostalgia is added to this mystery drama (based ever so lightly on a famous unsolved Hol'ywood (Continued on page 99)



New finer Mummore effective longer!

Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 that protects underarms against odor-causing bacteria

When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you stay nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, better way!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new MUM smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle-contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

MUM's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage-a jar lasts and lasts!



New MUM cream deodorant A Product of Bristol-Myers

Build up protection with new MUM! Mum with M-3 not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria - but keeps down future bacteria growth. Yes, you actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum! Now at your cosmetic counter.

CORN SUFFERERS Amazed at Speed of WONDER DRUG



New BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters Contain PHENYLIUM for Fastest, Surest, Complete Corn Relief Ever

When corn sufferers tested New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn Plasters, three out of four said, "Best corn treatment ever!" It's Blue-Jay's new Wonder Drug that

It's Blue-Jay's new Wonder Drug that does it! *Phenylium*, newest, fastest-acting, most effective corn medication ever developed.

In tests, *Phenylium* went to work 33% faster, was 35% more effective than other remedies. Removed corns in 19 out of 20 cases—a better record than any other agent!

Say good-by to painful corns! Get Newformula Blue-Jay with *Phenylium* at your favorite drug counter, now!





happiest time



Janie used time she waited for her first baby as a happy holiday, did all the things she's always wanted to do—gardened, kept house, took singing lessons



Suburban housewife Jane has a list of things for Geary to do! As a lady in waiting, Jane wore smocks in solid colors, Paisley prints

Photographs by Bob Willoughby

of her life

In her white-walled house on a shady street,

Jane Powell has spent the last several months

preparing for her biggest role—which

will find her singing lullabies

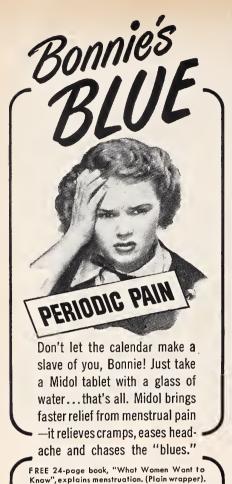


A wood-grained paper went by the boardwhite, red, turquoise is nursery color scheme



No breakfasting alone for Geary—Janie's always up to see him off. Light and cheery, breakfast room's big windows display her collection of glass, figurines

Brief Reviews



Write Dep't. B-71, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GA

(A) ACE IN THE HOLE—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)

1/2 (F) AIR CADET—U-1: Aerial sequences are the only high spots of this semi-documentary of how jet fighter pilots are trained. Involved in plot are Gail Russell. Stephen McNally, Richard Long. (May)

1/2 (F) ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan from a hanging in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Agar. (June) (June)

(F) APACHE DRUMS—U-I: A non-sympathetic Indian story for a change about the siege of a frontier town inhabited by Stephen McNaily, Coenen Gray and Willard Parker. In Technicolor, (June)

(F) APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER—Paramount: Alan Ladd, sent to solve the murder of a fellow post office detective, discovers plot for million-dollar robbery. An exciting crime story. With Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)

(F) BEDTIME FOR BONZO—U-I: Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn have hilarious problems when they adopt a baby chimpanzee. (Apr.)

(F) BIRD OF PARADISE—20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Sea Island story centered about love affair between Frenchman Louis Jourdan and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this worth seeing. (May)

(A) BRAVE BULLS, THE—Columbia: If you like bull-fighting you'll go for this story of a matador, Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava. With Anthony Quinn, Eugene Iglesias. (June) Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava. With Anthony Quinn, Eugene Iglesias. (June)

VV (F) CALL ME MISTER—20th Century-Fox: An American entertainer in postwar Japan, Betty Grable runs into estranged busband Dan Dailey—with the obvious results. Danny Thomas contributes to this Technicolor fun-fest. (Apr.)

V(A) CAUSE FOR ALARM—M-G-M: Loretta Young frantically tries to retrieve a letter written by husband Barry Sullivan accusing her of an attempt on his life. A suspenseful melodrama. (Apr.)

V/2 (A) ENFORCER, THE—Warners: Plenty of action with Humphrey Bogart as a prosecutor out osmash Everett Sloane's murder syndicate. (Apr.)

V/2 (F) FAT MAN, THE—U-I: Mild screen version of the radio whodunit with Jack Smart again solving murders. With Jayne Meadows, Rock Hudson, Julie London, (May)

V/V (F) FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND—M-G-M: A hilarious sequel to "Father of the Bride" concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed event. With Don Taylor, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke. (May)

V/V (F) FOLLOW THE SUN—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford stars in the life of golf champion Ben Hogan from his caddy days to his comeback after a near-fatal accident. With Anne Baxter, June Havoc. (June) Hogan from his caddy days to his comeback after a near-fatal accident. With Anne Baxter, June Havoc. (June)

(A) FOURTEEN HOURS—20th Century-Fox: Many lives are influenced as Paul Douglas and Barbara Bel Geddes try to dissuade Richard Basehart from jumping off a hotel ledge in this suspenseful story. With Debra Paget, Agnes Moorehead. (June)

(F) GENE AUTRY AND THE MOUNTIES—Columbia: There's lots of action when Gene switches his activities to Western Canada where be tracks down bank robber Carleton Young. (Apr.)

(F) GO FOR BROKE—M.G-M: Van Johnson is a strict young lieutenant whose disappointment at being assigned to a Nisei platoon is changed to respect when he sees the boys in action. An unusual chapter in World War II history. (June)

(A) GOODBYE, MY FANCY—Warners: Congresswoman Joan Crawford returns to the university, from which she was once expelled, for an honorary degree, and gets involved in some romantic complications with college president Robert Young. With Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden, Janice Rule. (June)

(F) GREAT CARUSO, THE—M-G-M: Mario Lanza's thrilling voice is heard in excerpts from famed operas in this lavish Technicolor version of life of the world's greatest tenor. With Ann Blyth, Dorothy Kirsten. (June)

(F) GROOM WORE SPURS, THE—U-I: Jack Carson, a movic cowboy, who can't ride or shoot, hires lawyer Ginger Rogers to keep him out of trouble in this light and uninspired farce. (Apr.)

(A) I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLE-SALE—20th Century-Fox: Interesting drama of the garment district with Susan Hayward as an aggressive dress designer who wants to get to the top even if it means stepping over partners Dan Dailey, Sam Jaffee. With George Sanders. (June)

(F) I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUN-TAIN—20th Century-Fox: A tender Technicolor drama with Bill Lundigan as a circuit riding minister. Susan Hayward as his wife, Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates. (Apr.) Bates. (Apr.)

(F) KATIE DID IT—U-I: Cute comedy in

which illustrator Mark Stevens breaks down the reserve of ultra-conservative Ann Blytb and breaks up her engagement to Craig Stevens. (June)

V (F) LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount: Gay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise \$10,000 owed to tough guy Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll in Bob's life. With Lloyd Nolan. (June)

V½ (A) LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—Warners: Ruth Roman becomes involved in intrigue and murder when she meets Dick Todd, Mercedes McCambridge in this modern Western mystery. (Apr.)

V(F) LULLABY OF BROADWAY—Warners: Delightfully entertaining Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gene Nelson as a couple of talented youngsters who get their break in a musical backed by S. Z. Sakall. With Billy De Wolfe. (May)

V(F) MA AND PA KETTLE BACK ON THE FARM—U-I: This time Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride tangle with the snobbisb parents of daughterin-law Meg Randall. With Dick Long. (June)

V(F) ONLY THE VALIANT—Warners: The Apaches and Union soldiers are at it again throughout this fast action epic in which Gregory Peck is accused of sending Gig Young to a bloody end because of Jealousy over Barbara Payton. (Apr.)

V(A) ON THE RIVIERA—20th Century-Fox: There are cliches and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of playboy Frenchman and American entertainer. With Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. (May)

V(F) PAINTED HILLS, THE—M-G-M: Lassie deserves better than this dull story which has her avenging her master's death. With Paul Kelly. (June)

V// (A) PANDORA AND THE FIVING DUTCHMAN—Romulus-M-G-M: A beautiful and tragic love story with Ava Gardner as a restless 1930 playgirl; James Mason, the 17th Century Dutchman doomed to sail the seven seas until he finds a woman who'd die for him. (June)

V// (A) PAYMENT ON DEMAND—RKO: Atter twenty years, Bette Davis is asked for a divorce by Barry Sullivan in this adult case history of a marriage. With Betty Lynn. (May)

V// (A) QUEBEC—LeMay-Templeton-Paramount: A rather dull and melodramatic episo (Apr.)

V/ (F) QUEEN FOR A DAY—Stillman-U.A.:
The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatization of short stories: "Gossamer World," "High Diver" and "Horsie" featuring Phyllis Avery, Adam Williams, Edith Meiser and a fine cast of unknowns. (June)

(June) Newton, Cyril Cusack as the undisciplined three. Walter Pidgeon, David Niven, as their superiors. (June)

/// (A) TARGET UNKNOWN—U.I: Interesting semi-documentary drama about methods used by German Intelligence to extract information from prisoners of war. With Mark Stevens, Don Taylor, Gig Young, Johnny Sands, Alex Nicol. (Apr.)

/// (F) THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE—M-G.M: Amusing adventures of an airline hostess with Mikes Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Barry Sullivan competing for the love of Jane Wyman. (Apr.)

// (A) 13TH LETTER, THE—20th Century-Fox: The lives of Linda Darnell, Michael Rennie, Charles Boyer, Constance Smith are affected when poison pen notes start circulating in their village.

// (F) UP FRONT—U-I: An entertaining comedy based on misadventures in Italy of World War II's famous cartoon characters Willie and Joe. Tom Ewell and David Wayne bring the hilarious "dog-faces" to life. With Jeffrey Lynn. (May)

// (F) VALENTINO—Columbia: Intriguing, fictional treatment of life of Hollywood's "Great Lover" with Tony Dexter as Valentino. Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina. (May)

// (F) VENGEANCE VALLEY—M-G.M: Unusual Technicolor Western in which Burt Lancaster. accused of fathering Sally Forrest's baby, is marked for death by her brothers John Ireland and Hugh O'Brian. Bob Walker's the real culprit, Joanne Dru his wife, Carleton Carpenter—a ranch hand. (Apr.)

// (F) YENGE IN THE NAVY NOW (U.S.S. Teakettle)—20th Century-Fox: When Gary Cooper enlists in the Navy, he doesn't reckon with being assigned to an experimental ship that won't behave. A funny comedy with Jane Greer, Eddie Albert. (May)

Do you want to know about

All Drugstores have Midol

LIZ TAYLOR'S BACHELOR GIRL LIFE?

Then read Hedda Hopper's intimate story
In August Photoplay, on sale July 11

Casts of Current Pictures

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER—Warners: Hornblawer, Gregory Peck; Lady Barbara, Virginia Mayo; Lieut, Bush, Robert Beatty; Quist, James R. Justice: Leighton, Denis O'Dea; Lieut Crystal, M. Kelsall; 2nd Lieut. Gerard, T. Morgan; Pokcheal, Richard Hearne; Langley, James Kenney; Hebe, Ingeborg Wells; El Suprema, Alec Mango.

Hebe, Ingeborg Wells; El Suprema, Alec Mango.

FIRST LEGION, THE—Sedif-U.A.: Father Marc
Arnaux, Charles Boyer; Mansianar Michael Carey,
William Demarest; Dr. Peter Marrell, Lyle Bettger;
Terry Gilmartin, Barbara Rush; Father Paul Duquesne, Leo G. Carroll, Father Edward Quarterman,
Walter Hampden; Father John Fulton, Wesley Addy;
Father Keene, Taylor Holmes; Father Jose Sierra,
H. B. Warner; Father Robert Stuart, George Zucco;
Father Tam Rawleigh, John McGuire; Lay Brather,
Clifford Brooke; Mrs. Dunn, Dorothy Adams; Mrs.
Gilmartin, Molly Lamont; Henrietta, Queenie Smith;
Nurse, Jacqueline DeWitt; Joe, Bill Edwards.

HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE — U-I: Lawrence O'Brien, Richard Conte; Sally Rausseau, Julia Adams; Vincent St. Clair, Henry Hull; Sam Callyer, Fred Clark, Mitch Davis, Jim Backus; Lt. Budd Lennox, Richard Egan; Mr. Miller, Housley Stevenson; Russel Paul, Paul Cavanaugh; Mary, Katherine Meskill; Jimmy, Louis Lettier.

HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL—20th Century-Fox: Alan Spender, Richard Basehart; Victaria Kowelska, Valentina Cortesa; Majar Mare Anders, William Lundigan; Margaret, Fay Baker; Chris, Gordon Gebert; Housebay, Kei Thing Chung; Dr. Burkhardt, Steve Geray; Callahan, Herbert Butterfield; Mr. Whitmore, John Burton; Mrs. Whitmore, katherine Meskill; Tany, Mario Siletti.

WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I.—Warners: Matt Cvetic, Frank Lovejoy; Eve Merrick, Dorothy Hart; Masan, Philip Carey; Jim Blandan, James Millican; Crawley, Richard Webb; Gerhardt Eisler, Konstantin Shayne; Jae Cvetic, Paul Picerni; Father Navac, Roy Roberts; Harmon, Eddie Norris, Dick Cvetie, Ron Hagerthy; Garsan, Hugh Sanders; Ruth Cvetic, Hope Kramer.

KON-TIKI—Lesser-RKO: Thar Heyerdahl, Knut Haugland, Erik Hesselberg, Tarstein Raaby, Herman Watzinger, Bengt Danielssan, Themselves.

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount: Vance Brittan, Ronald Reagan; Julie MeClaud, Rhonda Fleming; Jeb Britton, Bruce Bennett; Sgt. Tucker, Bill Williams; Sgt. Calhaun, Noah Beery Jr.; Lieut. Crasby, Peter Hanson; Lieut. Fenton. Hugh Beaumont; Sam MeCloud, John Ridgely; Delacaurt, Lloyd Corrigan; Chief Grey Cloud, Charles Evans; Gregory, James Burke; Lieut. MeReady, Richard Cranc.

MAN WITH MY FACE, THE—U.A.: Chick Graham, Albert Rand, Barry Nelson: Cora Graham, Lynn Annley; Buster Cox, John Harvey; Mary Davis, Carole Matthews; Meadaws, Jim Boles; Walt Davis, Jack Warden; Martinez, Henry Lascoe; Al Grant, Johnny Kane.

Johnny Kane.

NEW MEXICO—Allen-U.A.: Captain Hunt, Lew Ayres; Cherry, Marilyn Maxwell; Lt. Vermant, Robert Hutton; Sgt. Garrity, Andy Devine; Pvt. Anderson, Raymond Burr; Cayate, Jeff Corey; Judge Wilcax, Lloyd Corrigan; Mrs. Fenway, Verna Felton; Acoma, Ted de Corsia; Sgt. Harritan, John Hoyt; Pvt. Van Vechten, Donald Buka; Pvt. Parsons, Robert Osterloh; Pvt. Daniels, Ian MacDonald; Pvt. Cheever, Bill Tannen; Pvt. Finnegan, Arthur Loew Jr.; Corp. Mack, Bob Duncan; Pvt. Clifton, Jack Kelly; Pvt. Vale, Allen Matthews; Pvt. Lindley, Jack Briggs; Chia-Kong, Peter Price; Cal. McCaomb, Walter Greaza; Linealn, Hans Conreid.

PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF—U-I: Julna.

PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF—U.I. Julna, Tony Curtis; Tina, Piper Laurie; Yussef, Everett Sloane; Makar, Jeff Corey; Princess Yasmin, Peggie Castle; Mirza, Betty Garde; Hakar, Marvin Miller; Mustapha, Donald Randolph; Cahuena, Nita Bieber; Marat, Fred Graff; Sari, Midge Ware; Beulah, Carol Varga; Hedjah, Ramsay Hill.

Carol Varga; Hedjah, Ramsay Hill.

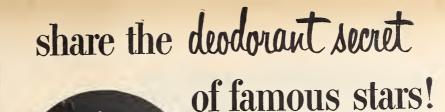
SEALED CARGO—RKO: Pat Bannon, Dana Andrews; Margaret MeLean, Carla Balenda; Skalder, Claude Rains; Canrad, Philip Dorn; McLean, Onslow Stevens; Steve, Skip Homeier; Holger, Eric Feldary; Skipper Ben, J. M. Kerrigan; Dalan, Arthur Shields; Caleb, Morgan Farley; Ambrose, Dave Thursby; Andersan, Henry Rowland; Smitty, Charles A. Browne; Owen, Don Dillaway; Tam, Al Hill; Lieut. Cameran, Lee MacGregor; Haltz, William Andrews. TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL—20th Cen-

Take Care MacGregor; Haitz, William Andrews.

Take CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Liz, Jeanne Crain; Jae Blake, Dale Robertson; Adelaide, Mitzi Gaynor; Dallas, Jean Peters; Chad Carnes, Jeffrey Hunter; Marge, Betty Lynn; Merry Caombs, Helen Westcott; Ruth, Lenka Peterson: Casey, Carol Brannon; Mather Clark, Natalie Schafer; Janet, Beverly Dennis; Jenny, Kathleen Hughes; June, Peggy O'Connor; Ellie, Charlene Hardey; Pally, Janet Stewart; Thelma, Gail Davis; Justine, Judy Walsh; Marcia, Irene Martin.

THING, THE—RKO: Nikki, Margaret Sheridan; Capt. Patrick Hendry, Kenneth Tobey; Dr. Carringtan, Robert Cornthwaite; Skeely, Douglas Spencer; Lt. Eddie Dykes, James Young; Crew Chief, Dewey Martin; Lt. Ken Ericksan, Robert Nichols; Corparal Barnes, William Self; Dr. Stern, Eduard Franz; Mrs. Chapman, Sally Creighton; The Thing, James Arness.

WHIRLWIND—Columbia: Gene Autry, Himself; Smiley Burnette, Himself; Elaine Lassitter, Gail Davis; Big Jim Lassitter, Thurston Hall, Wade Trimble, Harry Lauter; Lan Kraner, Dick Curtis; Sheriff Barlaw, Harry Harvey; Bill Trask, Gregg Barton; Jahnnie Evans, Tommy Ivo.



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Dainty moistened pads you just

apply and throw away!

dab a pad!

5-day

Nothing to smeor on fingers or clothes with 5-DAY PADS. No drizzle! No clommy, sticky feeling! Not o spray. Not o cream. Not o liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you want it.

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That's why so many of these popular women welcome the quicker, easier, cleaner 5-DAY PAD WAY that gives them the certainty of longer-lasting protection. So economical, too—scads of pads guaranteed to stay moist in the jar indefinitely. The cosmetic tax is much less, too. Buy a jar of 5-DAY PADS TODAY!

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With it you throw awoy hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bocteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms. It's sheer magic!



types of

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Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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Offer expires in 60 days.

LAST

Photoplay's 2-Year



Behind every student are directors like Jack Lynn, who teach them how to produce, direct, act in plays

Tear off and mail to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Please enroll me in the Photoplay-Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest. I agree that should I be accepted for admission to the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, I will comply with all student rules and regulations in regard to general conduct, hours, meals, health, studies and other items as set forth by the College. I will maintain to the best of my ability a satisfactory rating in my dramatic work and all academic studies required by the College.

(please type or print clearly)

Name	
Address	
City	State
School last attended	
Name of high school	
City	State
Date of graduation	
	Date af birth



All set for a "middle-age" role—if student passes director Jim Tracy's make-up tests!

Photoplay's ticket to
a bright future—a contest
that can make your dream
of becoming an actress
an exciting reality

CHANCE TO WIN

Scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse



After school, students gather in cheery date rooms for impromptu parties, thrilling talk about classes, their futures

O YOU want to be an actress? Do you dream of hushed, darkened theaters, of crowded movie sets, of you, bringing a character in a script to life, of hearing the exciting call: "On stage, please ... on set ..."

If this is your dream, then this is your opportunity—first to prove your talent and then to develop it, studying at the famous Pasadena Playhouse College of Theatre Arts, the school which was the stepping-stone for many of Hollywood's brightest names.

The editors of Photoplay announce with pride a nation-wide talent search; the winner to receive a two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. This scholarship covers all college expenses—tuition, room, board, all meals not covered by the

board, all incidental college fees, books, an allowance for spending money and one round-trip ticket from the winner's home to Pasadena.

In September, the three semi-finalists in this contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse at the expense of Photoplay. There they will be auditioned by the final board of judges: Ethel Barrymore; Gregory Peck; Academy Award Winner Joseph Mankiewicz, writer and director; Stanley Kramer, the young and brilliant producer of such films as "The Men," "Champion," and "Cyrano de Bergerac"; Thomas Browne Henry, Dean of the College; and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay.

The three semi-finalists will stay at a Playhouse dormitory as the guests (Continued on page 96)



Make it for Reeps by Marilyn Monroe

Vacation rules for changing that "two weeks with love" to an all-year-round romance

HAVE only one excuse for being brave enough to respond to Photoplay's faltering request that I give out with rules for making summer romances last. That is, that I do know how desperate it can make a girl to see a full moon riding across a deep blue summer sky and to know she has no place to go and nobody to go there with.

Loneliness led me into marrying at sixteen. I knew nothing about men. I knew less about love. I knew only that I wanted to belong, to be part of life around me. I had no home or family

Two years later we were divorced and it was much more my fault than his. You see, I knew exactly nothing-nothing about men, nothing about giving love without expecting too great a return, nothing about running a house, nothing about thinking for myself. Nothing.

That was four years ago. I haven't married since. I'm now started on a career and naturally (Continued on page 92)



Marilyn Monroe appears in "As Young As You Feel"

Ornitz

photoplay feature attraction

Hedda's fanciest hat is off

to these young stars who stretch

their dollars into a wardrobe that makes

them the best-dressed girls in town

Hollywood's



Jean Peters shops for ideas, makes aprons for wardrobe variety. Above, sheath dress with sheer cotton apron

Says Sally Forrest, "If I'm not careful with clothes I can look as busy as closing night at a country fair!" Left, herringbone silk suit becomes date dress when coat is removed Color photographs by Engstead

A "separates" girl, Phyllis Kirk swings endless changes with navy skirt, different colored sleeveless blouses



Hit Parade By Hedda Hopper



Coleen Gray knows how to make low-priced dresses look expensive. Above, eyelet-embroidered dress



Even her honeymoon clothes revolve around Arlene Dahl's basic ideas. Above, in trousseau peignoir of pink chiffon from Saab Lingerie Co.



For Mona Freeman, one basic dress adds up to nine changes. Above, white linen with navy

When a famous woman was asked how she had managed to stay on the "Best-Dressed Women" list for so long, heranswer was: "All it requires is a sense of style, being seen in the right places by the right people, and a yearly clothes budget of \$100,000." She didn't add, but she could have, that the last item was the most important. It's no coincidence that Hollywood's best-dressed women are also among its highest paid. It's been a long time since any best-dressed (Continued on page 100)

He liked skiing, so she hit the slopes.

He loved to dive, so she took the plunge.

He was interested in art, so she haunted the museums.

Never underestimate the stamina-

of a woman in love



When Gene was due to be drafted, it was Miriam who proposed! Above, with son Christopher. They both hope for a girl

HOW I pursued my HUSBAND

BY MRS. GENE NELSON

THE first time I saw Gene, I flirted with him. I was feeling quite elegant and gay, wearing my new red fox fur jacket and sitting in the fourth row at the New York Center Theater ice show. Gene skated gracefully across the arena. He was tall and blond and handsome, a whirling figure in blue. As he stood poised to go into a spin, he glanced up, our eyes met and we both smiled. The rest of the show he played to me. He would take one bow to the audience, another to me. It was a frank flirtation, teasing and meaningless. But I must, I decided, see him again.

I made mental lists of people who might know him and tried to sound casual when I asked other dancers in "Panama Hattie" if they knew Gene Berg—his real name. Finally, I hit the jackpot.

The wardrobe lady for Gene's show,
May Kelly, had "dressed" me for three shows.
So the first night I had off from "Panama Hattie" I went to the Center Theater again. Backstage, before the curtain, I told May Kelly why I was there. She suggested I come back later.
A darling and a (Continued on page 74)

Gene Nelson of "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine"

Six



The future of his romance with

Ginger Rogers has Hollywood guessing.

But there's no guesswork about

Steve Cochran's future

BIG FUTURE!

BIG GUY!



Steve's a type women go for—and many of them have. His next film is "Raton Pass"

A fellow can go on for years—then all of a sudden everything happens. That's the way it is with Steve

BIG ROMANCE BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



T'S JUST one of Hollywood's little ironies that a good actor and a good-looker like Steve Cochran can go along for years turning in excellent performances and doing a fine job-but:

It takes talk of a hot romance with a star like Ginger Rogers to get him into the talked-about bracket-the big league gossip columns and, yes, the social whirl. That's Hollywood for you.

It's enough to make a player like Steve, coming along toward stardom legitimately as fast as he is, a little cynical. Even I, who have known Steve since he was married to Fay McKenzie and they were battling and reconciling with every edition, never thought of doing a story about him until Ginger came into his life.

And, as usual, the first thing I threw athim after he arrived (Continued on page 72)

"Ginger is no two-timing female. I asked her for a date and she turned me down cold. She was seeing Greg Bautzer then"





"Fellows are all right—at a party, dance, football or baseball games!"

Not too long ago Debbie Reynolds stood off stage at Burbank Junior High School making like lightning. She'd tried out for the lead in the big dramatic offering of the year, "And I wasn't good enough." So she "propped" instead. She "did the lightning" in the murder mystery, she was the eerie ring of the doorbell, and in between times she was the sloshing of feet through imaginary mud. Today she is proof that lightning—given even a little assist—can and does strike twice. Debbie, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pint of dynamite, is the hit of Hollywood's sub-deb set. With her wide-open gray-green eyes framed by sweeping lashes, her glossy golden-brown hair worn usually in a wind-blown wave with one large soft saucy curl behind her ear, a pert nose and bedimpled chin-Debbie Reynolds is the cutest thing since Seven Up spiked with pistachio. She's a doll-sized seven, five feet one and one-half, with each of her one hundred and two pounds where nature (and the camera) intended. She says she's a full nineteen years old—"but nobody ever believes it. Not even when (Continued on page 81)

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

She's a pushover for chocolate malts, a whiz at street baseball, a fun-loving tomboy who'd rather bowl than beau. She's Debbie Reynolds, who won Hollywood's heart at first sight



Debbie has role in "Mr. Imperium," with Ezio Pinza and Lana Turner

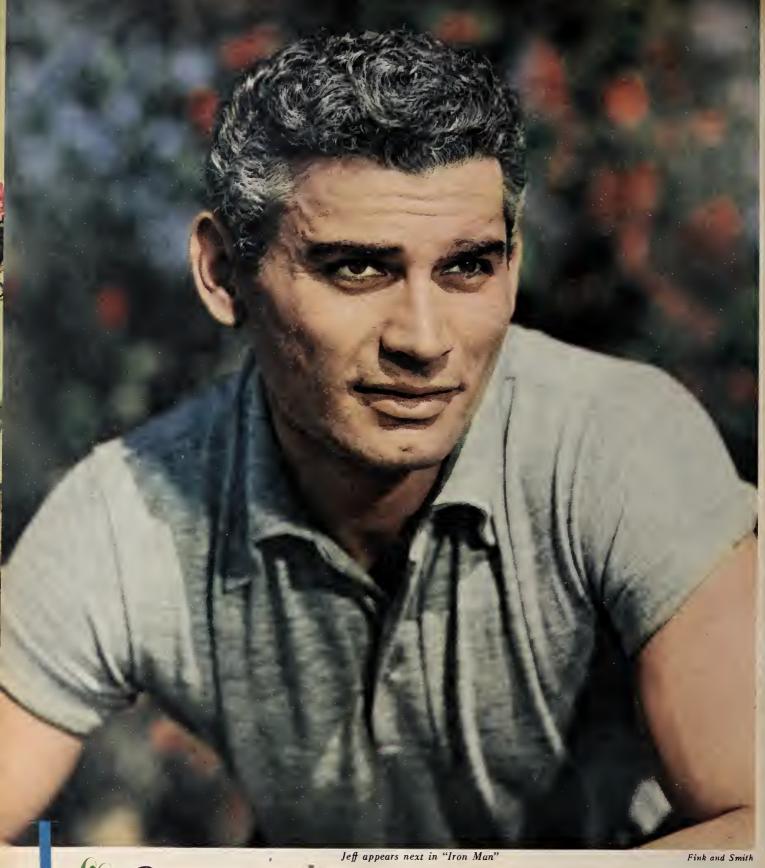




Nobody ever believes she's nineteen-"Not even when I'm all dressed up in black and sophisticated"

Debbie still plays French horn

Photographs on this page by Ornitz





A mountain crag against a windswept sky . . . humor, spiced with melancholy . . . a Roman warrior in faded dungarees . . . a giant with a gentle touch . . . the ringing of an ax . . . a magnet for romance



A Dresden figurine in a peasant skirt . . . Eve,
secure in her dreams . . . a field of yellow buttercups
. . . enchantment in a youthful mold . . . a meadowlark in a cashmere sweater . . . a pixie on a balanced budget
Jane is in "Rich, Young and Pretty"

Apper



THE GARDNER-

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Everyone gives you a different reason why Ava and Frankie won't marry. But Elsa gives her reason—for thinking they will

HE Gardner-Sinatra jigsaw, the pieces of which I believe will fit together in marriage before the summer ends, is not only a romantic jumble—it also involves two jumbled personalities. For both Ava and Frank are exceedingly contradictory characters.

Ava makes frequent visits to North Carolina where her father used to farm the tobacco fields and where her sisters and brother and nieces and nephews continue to live in the simple surroundings which marked Ava's childhood. Whenever life presses she goes home to Smithfield to get unsnarled. There's no nonsense about these visits either. When Ava goes home she doesn't live in any suite in any near-by hotel. She stays with one of her married sisters. She helps with the housework, tramps the countryside, talks to farmer friends, partakes of the local gossip at a country store owned by one of her sisters.

Basically, I think, Ava wants exactly what her brother and sisters have; a little house, a garden and a new baby as often as nature and the family budget will allow.

"For love (Continued on page 94)



SINATRA JIGSAW





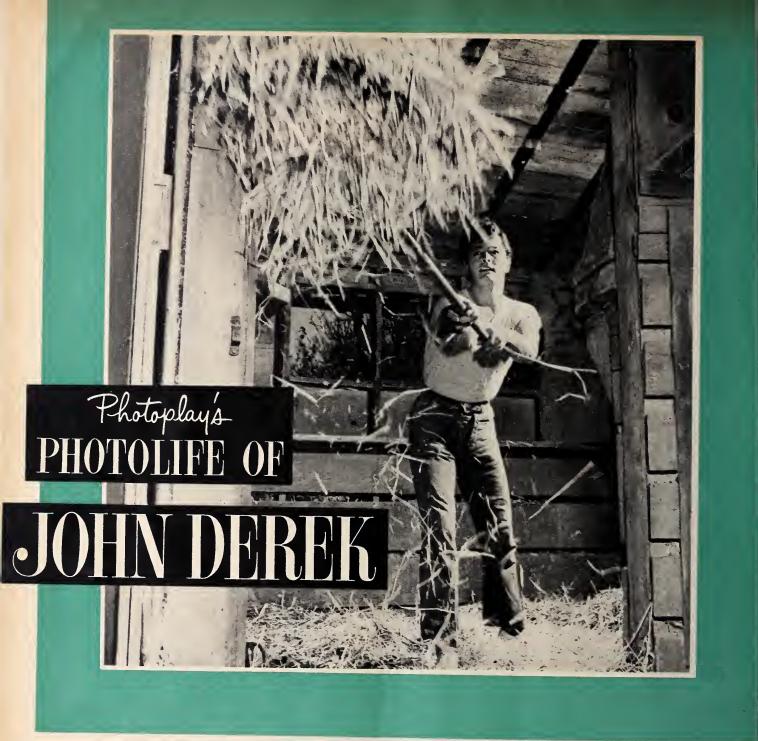
Cover Girl

Ava Gardner is a woman of contradictions—a glamorous star and a girl who wants the simple things.

But Ava never marries simple men . . .

... and Frank Sinatra is no more blessed with husbandly virtues than Ava's former husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw





go along with this. His face, he'll tell you, has often been a drawback. At school, the girls, wary of his looks, were too ready to rate him conceited. And it took many a fist fight to convince the fellows they'd better not continue calling him "Prettyboy." John admits his appearance helped him get the role of Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door." But he knows a guy can be too handsome for his own movie future—when it comes to getting such meaty parts as he knows he can tackle. Only this time he's using his talents, not his fists. Glamour, says John, is strictly for—his leading ladies.

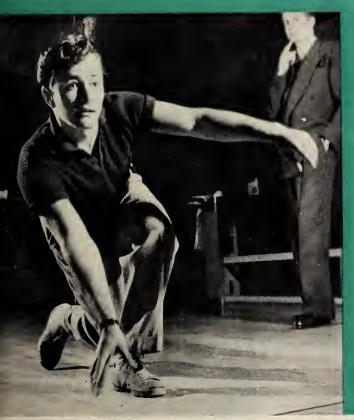
BY LYNN PERKINS



He grew up in the saddle, broke ponies at a Brentwood polo club and had no thought of an acting career until scout Tom Moore spotted him on a bridle path and . . .



... suggested a screen test. But his dad, a former actor, said no. John, absorbed in his job, didn't care. Another interest, art, filled his free time



But Fate wasn't finished with John Derek. A year later, another talent scout saw him at a bowling alley, took him to David O. Selznick. This time his dad said yes



He played bits in "Since You Went Away," "I'll Be Seeing You." His studio arranged dates with Shirley Temple, other stars, as publicity build-up for him

Photoplay's PHOTOLIFE OF JOHN DEREK



Then Uncle Sam called. When John came home after scrving twenty-six months in the Philippines and Japan, he was just another actor looking for a job



Romance knocked on John's door when he met Patti Behrs, a Georgian princess, at 20th Century-Fox's drama class. They dated steadily, married in '48



When Humphrey Bogart announced plans to produce "Knock on Any Door," John memorized scenes from the script, badgered everyone to get him a screen test. His persistence paid off



Patti's the kind of girl a guy can argue things out with. John calls her his severest critic, says she keeps him from getting a swelled head. Her French cooking is an added attraction



Ambitious, eager to learn, John studies with Columbia Studio drama coaches. Prefers roles like football . . .



. . . star of "Saturday's Hero," left, to swashbuckler (above) of "Mask of the Avenger." With Jody Lawrence



The Dereks live in little house in Hollywoodland. Thanks to Patti's thrift they'll soon be able to buy a ranch in The Valley—where year-old Russell Andre can, like John, grow up in the saddle

miracle in Boston...

By Ruth Roman

Feverishly, she tried

to count the flowers, whirling on

the wallpaper—and heard the

words that changed her life

LTHOUGH I was only twelve years old, I remember it well because I had complained to my mother about what a hot day it was for April in Boston. She immediately became suspicious. A thermometer was dug up and mother took my temperature. It was 102 degrees!

Mother thought it was just a stomach upset. I was bundled into bed. In those days, medicine-cabinet treatment was the rule. Physics, aspirins and multicolored pills were stuffed into me at irregular hours. But in three days, my temperature remained steadfast, unmoved by the best home remedies my family had to offer.

I was growing weaker and the pains in my legs were almost unbearable. Our family physician, Dr. Charles Gardner, was called in.

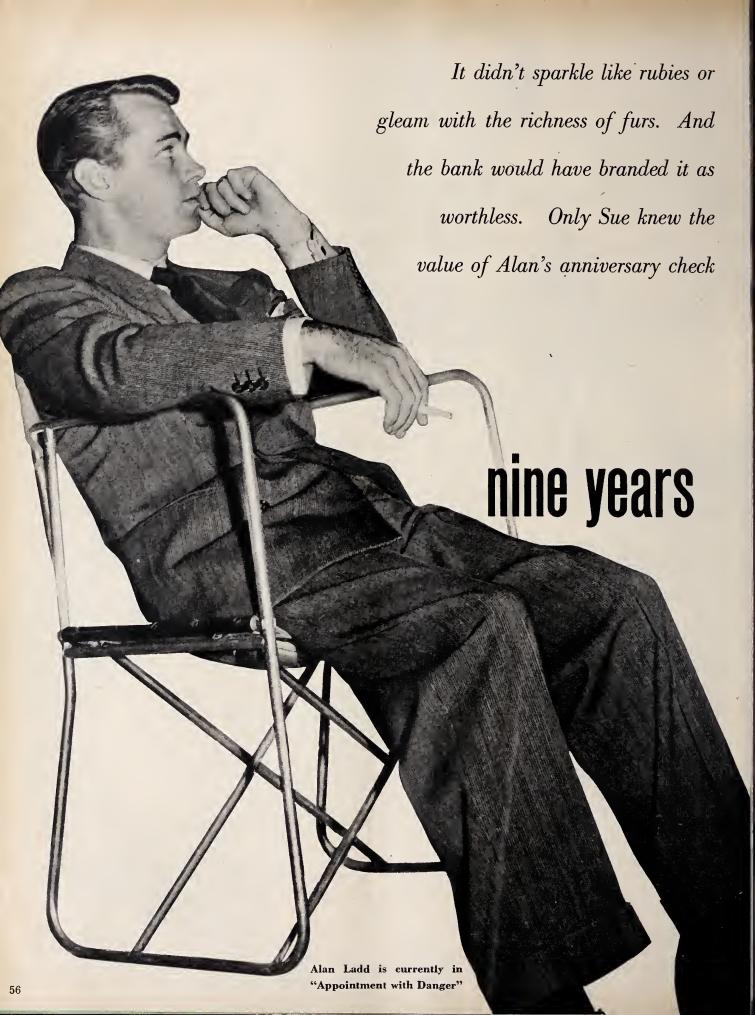
Dapper, kind old Dr. Gardner was one of my favorite people—probably because of his generosity with lime-colored lollipops and his smile under a curved, shiny, waxed gray mustache. Even the sight of him gave me a lift.

The doctor spent a great deal of time with me, asking all sorts of questions, many of which I couldn't answer. His voice seemed to rise and fall, gobbled up by the heat waves that enveloped me.

I heard him tell my mother it was a kind of mystery (Continued on page 91)

Ruth Roman appears next in "Strangers on a Train"







"She's got the know-how to take care of a man," Alan says. Above, with Alana, Sue, David. Alan calls kids, "My eaters"

with love

BY IDA ZEITLIN

N their ninth anniversary last income-tax day, Alan filled the house with flowers and gave his wife a check which read: "Pay to the order of Susie, \$xxxxx. No money in the bank, but I love you, so please cash in for the rest of our lives."

The gift didn't sparkle like rubies nor gleam with

The gift didn't sparkle like rubies nor gleam with the richness of furs, and it wasn't worth a plugged nickel at the teller's window. But it gave Sue a glow that you can't buy across counters, and

she put it away with other treasures of its kind.

Marriage in Hollywood is a controversial subject that goes bouncing back and forth like a nonstop tennis ball. "What's wrong with the place? Why can't people out there stay hitched like anyone else?" That's one side—

And the other side answers, "Our marriage record is as good as that of the rest of the country. It just sounds as if we divorced more, because we hit the headlines and you don't."

In the final analysis, marriage anywhere depends on people, not on places, and the Ladds are a case in point. Knowing them, the wryest cynic (Continued on page 77)



It wasn't easy for Alan to make the decision that separated him from his old studio—even though he now realizes his dream of producing one picture a year on his own

THIS JURY CHOOSES



Farley Granger likes "professional looking" legs



Richard Widmark voted for Betty Grable 3 times



Macdonald Carey can be very lyrical about legs



Tony Curtis gave Jan

PRETTIEST LEGS

It isn't just the shape they're in. According to the Hollywood men it's the personality they express that gives these legs their intriguing lines

Kornman

Bachrach









For Bob Mitchum: Jane Russell's long stems



Howard Duff put Gardner at the top of his list



Scott Brady likes legs that show signs of talent



Kirk Douglas admires Ava Gardner's "show girl" legs

IN HOLLYWOOD BY VICKY RILEY

Bachrach

The Betty Grable legs, acclaimed in song, story and headlines, now win Photoplay's poll conducted among Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, plus some married men-just to give the whole thing balance. However, many of the married gentlemen preferred not to have their names or selections mentioned: wife-jealousy department. Hollywood's beauty-wise male eyes are wolfishly aware of (Continued on page 104)



IANE RUSSELL





Four lounge chairs put together make long couch in living room where high windows top wall bookshelves

plot FOR A home

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



Gold draperies cover wall of windows in master bedroom

T'S no trick to start Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman talking about their house. For they have taken four years to get a house that's right for them, and it isn't finished yet.

The setting of their house is perfect. Their land, scooped out of the side of a hill, overlooks what seems to be most of southern California. Behind it the hill rises sharply, and the ground falls away on the other three sides, giving absolute privacy.

When Paul first found the land, he planned to purchase just one acre, but ended up with the whole cove, most of which he (Continued on page 89)



When guests want to know what's cooking, Jeanne takes them to indoor kitchen barbecue Photographs by de Gennaro

Living-room bar doubles as projection room when Paul shows movies. Jeanne's in "Take Care of My Little Girl'



they're characters

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Sometimes, says Sheilah, the parts
they play on the screen are acts that don't
go over in private life

If you ask Jane's friends, "Johnny Belinda" got under the Wyman skin



If John Wayne changed he'd be a different man on screen



Martin and Lewis can be even whackier away from the camera. But when no one's looking, Jerry shows another side





Bette Davis didn't have to study Tallulah Bankhead to give her realistic performance as Margo in "All About Eve"

VOU wonder sometimes if movie stars don't become like the characters they play on the screen. Then again, you wonder if maybe it isn't the other way 'round; if stars aren't chosen for certain parts because that's what they're like really. I know! I've watched them all—the tough guys, the ingenues, the waspish women, the heroes and the heels.

Bette Davis, who played Margo Channing in "All About Eve," is more like Margo than Margo is like Tallulah Bankhead, on whom she supposedly was modeled. I know a couple of Bette's previous husbands quite well and they tell me Bette and Margo are one—the same, unpredictable type of person, complete with the flinging around of mink coats and staccato excitability. Plus the genuine warmth and intelligence and sense of humor that Margo had. Margo, Bette—it's all the same, and if you liked Margo, you'll love Bette. Gary Merrill did and does, both ways.

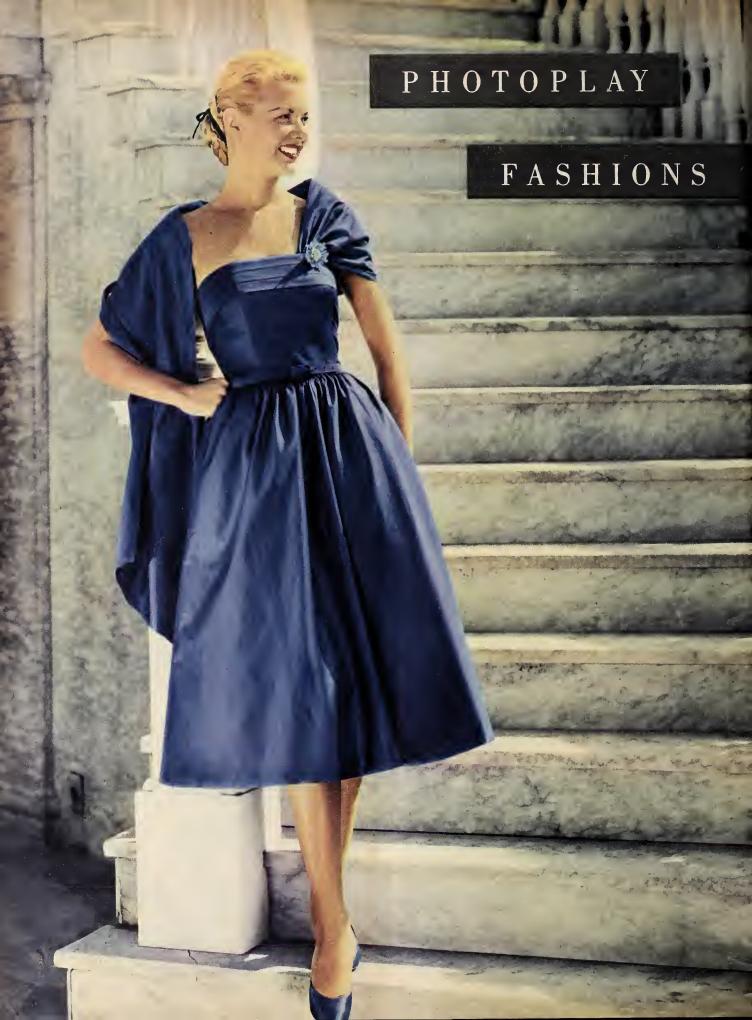
Peter Lawford has changed considerably since he started at Metro as a British boy (Continued on page 75)



June Allyson might be too cute for words if it hadn't been for those two years of waiting



George can sneer all he wants to—there is another side to Sauders that never shows on the screen!



Turn a cool shoulder

◆ Intriguing strapless dress, opposite, with smart detachable stole. Eye-catching fabric is gleaming polished cotton. By Jonathan Logan, 9-15, in wide variety of exotic colors. An unbelievable \$17.95 at Best & Co., New York, N. Y., Stewart's, Baltimore, Md., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Marvella pin, Capezio shoes. Worn by lovely Barbara Lawrence of RKO's "Two Tickets to Broadway"

Dirane



Dramatic dark plaid dress,
 above, with matching stole, can be worn strapless or with halter shoestring tie. Skirt is full, with unpressed pleats. By Koret of California, 10-18, in red or navy ground tissue sheer plaid. Around \$14.95 at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y., J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y., J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

◆ Personality in plaid is dreamy tissue sheer
gingham sunback dress, right. Elasticized bodice, with
removable straps, tapers gracefully into full skirt. For added
effect, a matching stole. By McKettrick, 10-18, in
brown, green, or navy with white. Around \$14.95 at Kresge
Newark, Newark, N. J., Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
These dresses worn by Margaret Sheridan of RKO's "The Thing"



For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67



Checkmate a summer skirt with a woven cotton T-shirt. Neckline ends in flattering V both back and front. Ribbed waistband can be worn in or out. By Peggy Parker in navy, red, green with white, small, medium or large. Around \$2.25 at Lit Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. Pert pique hat by Dani

MODEL T'S

Three ways to enjoy Summer-T-shirts go glamorous

Modeled by Barbara Britton, movie and television star

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

Something new has been added—to T-shirts. Below,
left, a lacy weave cotton that can be worn demurely buttoned
up in front, prettily plunged or as a cardigan over a plain
dress. By Helen Harper, it comes in white with navy, red, green
or brown; small, medium or large. Around \$2.98 at Crowley Milner,
Detroit, Mich., and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Light as a sea breeze is the terry cloth T-shirt, below,
right, with its nautical striped jersey bib front. By Jane
Irwill, in white with navy or red trim, small, medium,
large. Around \$3.50. Gloves by Grandoe.
To keep your curls in place, Debway's perky Jockey cap

Photographed by Dirone aboard a Moore-McCormack ship



PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photo-play Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Jonathan Logan dress 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Marvella pin 383 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Capezio shoes 1612 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Koret of California dress 611 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

McKettrick Williams dress 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Peggy Parker T-shirt 1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jane Irwill T-shirt 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Helen Harper T-shirt 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

June Patton dress 1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Fuller fabric for Ella Raines pattern 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



win one of 25 thrilling all-expense-paid vacations to the romantic Caribbean

valuable

cash prizes!



Follow Sun!

go Carribean*
with

Imagine winning an all-expense-paid vacation trip to the Caribbean_wonderland inspiration for Catalina's new, spirited Carribean* Collection! Beautiful new designs, gay sun-filled colors, fanciful patterns and fabrics, all created with a true Caribbean flavor!

THE SUN a 20th Century-Fox Production

It's fun! It's easy to enter!

Ask for contest blank in the swimwear departments of leading department stores and women's specialty shops in your city.



You'll fly via luxurious Pan American World Airwastay at the finest hotels!

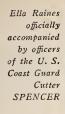


Shown Above: CONGA LACE, campletely feminine real lace aver skintane - lined elasticized suit. Bewitching in Black, White, Granada Red, Share Green, Sizes 32-38. Shawn with Rebaza, matching three yard lace Caribbean shawl,

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 219, Los Angeles 13, California

Photoplay Patterns 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Ella Raines "Fighting Coast Guard" dress	
in sises 9-11-13-15-17.	
Name	1
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	Name of the second seco
	Photoplay's Pattern of the month
	Ella Raines in the original dress
	designed by Adele Palmer for her to wear
	in Republic's "Fighting Coast Guard"
	in Republic's Tighting Coast Guard





• Charm him in this permanent finished sheer cotton with its brief sleeves, soft skirt with unpressed pleats in front. A detachable collar of velvet frames the pretty neckline; with matching velvet belt. By June

Patton, 10-20, in black, brown, green, red. Around \$14.95.

Cotton shorties by Grandoe. Brilliant necklace by Coro

For stores nearest you write to manufacturer listed on page 67

Patterned for a perfect evening is the dress worn by Ella Raines, opposite.
 Designed to show off your best figure lines, its graceful neckline is draped over a fitted bra top. Eight-gored skirt has center seam and inset on each side of front and back for fullness, giving a pleat effect. To match the gleam in his eye, make it in Fuller's "Spotlight"—a cotton satin that comes in twenty-five exciting colors

If you 111// by Joan Crawford Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy" Don't be so superior-your parents have been around much longer than you He's not as dumb as you look when you give him the charm treatment!

want to be CHARMING



Analyze your "secret" thoughts and your nails will be longer!

Reverse the Current

I've said this before and I'll probably say it many more times, because I think it's basic. It's this--the secret of a charming personality and the popularity which is its reward--is not to be found in any trick, any mysterious sleight-of-hand with make-up or fancy hair-dos or clothes, important as these may be. What makes you charming--or charm-less--is how you feel deep inside about yourself and about those around you.

All of us worry about ourselves, how we look, what sort of impression we are making. And there's nothing wrong in such concern unless it's so intense that it excludes our <u>outgoing</u> interest—our interest in other people, in other words.

A girl who concentrates on herself instead of communicating with her friends is tense and self-conscious. She's the type who will go to a dance and worry the entire evening about her "stringy" hair or that blemish on her skin the pancake just won't conceal. And in this worrying of course she'll shut off her charm automatically. No one who is preoccupied exclusively with herself is charming. Incidentally, the blemish you can't help—but the "stringy" hair you can. Preparation and organization in one's life is

of prime importance. You can't just accept life and take from it. You have to contribute, and not just to people you want to impress.

Too many of us "turn on the charm" only on special occasions, taking our families and close friends for granted. But that kind of on-again, off-again charm is phony. Nobody is fooled-neither your mother, for instance, who pressed your new nylon blouse so exquisitely and was understandably hurt when you "forgot" to thank her, or the new boy friend on whom you lavish all the saved-up smiles and thoughtfulness. Self-conscious, "thiswill-get-him" charm-the only kind you possibly can have when you put it on like a new formal or your best hat--isn't charm at all. It's affectation--and, like last year's slip, it shows!

It's Magic

It's almost magic the way a change in your feelings can affect the responses (bred of their new feelings) of the people you contact (Continued on page 103)



Glamour is composed of two parts soap and water—and one part sense!

Big Guy! Big Future! Big Romance?

(Continued from page 43) for our appointment was—just how serious is his ro-mance with Ginger? Enough to end in marriage—or just another Hollywood love affair scheduled to end after the excitement has worn thin?

Steve was neither annoyed nor embarrassed by my question. Personal questions

obviously do not faze him.

He's handsome in a way—his way. Even off screen, he has that same solid, virile wallop Gable first had. There's just 175 pounds proportionately spread over his six-foot-one frame. His hair is dark, his eyes green. He's a type women go for. I think that Fay was still crazy about

him when they parted.
"You tracked me down at the train the first time Fay and I parted," Steve reminded me. "You also had the first story

of our marriage.'

"Now I'd like to have history repeat itself," I told him. "How about the first story on what you and Ginger Rogers intend to do?"

AS I said, the question did not rattle him. He didn't quibble. "As of today there are no plans for marriage," he said. "What will happen tomorrow, no one can say. Ginger and I have a perfect understanding. We enjoy each other's company so much at this time that neither she nor I go out with any one else. But look here, Louella," he went on, "I've been married twice. The first time to Florence Lockwood—for eight years. Fay and I didn't stick it out that long. They were both wonderful girls-so may-

be the trouble was all my fault.
"Right now, my career is pretty important to me. I've made nine pictures for Warners in a little over a year. I'm very

I knew all about his career. "Where did you meet Ginger?" I cut in.

Steve laughed. "When we were making the step of the step Steve laughed. When we were making 'Storm Warning' together. I thought she was lovely the minute I saw her. But she would have no part of me. She was seeing Greg Bautzer then. And Ginger is no two-timing female. I asked her for a date-and she turned me down

"In fact," continued the honest Steve. "she laughed in my face. Then we went to Miami for the premiere of 'Storm Warning' and surprise! surprise! Ginger accepted my invitation for dinner one night. Maybe she was just feeling sorry for me -because I had a broken leg. But we had a lot to say to each other and had a wonderful time. It was just about the time she and Bautzer were beginning to cool. But it wasn't until they were definitely through that she let me take her to parties and theaters and see her most of the time."

What Steve didn't tell me, but what I happen to know, is that he seldom went to any Hollywood parties until he became Ginger's escort. Since that time he has beau-ed her to the Gary Coopers', the

Jack Warners' and to other social events.

At the Coopers', Steve and Ginger ran
into Greg Bautzer—who came with Jane Wyman. Steve admits it was a pretty tense moment for Ginger. "She was pleasant to Mr. Bautzer," he said, "but she didn't go overboard and I took her home."

Did I sense a little touch of jealousy? Greg is mighty good looking, too, and a very successful lawyer. But luckily for Steve, apparently, that chance meeting did not revive the old magic where Ginger is concerned. Steve told me that he was going with Ginger and her mother to "How do you get along with Ginger's mother?" I asked.

"Lela? Say, isn't she a great woman?" He was sincerely enthusiastic. "I like her fine." And, believe me, if he didn't like Lela Rogers he would have said so.

Steve likes a drink now and then—I don't mean by that that he's addicted to the bottle. By no means. But Ginger is a complete teetotaler.

"How about that?" I asked. "How do you get along on the subject of a cocktail

or two before dinner—or a highball?"
"We get along fine," he grinned. "Ginger keeps liquor in her house and gives me a drink when I want it. She doesn't touch the stuff herself, but she has no objection to my having a drink—or any of her other guests.

Ginger is an ardent Christian Scientist and Steve shares many of her ideas on

the subject of religion.

To all outward appearances, then, these two seem to have much in common-a similarity of tastes, a mutual understanding and considerable pleasure in each other's society. Many Hollywood marriages have been based on less.

And yet, somehow I don't see them getting to the marriage license bureau.

Why? For one reason the set-up is too good. Ginger has just said "adieu" to a long and, as it turned out, unhappy romance. Steve admits he is wary after two wrecked marriages. I would say their romance is placid-without fireworks.

WHEN Ginger was in love with Greg they quarreled frequently. So did Steve and Fay. Now that Steve and Ginger are romancing it seems to me that they are making a bit too much of an effort to fall in love.

Sometimes a "rebound" love affair does lead to a marriage. But that happens usually in the case of kids—and not with two mature, well-balanced people—such as Ginger is and Steve rapidly is becoming.

He wasn't always! I don't know how I

happened to think about his much publicized fling with Mae West-unless it was because Mae was appearing in Los Angeles in "Diamond Lil" and I wondered if Steve had seen the show in which he once had

appeared with her.
"Seen her?" laughed Steve, and it was
a good hearty one, "Why, I couldn't get within a mile of Mae. That musician friend of hers keeps everyone away. But don't let anyone tell you that she isn't a swell girl. She's fun—I'd like to have seen her again had there been a chance."

I remember when it was reported that Steve, Mae's leading man on the stage, was romancing with her. "That wasn't true, Louella," he said, "I liked her com-

"I like women anyway!" he cheerfully admitted. "You know that. Remember

prevent polio by:

Keeping children away from strangers Washing hands carefully befare eating Keeping faad clean and cavered Watching aut far headaches, fever, sare thraat, upset stomach, sore muscles, extreme tiredness, trauble in breathing ar swallowing Putting a sick person to bed at ance and calling the dactar

Telephaning yaur lacal Chapter of the National Faundatian for Infantile Paralysis if you need

remember . . .

delayed action can lase a life!

when Fay and I were married? She didn't know she was going to get married when I took her to Las Vegas. I said to her, 'This is your birthday and you're going to get a husband for a birthday present.' So we is your birthday and you're going to get a husband for a birthday present.' So we walked into the Las Vegas courthouse, got a license and were married."

"Is that the way you do it with all your women?" I laughed.

"Well, I don't think I'd get very far trying that with Ginger," he admitted, "but Fay was very young and the idea of an

Fay was very young and the idea of an elopement intrigued her."

"You couldn't have been very old yourself at the time, Steve," I went on. "How old are you?" I was beginning to enjoy asking him such questions as I usually don't put to actors, because he's so frank about everything

about everything.
"I'm thirty-four now. That's no kid." Oh, isn't it? That's what he thinks. Steve's first acting job was with Florence Eldridge in the Federal Theater in 1936.

"We opened in Detroit—my part was very unimportant. Fact is, until just recently I've had a career of unimportant parts. You know, Louella, this is my second time around in Hollywood. The first time, when I did 'Wonder Man' and 'The Chase'... neither the public nor the pro-

ducers went crazy about me. I had to go back to New York to make a stab at eating steadily. Finally I got the role of Juarez in 'Diamond Lil.'

"That's why I'm so happy at being at Warners. After years of being Mr. Nobody in Particular I love all the attention, courtesy and consideration you get when they put that star on your dressing-room door. Anybody who tells you differently—

says he hates publicity and all the rest of it—is either lying, or a fool.
"I believe the public has every right to know anything that interests it about my life. It pays me well for that privilege. No one who is all-fired set on his 'private life' rights-should take up a public career in the first place.

"When I hear about actors walking out on good contracts, I can't understand it. All I ask is to be allowed to stay at Warners and keep going as I am. I spent years praying for this break. Now I'm sincerely and humbly grateful for it."

With such an attitude—plus his talent—

how can he help but go far?

I hadn't known that Steve was a native Californian until he told me that he first saw the light of day in Eureka, California. Like everything else that has ever happened to him—he's proud of it and proud that his early "jobs" were as a Wyoming ranch hand, a railroad section hand, a floor detective in Macy's, a shipyard workerand a couple of other assorted callings.

As he said, his stage and screen career was far from brilliant until Jack Warner brought him back to Hollywood from New York to make "White Heat" with Jimmy Cagney and Virginia Mayo. He counts the day he got that telegram as the red-letter day in his life. I suspect there are many red-letter days ahead for him. Now that he's settled career-wise and financially he may even find the love of his life which so far has eluded him.

Will it be Ginger? There's no doubt this hunk of man intrigues her. Since she met him she's not nearly as insistent about spending six months of every year in New York which she learned to love last year when she had a whirl there, courted by such cosmopolites as Count Serge Oblensky and others in the social whirl.

As for her whirl with Steve I'll be sur-prised if it whirls them to the marriage license bureau. But I've been surprised before.

THE END



"This beauty care makes my skin softer, smoother!"



MY SKIN to gentle Lux Soap care," says Joan Crawford. "Here's the daily beauty facial I depend on: I work up a rich lather with Lux Soap and cream it well into my skin.



"I RINSE THOROUGHLY first with warm water and then with a splash of stimulating cold. Already my skin feels delightfully soft and smooth." Lux Soap has active lather that works like a charm!



"NEXT I PAT MY FACE LIGHTLY with a soft towel to dry. It's wonderful the quick new beauty this facial gives my skin!" Try Joan Crawford's own beauty facials. Discover how easy it is to be Lux-lovely!



How I Pursued My Husband

(Continued from page 40) diplomat, May knew that I wanted only to meet Gene. But deliberately and casually, she introduced me first to others in the cast. Just as I was about to burst with anxiety, Gene came rushing by. May stopped him. His face was covered with greasepaint and he wore neither shoes nor shirt. The stage manager was calling the overture and Gene, on a split-second time schedule, scarcely took note of me. Just a curt, "How do you do, Miss Franklin. Nice to meet you."

In my eagerness to impress Gene, I had dressed as though I were going to tea at Buckingham Palace. I wore my slim black taffeta molded and graceful with flying paniers and I was decked with jewelry that jingle-jangled. Over all this, I wore my luxurious beaver coat slung carelessly

about my shoulders.

CONSOLED myself with the fact that Gene had been rushed. I told myself that he surely would call me. He had to! For there was nothing more I could do. I was acquainted with no one else who knew him.

The following Wednesday, my break came. After my matinee, I found a note in my theater box. Gene had seen my show, had tried to phone me without success and wanted me to have dinner with

him. He gave his number.

I whooped with joy and ran back to tell the other kids in the cast. But before I reached the dressing rooms, I began to wonder . . . The other dancers in "Hattie" knew how I felt about Gene. Had they written that letter as a gag? That night and all the next day I eyed everyone suspiciously. But finally, unable to contain myself any longer I dialed the number. Gene answered the phone.

We talked for a half hour. Gene told me that May Kelly had raved about me for a solid week, insisting that he see my number in "Panama Hattie." I listened avidly to all he said—especially when he talked of himself, building up a careful backlog for future conversations.

The next night we had dinner together. I wore the red fox jacket. He looked at me strangely, for a minute, and only then did he connect me with the girl with whom he had flirted. The beaver coat I'd worn to impress him had almost cheated me of

the chance to know him.

We talked so much that night we hardly ate at all. I remembered Gene's likes and dislikes and used them as guideposts for our conversation. I knew that, at fourteen, he had worked after school at the Robert Montgomery stables, exercising and feeding the horses. His interest in sports amazed me. And when he said that he was interested in skiing, although he had never been on a slope in his life, I immediately was eager to ski, too.

Gene took me at my word. Soon afterwards, when a group from the Ice Show went to Bear Mountain, he invited me along. The first night at the Inn he walked me to my door and kissed me goodnight. He was going to get up early next day,

he said, and try his skill alone.

I hardly slept wondering how he would make out on that steep white slope. At seven the next morning, I stood at my window peering at a lone figure struggling up, up, up. About half-way up, he turned and shussed straight down, ending in a snow drift. Watching him dig out I decided that if he was going to risk his life, I was, too. I put on my red woolen "long-johns," a pile of sweaters and struggled into my borrowed ski suit.

My boots were heavy and clumsy and when I tried running across the snow, I could manage only a slow trot. Gene,

helping me on with my skis, promised to teach me whatever he had learned.

I made a brave attempt to "herring-bone" up the slope. The trick is not to cross skis in back. My skis crossed. I slipped backwards and must have fallen at least five times before I reached the quarter mark. I was hot and unhappy. But Gene wouldn't let me remove any of my sweaters. Deciding to try again, I pointed my skis, and took off. I picked up speed, saw that I was headed towards a bump in the slope and, not knowing how to turn, I sat down. One ski dug into the snow and my body turned over. It was like a mild electric shock. I was afraid to move.

Gene removed my skis and helped me up. I winced as I tried to step on my right foot but I didn't let him know how much it hurt. Slowly, we walked back to the Inn for breakfast.

That night, in a tub of water, my knee welled to twice its normal size. When swelled to twice its normal size. Gene saw me limping downstairs, he was concerned and called the doctor. I had wrenched my knee, the doctor said, but nothing was broken. My "snow bunny badge," Gene called it.

Neither Gene nor I have been near a slope since, although our ambition is to spend a week at Sun Valley. It's more Gene's ambition than mine really, but I'll be there pitching—and falling, no doubt.

CENE'S athletic prowess often discouraged me in those first days. He was a whiz at riding and skating. And the first time we went swimming, he turned out to be a champion diver. I managed to stay in the running but obviously I couldn't keep up with him. I thought everything Gene said or did was wonderful. When I'd known him a week, I told myself he was the man for me. Until this time, I'd been dating a boy named Chuck. Friday being our date night, he had introduced me to his friends "My girl Friday."

Friday night, over a drink at the Stork Club, I told Chuck, "I don't think I can be your girl Friday any longer. I've met someone else and I think it's going to be

serious.'

"If you think that, I wish you all the

luck in the world," Chuck said.
Gene, too, believed our romance was serious. Later, I discovered that after our first date he wanted to give me the little golden ice-skate with a tiny diamond in it which he wore in his lapel. But his roommate suggested he wait and find out if he was really sure. So Gene waited—for two months, then had the golden skate made into a pin for me.

I've always let Gene know how much this pin means to me. Because it was his first gift, it's my favorite. I lost it once, and Gene and I spent hours retracing our steps across Broadway, searching the side-walks, the curbs, the gutters. Then we walks, the curbs, the gutters. went back to the theater and looked in my dressing room. When Gene found the little gold skate under my dressing table, I was so happy, I cried.

People say you shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve. But a blind man could have seen the crush I had on Gene. I'm not very good at hiding things.

Certainly, I never made any bones about the fact that I was trying to please him. After Gene said he liked the way I looked in red I wore red often. When he told me he liked tailored clothes and singled out a brown gabardine suit which I wore with a brown snap-brimmed hat, I bought all the tailored suits I could afford. When he admired my hair, I started brushing it vigorously, until it gleamed, and wore it in as many different styles as possible.

One of the first things I discovered about

Gene was his love for music, ballet music especially. Always, before a ballet company came into town, he would order tickets. And I would buy all his favorite records so we could listen, hours on end.

Whatever Gene does, he does well. When he became interested in painting, he would buy a book on the lives and work of the various painters, read through it rapidly and remember practically everything he had read. I read slowly, retain less than Gene. So I would make up for what I couldn't get from the books by visiting the Metropolitan Museum.

One thing I've always done well, though, where Gene is concerned, and that islisten. Everything he's ever had to say has interested me. If it hadn't, I'm afraid I

would have pretended like mad.

ROM the beginning, we dated steadily. My mother could never quite understand how we found so much to talk about. Except for matinee days, we spent every afternoon together. After our evening shows, we'd go dancing, to the movies or just talk. Gene would take me home and we'd talk more. He'd kiss me goodnight, and then, as soon as he reached his hotel, he'd telephone. And we'd be on the wire for as long as an hour.

Soon, marriage became part of our plans. We talked about marriage, and we talked about children. I said that when I was married, I wanted a boy and a girl. Gene said he thought that would make a nice family. He also said he wouldn't marry until he could support a wife with ease.

Then the draft came. Gene was eligible. My friends said the usual things: "Don't marry now . . . suppose you have a child . . . suppose he's killed . .

His friends said, "Marry her right away."
Gene said, "If you don't marry me now,
I won't guarantee whom I'll be seeing while I'm in the Army-or that I'll be single when I return."

A wave of panic swept over me. "I want to get married right away." I proposed.
"Are you sure?" he asked sternly.

I nodded, blissfully.

We were married within the week, on December 22, 1941, at New York's City Hall.

Gene took me to the Belvedere Hotel, where he lived, and carried me into his room lighted only by the soft glow cast by the Christmas tree bulbs. Then and there, I made a vow. I had won Gene by being interested in the things that interested him. My wedding ring, I promised myself, would not change this. I'd try always to be all things to the man I loved.

When Gene was in the Army, I sent Vmail letters regularly. I told him all the details of my life, showing him not only what I was doing, but that he was constantly in my thoughts. Happily for me,

Gene did the same thing.

I'll always wear my heart on my sleeve for Gene. After children arrive, some women relegate their husbands to a secondary place. Gene and I and our four-year-old son have a wonderful relationship in which Chris, product of our love, shares equally in our affections. But Gene and I love each other first.

I still help Gene with his dancing, often working on the choreography of his pictures, rehearsing with him and other members of the cast. His only objection is that he feels I, too, should be in the limelight. He dreams of us as dancing partners. I'd be happy with that kind of achievement, of course. But I know of no achievement, of no career that can be more wonderful than that of pursuing a husband-even after you've caught him.

THE END

They're Characters

(Continued from page 63) actor. In some respects for the better. In others—I'm not sure. He's no longer the eager youth dashing madly to the studio in his open convertible. But he was friendlier then. Whether or not it's because Pete has played so many "other men" parts in pictures, nowadays he seems less of an optimist. And I don't quite know which adjective to use about the following incident. It's an open secret in Hollywood that Sharman Douglas finds or found Pete extremely fascinating. In fact, she's said to be carrying a man-size torch for him. But Pete, probably unthinkingly, brought his new interest, Jeanne MacDonald, to Sharman at RKO and sort of put her under Sharman's protective wing. If Sharman really is still in love with Pete, that was pretty thoughtless.

Jane Wyman has been a hard girl to fathom at any time. But there was a change in Jane after she played the deafmute in "Johnny Belinda." Some people believe that the strain of the role was partly responsible for the break-up of her marriage with Ronald Reagan. But I personally believe that some of the divorce can be blamed on Ronald's talkativeness, which can be very boring. However, Jane was a sick, depressed girl both during and

after this picture.

LIZABETH TAYLOR has told me many times that she hates to play society girls on the screen—she'd rather be a gypsy. But Elizabeth has patterned quite a lot of her private life attitude on the way the society girls behave in her pictures. Fundamentally, Elizabeth is a fresh-air country girl who loves dogs, horses and chipmunks. And the haughty stuff and quarrels with her family are alien to her innate sweet nature. I hope film fame will ultimately bring Elizabeth happiness. To date, it has only brought confusion for her family and for her.

John Wayne is still "Duke" to the people who knew him as Duke Morrison. And they all still know him. His great success, his position at the top of the Photoplay Popularity poll (he won the Photoplay Gold Medal this year) hasn't changed him at all. In fact I'm not sure how good an actor John really is because he's exactly the same person in and out of his pictures.

Gregory Peck is another local boy who made good without making his associates miserable because of it. Greg was raised in La Jolla, California, which is why he started the La Jolla Playhouse, a very profitable tourist attraction for his home town. I remember when Greg startled me with his portrayal of the sex-crazy, selfish Lewt in "Duel in the Sun," shortly after he had electrified me with his sensitive characterization of the priest in "The Keys of the Kingdom." I asked him—"Which is the real you?" He grinned and replied, "Ask my wife." I did. Sorry I can't tell

The big change in Olivia de Havilland started with her two-year-long battle to free herself from her Warner contract. And remembering the carefree, happy girl she used to be, it is sad to hear no sorrow expressed in Hollywood over the not-so-hot reviews and brief six-weeks run for Olivia's "Romeo and Juliet" in New York. She tries so hard with every acting job. I'm wondering if there isn't such a thing as trying too hard. I hope that her next movie assignment will be a little romantic part. Then maybe Olivia will return to her early lighter, gaver self.

early lighter, gayer self.

This was the theme of course of "A Double Life," the picture that produced Shelley Winters for better or worse. I think for better—Shelley is fun.

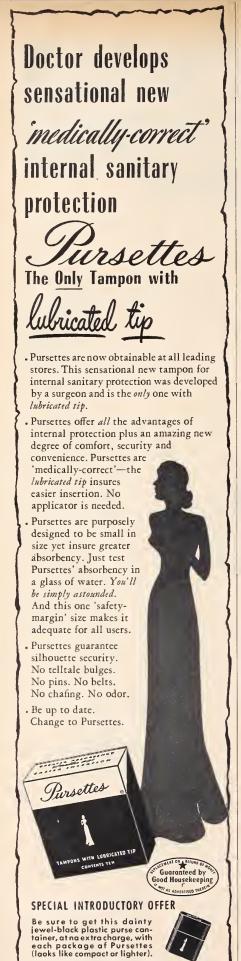


MY PLAYCLOTHES LOOK
SO PRETTY AND BRIGHTS

Joe's shirts and my sheets look so white and my whole work smells so sweet and grash!

The gang at the shop kids me about always wearing clean overalls, but I notice a lot of ém ask me what kind of soap Mary uses!

Good Gracious! I can't begin to tell you how long I've used Fels-Kaptha but my children and their children depend on it just like I do.



SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

Come to think of it, it's only natural that playing dramatic tragic roles all the time should have a sobering effect on performers. Certainly nearly all the screen killers, except Humphrey Bogart, are exceptionally quiet men in real life. Jimmy Cagney never speaks above a whisper. George Raft rarely cracks a smile. Richard Widmark is moody and broody. As for Bogey, he has always been on the raucous side in his public and private life. It was just as noisy before Warners elevated him to stardom and he used to complain about his bosses just as much then as he does now. Only now, at \$200,000 a picture, he doesn't have any reason to.

The oddest contradiction in reel and real life in Hollywood is Jane Russell. The sexy extrovert on celluloid is a deeply religious, modest girl at home, with a chapel in her own backyard. The posters can show Jane struggling for her honor in low-cut gowns till kingdom come. Away from the camera the only thing Jane struggles for is to re-member a passage from the Bible, most

of which she knows by heart.

June Allyson can be pretty cute off screen if she thinks an occasion warrants it. But on the whole she isn't too carried away with her characterizations. It was a good thing for June, as it is for every young performer in Hollywood, that suc-cess here didn't come right off the bat for her. She had a two-year very discouraging wait before she made a hit, playing herself really, in "Two Girls and a Sailor." It's a better thing that she fell so in love with Dick Powell, older and wiser.

How about the movie sirens-the Ava Gardners, the Hedy Lamarrs, the Lana Turners? They remind me of the comedians, most of whom are sad sacks away from the camera. These delectable dames rarely wear make-up or dress up off duty. Hedy is notorious for her peasant dresses. Lana loves shorts. Ava goes in for slacks. And all three cinema sirens have this in common—they passionately desire a husband and home life. At this writing, Lana has it, and I'd say she was the happiest of the three. Hedy is prepared to travel to the four corners of the world to get hers. Ava is hoping that somehow, somewhere, she can be Mrs. Sinatra.

How about the lover-boys, the gents who always get the females in films? Do they repeat in private life? Let's see. Errol Flynn had his marriage option dropped by Lili and Nora. Stewart Granger was divorced by his first wife. Robert Taylor—well, you know about Robert. Clark Gable—you know his history too. Cary Grant? After winning Virginia Cherrill, Barbara Hutton, and every girl in pictures for two decades, including the time he was a ghost in the " Topper now been won for life, I believe, by a bit of a girl, Betsy Drake.

screen were sad creatures in private life.

I said before that the comedians of the

Not all of them are. It's impossible to define where Red Skelton of the screen begins and the ditto of civilian life ends. Red never stops making with the gags. But Red's jokes are never at the expense of any living creature. Nor are the wisecracks of Bob Hope. Martin and Lewis can be even whackier away from the camera. But once in a while, when no one is watching, Jerry forgets the funny face and is the complete coordinated businessman. Jerry

passes on everything-even the advertising posters for their pictures. And recently, when a columnist took some cracks at Dean, Jerry did the same to the columnist. "Dean's my friend as well as my partner," he told me quietly. "Anyone who hurts him is not my friend."

George Sanders usually plays a very rude man in his pictures. I don't know whether George gets these roles because he is rude in real life, but it could be. However, recently I made a discovery about George. And I should have suspected it before. His sardonic speeches are a cover-up for an oversize inferiority complex. When I phoned him to talk about something else, he engaged me in a lengthy conversation all about, "What did you think of my singing?" (On a radio show.) Why, George, I didn't think you cared what anyone thought. Incidentally, I thought he sang divinely and told him so and the purr at the end of the line could almost be stroked. I also discovered that Mr. Sanders has a sense of humor. When the sanders has a sense of numor, when the story was printed that he could not play the Pinza role on Broadway in "South Pacific" because he was supposed to have an operation, I called him to say, "Is it really true about the operation, or is it an operation for cold feet?" He roared with laughter.

Jeanne Crain, the mother of three, still has the wistful air of a little girl, that made Janet Gaynor famous. With Jeanne it's a case of her roles being chosen for her. She is wistful and feet-off-the-groundish. She was a natural for those roles.

Bette Davis is *Margo*, Elizabeth Taylor is the society girl, John Wayne and Duke Morrison are one and the same, Gregory Peck is, well, Gregory Peck. The contradictions are there, too . . . the sirens, the gag-men, the lover-boys, they're all double personalities. But that's like the old "which comes first, the chicken or the egg?" routine.

THE END



"These are Real Problems of real people!"

The radio program "My True Story" presents in dramatic form—direct from the files of True Story Magazine—the actual, true-to-life problems of real people. Thousands have found solutions to their own problems of love, fear, hope, jealousy and many others by listening to "My True Story".

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Nine Years with Love

(Continued from page 57) would know that "for the rest of our lives" means exactly that. They don't flaunt their happiness, nor do they take it for granted. But you feel that it's built on rock and that Hollywood can't touch it. Built any other way, it could fall apart in Hoboken.

They have no gimmicks or recipes to hand out. Love is a mystery. Nobody's yet been able to explain why two particu-

yet been able to explain why two particular people are drawn together, and not two others. But there's more to love than physical attraction, as every adult knows. In the course of Alan and Sue's friendship, as struggling actor and agent, each grew to respect the other's worth as a human. Because they felt and reacted alike, the wordless understanding between them was from the beginning almost uncanny. In some bigshot's office, with no prearranged campaign, they'd play into each other's hands like a couple of jugglers. Each knew when to speak, when to quit, when to get up and go. It was a new experience then, startling and delightful. Now, after nine years of marriage, it's ingrained.

PROFESSIONALLY, Alan refers to himself as "we," the other half being Sue. It's long been accepted that where he goes, she goes, since he won't go without her. You recognize her presence in the flowers that brighten their impersonal hotel room, and the magazines strewn about. This may seem like a minor item, but nothing's minor to Sue that contributes to Alan's relaxation. Many men on a business trip feel their wives are better off at home. Many men—let's be honest—like to get away from their wives once in a while. Alan says: "I'd be lost without Sue—" He needs her for the comfort of her companionship and because of his vast respect for her judgment. Not that he invariably follows it, but he'll take no major step till he's thoroughly thrashed out all its aspects with Sue. Because of the harmony already noted between them, their conclusions are more likely than not to fuse.

Once they had a difference of opinion with Buddy DeSylva. DeSylva was a

wise man and a fair one, who could see the other fellow's side as well as his own. After tossing it back and forth, the boss advised them to go home and sleep on it. Next day they returned, still of the same mind. DeSylva threw them a curious little smile. "You two! You've got too much of that pillow talk between you. I can't beat it. You win."

Others have been less understanding.

Others have been less understanding. Everyone at the studio knows that Alan hates talking on the phone. Sue loves it. Acting as a buffer for him, she takes his calls. This is sometimes resented. "Who's under contract here?" stormed an irate V.I.P. "Sue or Alan Ladd?"

"I am," said Alan. "And if ever Sue makes a decision, I'd have made the same."
One thing they avoid is running to Tom

One thing they avoid is running to Tom, Dick and Harry with their problems. This is not because they think they're so all-fired smart. "We just feel it's no good when the husband goes pouring his heart out to Joe Doakes, and the wife can't wait to talk it over with the girls. Outsiders can

come between you, they can lead to fusses. Sue and I don't look for advice till we've kicked it around ourselves. Then, if we're stymied, we take someone into our confidence. But whoever it is, we go to him

What catches your eye on first entering the Ladds' living room are four pictured young faces, gazing gravely from shadow-box frames—Carol Lee, Laddie, Lonnie and little David. "My eaters," Alan calls them with a grin. Like any family, they add to the light and laughter and sweet-





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ting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

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ness of home. But the widely held notion that children can cure an ailing marriage doesn't sit well with the Ladds. "It's up to the parents, not the kids, to make a marriage work. We owe them security," says Sue "Not the other way 'round."

Security comes from an atmosphere of serenity. It's produced by a feeling between two people that has deepened from the electrics of early romance to something enduring. "You can't sit down and rationalize it," says Alan. "Anyway, I can't. You find that companionship with the other person satisfies you. You accept him for what he is. You don't say, I'll try to cure this habit or that. You say, I want to make him happy. Acceptance and un-derstanding are the big things. They include all the rest.'

WHEN Sue and Alan are out together, he has a way of making her feel important. He's not full of a lot of baloney and five-dollar words. But there's always a look, a smile, a touch that says, "I'm HEN Sue and Alan are out together, glad to be here with you. I'd rather be

dancing with you than anyone else."

"The place," says Sue, "may be jumping with glamour girls. Goodness knows they're better-looking than I am. But on the way home my husband never fails to pay me some little compliment. Of course

it sets me up."

Alan, for his part, maintains that she spoils him, but good. "Sue's got the know-how to take care of a man. I've seen women get so wrapped up in their kids, their friends, their bridge, their clubs, that the poor old guy comes home and sits on the sidelines like a scrub who'll never make the team. Which leaves him wide open for the sympathetic 'other woman.' Thank heaven I've got a feminine wife.

She bolsters my ego."
Sue sniffs. "What ego? My great problem is that Alan always thinks he's washed

up tomorrow."
"Could be I'm right," he laughs, but he's not kidding. Actors are supposed to be over-endowed with self-confidence. In which case, Alan's no typical actor. Success doesn't inflate, it amazes and humbles him.

He has a very attractive singing voice which he's loath to use except in the shower. Asked to use it on a personal appearance tour, he nixed the suggestion as not altogether sane. But Sue and Kay Kyser framed him. Kyser was emceeing a show in a military hospital, where the Ladds joined him. He and Sue put their heads together. Without bothering to warn the unsuspecting soloist, Kay announced that Alan would now sing "My Ideal."

What could he do, with the guys whooping and hollering! He sang "My Ideal" and they raised the roof.

'See, you can sing," said his double-

crossing wife.
"Yeah. That's the one song I know all

the words of.

Lest I give the impression that the Ladds are too good to be human, let me cut in fast with an assurance to the contrary. Like all married pairs since Adam and Eve, they have their flare-ups. There was a time when Susie used to flounce out and take a walk. Naturally, she expected Alan to follow. He always did. One night, as she stomped down a dark boulevard, he caught up and got her into the car. "Now look," he said. "This is no way to settle an argument. If you do it again, I won't be home when you get there.

That was her last walk. Not because she took him literally, but because he'd opened her eyes to the childishness of her operations and made her ashamed of them. Psychologists say that spats are important or not, depending on their source. Those of Alan and Sue rise from the surface, leaving the depths undisturbed. Normally, they settle a difference of opinion by hashing it out. Sometimes they fly off the handle, and the huff lasts till one or the other breaks it with an offhand overture. "Being angry with someone you love," says Sue, "is like being ill. If you have any sense,

you don't prolong it, you heal it."

Once Alan got mad because Sue returned a fur coat he'd bought for her birthday. "But, honey, it's an extravagance. First, I don't need it. Second, it won't wear well—" well-

He was still mad. She shouldn't have returned a gift-anyway, not without consulting him first. From behind her back she drew a little book. "I consulted this. It says we can't afford it."

There's no comeback to a joint banking

account. Alan threw in the towel.

They don't see eye to eye on their social life. Ålan much prefers playing host to guest, though he'll go willingly to a friend's home when not more than four or six are gathered together. Big parties, which bore him and make him uncomfortable, he's got to be dragged to. Susie hankers after a party now and then, if only for the fun of getting dressed up. She'll start working on Alan 'way ahead of time, and even then he's been known to back out at the last minute. Once for a couple of weeks he grew positively lamb-like. Wherever Sue wanted to go was okay with Ladd. She couldn't figure it, but made hay while the making was good.



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is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about his \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries"

DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon

on 523 Mutual Stations

Till the night came when she said, "We've been chasing too much. Let's stay put.'
"Had enough?"

She looked up, and the light dawned. "So that's been your little game."
"You're too smart by half, Susie."

The score remains the same. He hates parties, she likes them. "But he hates them worse than I like them," sighs Sue, "so we

generally stay home.'

In basic matters, their ideas run paral-lel. Their home is for people they feel at home with-for friends, not influences. You won't find them catering to producers for the sake of a role. But they'll have the Peter Hansons because they like them. Hanson played in "Branded." Both Sue and Alan think he has talent, and go out of their way to encourage him. never forgotten his dark days, nor what encouragement meant to him.

ALAN'S contract still has over a year to run and he still has two Paramount pictures, "The Red Mountain" and "Rage of the Vulture," awaiting release. But with major players, the studio presents a deal well in advance. The actor presents a counter-deal. If they can't get together, he's free to negotiate elsewhere. We're springing no leak when we state that springing no leak when we state that Ladd's appeared in a fair number of stinkers. You've seen them yourselves. That they've made a lot of dough must be ascribed to his personal popularity. Naturally he feels a good script isn't too much to ask for.

That was one consideration. The other was Alan's four kids. Should anything happen to him, he wants them taken care of. The deal Paramount offered was fine. Only he found he could double the money outside. He and Sue thrashed it out from every angle, put it together and picked it apart again. But the moment of decision had to come. Jack Warner was waiting to hear from them. Alan paced, Sue sat. Their agent stood by the phone. "Well?" he prodded gently. "Do you want it or don't you?

Ten years of Paramount flashed through Alan's mind, ten years of working with a wonderful set of guys on the back lot. He gulped. For a moment it looked as though the tears might come. Sue couldn't stand it. She jumped up and ran to him.
"You don't have to take it, Alan."
He looked at her and the grin broke

through. Hanging on to her hand, he nod-ded to the agent. Presently he was talking to a Warner brother. "Well, Jack, I guess I'm coming home."

"What do you mean?"
"I used to be your grip for two years."
"Under what name?"

"Look it up. Alan Ladd." Which broke the tension all round.

On termination of his present contract, he plans three pictures a year—one for Warners, one for another major company, one for himself. They've already bought

a story for independent production.
"We love this business," says Alan, "and as long as they'll have us, we'll stay. But if it ended tomorrow, we'd say thanks, it's been swell knowing you, and work out something else. Make the farm pay, may-be," he teased. "I can see it now. Me running the tractor, Susie milking the cows. Or the other way round. No difference

really, so long as we're in it together."
And that's where we came in. Our country's divorce-ridden from coast to coast. But let's look at the bright side for once, and the millions of couples joined by such love and loyalty that if one is wrenched out, the other becomes incomplete. It's the old kind of love that makes marriage happy in Hollywood, Hoboken and all points between, the kind of love that exists between Sue and Alan Ladd.

THE END

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Success is taken casually at the Crosbys'—so casually that Gary, a big money-maker with his recordings, never thought much about his . . .



... growing career. His brothers weren't impressed either. They used to rib him by singing his disc hit, "Sam Song," whenever he appeared. But suddenly, all . . .



... kidding stopped. The twins became abnormally respectful—even begged for privilege of chasing Gary's handballs during his practice sessions! This threw Gary



So did the strange noises he heard behind the barn—until he discovered Lindsay showing him off to his gang—at twenty-five cents a look! Bing howled . . .



... when he heard this, said, "Remember, Gary, when you charged your pals a dime for watching me play golf? The twins are just trying to beat the high cost of living!"

Li'l Lightning Bug

(Continued from page 45) I'm all dressed up in black and sophisticated." At any gathering where strong beverages are served, Debbie's answer is as automatic and swift as the raised eyebrow that inquires her age—"I was born April 1, 1932—and now, if you don't mind, please, I'd like a straight milk."

At her studio she thumbed past ultraglamorous portrait shots and chose another for her fan-mail pictures, saying, "This one looks younger, don't you think?" She's smart enough to realize she will probably continue playing younger parts "for at

least two more years."

What's more, Debbie studies the smaller fry for her homework. "There are kids in every age group in our block in Burbank. I love to play baseball and football out in the street with them, and I watch them—so I won't go stale on acting real

young.

But there's nothing small about her talent. In the opinion of some critics, as the fourteen-year-old "Miss-Fix-It" sister, she stole "Two Weeks with Love," which, considering Janie Powell and Louis Calhern, would be adjudged senior-sized stealing. She was immediately put into "Mr. Imperium" with Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza. And she is now rehearsing ballet day and night, prepping to dance with Gene Kelly in "Singing in the Rain."

In the personality department Debbie's a pert little paradox, as young at heart as she is mature in the brains department. Assured and ambitious, she goes her merry way studying to be a movie star. Privately, she's still a bit surprised to find herself an actress instead of the gym teacher she meant to be.

HE'S a cute combination of middy-blouse and red satin shoes, a beaucatcher who's more happily at home with the hair-ribbon set. She's strictly a funloving tom-girl who'd rather bowl than beau. "158 is my top score. But I usually bowl around 133. My girl friends and I go every week to a bowling alley in Burbank." She'd rather play the French horn (as she has the past six years) in the Burbank Youth Symphony every Saturday night than decorate the arm of the dreamiest date in town.

Not that "fellows" aren't all right, too-"at a special big party or dance, or at football or baseball games, something that sounds like fun." Debbie likes big men, "the bigger the better, six-foot-four and over 200 pounds, fellows the size of Howard Keel." But they don't have to look like Howard—"just so they're big and have a sense of humor. I just like to joke around

and have fun.'

Debbie even clowns when she has laryngitis. Recently she arrived at the studio with a big cardboard sign hung around her neck which read, "I Can't Talk," and in smaller print underneath: "Reason—Laryngitis." All of which accomplished little other than inspiring conversation all the way down the studio streets with curious acquaintances who stopped her to ask,

"What's the matter with you?"

Outside of that time, Debbie admittedly has never been at a loss for words-except on the memorable occasion when she won the title "Miss Burbank of 1948," a title that led to her movie contract. "I just entered to get a free blouse," she says. She was, it seems, standing there in the Burbank Recreation Hall, "tired and hungry and thinking about how I'd love to have a chocolate malt," when the judge announced she'd won. "I was leaning against the piano—and I almost fell flat on my face. I walked over to him and just





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The price of this giant volume is \$2.98 postpaid—or \$2.98 plus postage, if you wish us to send you a copy C.O.D. Send for your copy of MAGIC COOK BOOK today. BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc., Dept. WG-751, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. stood there. For once I didn't know what

Debbie didn't even want to enter the Debbie didn't even want to enter me contest, but one of her girl friends didn't want to enter unless Debbie kept her company "and she's very cute and I thought she might have a chance to win." So Debbie wore her "Easter dress" one night "and my old bathing suit—so old if I'd bent over, no telling what would have happened"
—another night. She walked around, stood in line, did her impersonation of Betty Hutton singing "I'm Just a Square in a Social Circle" and, in addition to winning the crown and the blouse, she won the eye of a Warner Brothers talent scout. He arranged the screen test that won her a

Debbie was with Warners a year and a half, during which time she was seen as June Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked her to portray Helen Kane, the "Boop-doop-a-doop" singing star in "Three Little Words."

HE'S a big movie fan and very impressed still about meeting Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Fred Astaire, June Allyson—"She's my father's favorite. I hope we make a my father's favorite. I hope we make a movie together sometime so I can get him a picture," and she's crazy about Red Skelton. "I think making people laugh is so important, don't you?" One columnist, struck by Debbie's gamin quality, recently commented, "Looks like Metro has another Judy Garland in Debbie Reynolds." "I just died." Debbie says if you mention this to died," Debbie says if you mention this to her. "Comparing me with that great star. She has more talent than I'll ever have in my life!"

Born Mary Frances Reynolds in El Paso, Texas, Debbie lives with her mother and father (a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad) and a Persian cat named "Michael O'Flaherty" in "just a regular house" in Burbank. Her twenty-year-old brother and his bride "live in the new partners my ded and upple built evit in apartment my dad and uncle built out in the garage—it's so cute." Her brother, says Debbie, is her "worst and best" critic. "Other people can tell you you're wonderful and everything-but not your brothernot unless he means it. Not my brother, anyway.'

She wants to do musical comedy "more than anything." And anybody who knows her—including her brother—is convinced

she will succeed.

A day in her life would indeed stagger a hardier soul. She gets up every morning at 7:30 a.m., takes ballet from 9:30 to 11:00 at the studio, exercises until noon, ballets again from 1:30 to 3:30, takes a drama lesson until 4:30-then dashes home in her 1947 model Mercury club coupe, grabs a bite to eat, meets her girl friends and attends dancing school from 6:00 to 9:00 at night for special instruction in tap, boogie, free style and more ballet. Then a nightcap hamburger—and so to bed—until the alarm reminds her that it's 7:30 a.m.—

When she will have time for even a junior-sized romance is the pay-off question right now. She has, it seems, "bet seven of the boys in the publicity department five dollars apiece I won't get married before I'm twenty-three. We have it all in writing," she says. "You know, one of these 'We do hereby declare' things, and I signed it 'The Bachelor Girl.' It's all

To suggest that matrimony might win out before she's twenty-three brings a hoot from Debbie, followed by: "And lose thirty-five dollars?"

The lucky lad undoubtedly would have to promise to love, honor, cherish—and pay off her bet. THE END



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YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty by Dorry Ellis



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CRITICALLY SPEAKING . . . have you looked at your complexion in a mirror lately—close up? Do skin-faults show through your make-up? Are enlarged pores, "bumps," or discolorations making you feel self-conscious? Not noticeable from afar, these faults pop right out in close-ups . . . which are often important moments! With SOLITAIR Cake Make-up, you're safe. SOLITAIR hides as it beautifies. It conceals every little blemish! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness. SOLITAIR, containing Lanolin, is featherlight. 7 lovely shades, $30\mathfrak{C}$, $60\mathfrak{C}$, \$1.00. It's one make-up that makes you lovely-to-look-at even in close-ups!



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TODAY FASHION SAYS that accenting your eyes is as important as using lipstick. Smart women the world over depend on MAY-BELLINE for a soft, natural-looking effect—and no wonder! With MAYBELLINE Mascara, lashes appear so softly dark, enchantingly long... they seem to whisper "Nature grew us this way." For more expressive, gracefully tapered brows, nothing equals MAYBELLINE'S fine, soft Eyebrow Pencil. And a touch of MAYBELLINE Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes. It's exciting to look lovelier with MAYBELLINE Eye Make-up! All desired shades. MAYBELLINE gives eyes that naturally beautiful, "high-fashion" emphasis.



Plot for a Home

(Continued from page 60) subdivided and sold, saving several acres and the original spot which had caught his eye for him and Jeanne.

Originally the house itself encompassed 2,400 square feet, today it's 3,400 square 2,400 square feet, today its 3,400 square feet, and when it attains full growth will have about 4,500 square feet. "I'd rather have fewer rooms," says Jeanne, "and have them large, than have a lot of small rooms." She's entirely right, because you can create a more harmonious room if the space is large. Better to double up the uses of a room, combining a living room and a den, for instance, rather than have a small living room and an even smaller den. Den-dining rooms are popu-

smaller den. Den-dining rooms are popular now, too, and another recent trend combines kitchen, den and dining room. Right from the beginning, Jeanne and Paul planned the house as it eventually would be. Originally it had just one bedroom, but they knew where two additional bedrooms and a bath would go, and the doorway that would lead to all this was already framed in the hall Sowhen the Brinkmans added their first when the Brinkmans added their first wing, all they had to do was knock out

the opening.

The second wing will be added to the other side, so that when finally completed, the house will have a modified 'X' shape. A large playroom's contemplated in this new section—to relieve wear and tear on the rest of the rooms. As Jeanne says, "When you have children, either the house suffers or the children suffer, and we think our children are more valuable than the house. So, the house suffers."

The idea of having the plans for a com-

pleted house all ready, but building a little at a time, is a good one The Brink-

TRIPLE STRENGTH ... COVERS GRAY

mans built when building was difficult, right after the war. In fact, they camped out in the house for awhile, during the finishing-up process. Carpeting was a "must" to provide warmth for their first-born, Paul, but other than that, they used candles for illumination, rented beds, ate from card tables, and sat on boxes.

The Brinkmans' house, hidden from view until you round a curve on the driveway, is a low, modern building of fieldstone and redwood, with the windows set high to let in light and guarantee privacy.

AS YOU enter, there's an oak closet partition on the right and a plant box in front, which is backed by panels of corrugated opaque glass that stop at the ceiling. These glass panels are about a foot wide, and travel down each side of the plant box, about a foot apart, alternating, so that you have the effect of a solid wall Your vision of the next room, the dining area, is obscured, yet there's plenty of light and room for plants to grow.

The Brinkmans continued the exterior

feeling of the house into the interior through the materials they used, but instead of redwood paneling inside they chose 3/4" oak planks, and gave them a wonderful natural finish. The fieldstone was repeated in the fireplace, but this posed an unexpected problem. The builder was afraid that a plaster ceiling would be cracked by the weight of the fireplace. So Paul bought some 2 x 8 kiln-dried fir planks. Split and left rough, these were put on the ceiling. Linseed oil mixed with green stain was applied, then wiped off, which left the wood with a slight green finish, toning in perfectly with the rest of the house

The fieldstone fireplace is framed with oak. There are floor-to-ceiling windows on the fireplace wall, high windows opposite and oak panels on the walls.

They lined the wall under the high windows with long bookshelves and under the bookshelves they placed an enormous red sectional sofa, four pieces, each section the size of a love seat, and at one end, its back to the closet partition, is the radio phonograph. At the other, against the wall, stands the piano. The long red sofa, plus two curved green sofas that flank the fireplace, provide plenty of seating space when needed, yet they don't crowd the room. If enough chairs were used to provide the same amount of seating space, the room would look like a hotel lobby

Paul designed all the furniture except the green sofas and the dining-room group, and had them made at his furniture factory. Even though you can't do this, you can be sure that each piece you choose is as right for your room as if you had it made to order. Don't buy a table or chair you see in a store just because it seems exceptionally attractive. Picture how it will look with your other furniture

Occasional pieces finish off the living room A cound, blonde coffee table in front of the fireplace, two black lacquered end tables complete with ceramic lamps at each end of the sectional sofa, two antique mirror-topped tables with brass lamps beside the fireplace.

The dining area's at one end of the living room. The entire group is of natural wood, modern style, with pedestals of combed wood, dining seats in a lime and yellow pattern. The sideboard against the well matches, and has a separate glass front top for china and glasses.



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Originators of Permanent Waving

why some women hate to shop

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No other deodorant can duplicate Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. Yet it won't harm fragile fabrics, has a nice fresh fragrance. Get the pretty pink squeeze bottle today - and see for yourself! One bottle lasts for months. Only 49¢ plus tax. (Also in cream form).

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From the dining area, naturally, you go into the kitchen, a gay combination of red and white, with red formica counter tops and splashboard, white cupboards and woodwork, and the two colors combined with green in a cheerful strawberry-patterned paper for the walls. White ruffled curtains finish off the windows. The kitchen's in an "L" shape, the working section in one part, a red formica-topped table in the other, surrounded by pine captain's chairs with red leather cushions.

Red linoleum covers the entire floor.

The most-talked-about feature of the kitchen stands in the heel of the "L," and that's an indoor brick barbecue. The first time the Brinkmans used the barbecue, they cooked a prime rib roast, and brought

each guest into the kitchen to see it and smell it even before he removed his coat. "You see," explained Jeanne, "we think that barbecued food tastes much better during the cold months, and the fire looks so cheerful on a gray day. So we put this barbecue indoors where we can really use On their flagstone terrace there's also an outdoor barbecue, but it's more often used for fires than for cooking.

HEIR bedroom is at the opposite end of the house. It's large, with two walls of windows to take advantage of the superb view. Louvers above admit air, and sliding doors open on to the terrace. These are hung with gold draperies which blend with the bedspread and dust ruffle. The spread has a chartreuse design woven on a silver-gray ground, and the ruffle repeats the yellow. All the floors are carpeted with the same gray broadloom, and the bedroom wallpaper uses the gray for background color, featuring a bird-of-paradise design in yellow, blue and coral.

They placed the shadow box fireplace

against oak paneling, and the grouping in front of it includes a blonde, free-form coffee table, together with a channel back chartreuse loveseat.

The blonde desk boasts an idea you can borrow. The two bases and the top are three separate pieces. Since the basesbookshelves on one side, drawers on the other—are the size of nightstands, the Brinkmans can utilize them for that purpose any time they wish. If you've been wanting a desk, why not make one by placing a wood panel across the tops of two night stands? The Brinkmans curved the top of their desk, which is composed of a thin real wood veneer combined with a layer of formica and a layer of fiber

glass, all put under terrific pressure. The result is a handsome surface that can take spilled drinks, carelessly placed cigarettes and all the other hazards to furniture in a modern home. "Someday," says Paul, "we're going to have a dining table with a top like that."

Jeanne and Paul put family photographs in the bedroom, and that should be the rule in your home. Such pictures are too personal to add anything, decoratively speaking, to a living room, unless you've a portrait that is a work of art.

The headboard of the bed is modern, to go with the rest of the furnishings, and it includes the two nightstands in the one unit, all of blonde wood with touches of

chartreuse leather.

Adjoining the bedroom is an enormous-dressing room. Woodwork and cabinets are gray and the ceiling coral. Wardrobes line the walls and a storage partition divides the dressing area from the bath area. Soft coral Carrara glass surrounds the two washbasins, picking up the coral from the paper on the walls.

The dressing room is large enough to double as a nursery, and the newest baby always sleeps there in his bassinette. Right now young Timothy has it.

Someday he'll graduate to the nursery wing, where Michael and Paul share a room which is just right for boys, with a minimum of furniture, natural finish bunk beds and two matching chests. The floor's yellow and brown linoleum, and the walls contrast with pale green. Whimsical animals decorate the sturdy sailcloth curtains.

A small bar separates living room and master bedroom, its entrance in the hall, the source role in the living room.

the counter side in the living room. The inside of the doors that close it off wear deep button tufts of green leather, and cushions on the bar stools repeat the green leather. It's a projection room as well, for Paul keeps his projection machine behind the counter on the floor. It's ready in a jiffy for showing movies, as is the screen which stands in the dining area.

Part of the charm of the house lies in

the surrounding landscape, for it's com-pletely casual. A lawn frames the swim-ming pool on the front terrace, but native

trees and shrubs cover the hill.

Paul and Jeanne knew what they liked, They were not afraid to try out their ideas and they were willing to wait to get the effect they want. All this adds up to a home that's completely delightful inside and out.

THE END

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in August Photoplay, on sale July 11

Miracle in Boston

(Continued from page 55) virus. She was badly upset—mystery in sickness is a frightening word. Dr. Gardner consulted with another neighborhood doctor, but

For a week I lay in bed in utter weak-ness. From the kitchen I could hear my mother's sobs and my sister trying to console her. I could hardly move. My leg muscles were almost entirely without power. I prayed that if I were to get well

my legs would not fail me.

Many years later my mother told me I was only semiconscious most of the time. What I thought were silent prayers were

words spoken aloud in delirium.

Dr. Gardner came in twice a day.

Although I was a child, I could see he was

very worried and seemingly powerless, just waiting for something to happen.

Then one night as I lay in my sickbed, watching the flowers in the wallpaper designs revolve slowly around the room, I listened dreamily. The doctor was speaking to my mether the head just finished a ing to my mother. He had just finished a long consultation with the other physician.

I heard him say, "Ruth is a sick girl, that's true. But she's well on her way to recovery. Don't be worried about her legs, she'll walk again and will be perfectly all right."

I was amazed. Could it be true? Yet if Dr. Gardner said it so confidently it must be so. It was wonderful news to me. I was overjoyed. For the last few days my legs had been stiff and powerless. But now I would soon be well!

Then the fever broke. I felt stronger. There was a long period of convalescence. Then as the weeks went by I could feel the tingling sensation of "pins and needles" in my legs. It's true that I couldn't stand up; my legs wouldn't support me yet. But always I remembered the doctor's words. "She's well on her way to recovery. She'll walk again and will be all right." Dr. Card-

want again and win be all right. Dr. Calwin her had said so, and I never doubted it.

When my legs hung limp from the side of the bed, when it was impossible to move a muscle, I forced myself out into my homemade wheelchair. And then holding on to the chair-backs and the dresser I managed to swing slowly around the room.

Whenever the going seemed too tough and I wanted to give up, feeling it was all

★ "A diplomat is a person who lets someone else have your way!"

. . . . James Stewart

too hopeless, I remembered that my doctor had said I'd walk again. And I preferred that it be sooner than later. Soon, too, I

would have to get back to school and make up all the time I had lost.

Finally I was walking, slowly but without help. What a wonderful overwhelming feeling of love for the world and overwhelming. feeling of love for the world and everyone in it I felt when I walked to the corner bakery for the first time in months

Then I was able to get around in the sunshine. Dr. Gardner, beaming, pronounced me completely cured.

After graduation I almost forgot my childhood illness. Time caught me up in its rush forward, with jobs in "little theater" plays. Then a road show company.

The years flew, and I traveled far away from Boston to Hollywood. But whenever there was a pause in my hectic career, my thoughts would search out Dr. Gardner. I could never forget him.

Recently I went back to New York for a personal appearance tour—when, incidentally, I met my husband Mortimer Hall—and from there I went to visit my

family in Boston.

As a very pleasant surprise, my mother held a little get-together of old friends.

Dr. Charles Gardner was among the guests.

Later in the evening I found him alone at the punchbowl. He was an elderly man

now, but had lost none of his dignity.
"Ruth," he said, "I am very proud of you and your success. I never dreamed that a certain skinny little girl who wouldn't let me give her a booster shot without getting a lollipop first would someday be

a star in motion pictures."

I told him gratefully how he was responsible—how his words had served as an inspiration for my recovery. I told him honestly that if it hadn't been for him, I might never have walked again, might never have arisen from a sick bed. I told him how, when I had felt during my illness that it was impossible I could ever use my legs again, I had remembered his confident words after consulting with another doctor, his statement that I would be completely cured.

He squinted, thought a moment, and

He squinted, mought a mount of looked puzzled.

"Ruth," he said oddly, "I don't remember ever saying anything like that. I remember my comment, and I believe I said, 'She's a very sick girl. She'll never walk again. Only a miracle can save her.'

THE END

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But let's be honest. A girl's Number One dream is to be ideally married. She never knows when or where she may meet the right man. It might be during this summer's vacation. If you think a Hollywood girl, living in a

continual summer resort, has more chances to meet men than the average girl in a small town, you're both wrong and right.

Our work allows us to meet a lot of men. But those men also meet a great many girls. So we have to work just as hard or harder at the same rules for survival until we reach that blessed third-finger-left-hand state. This much is certain. Whoever you are, wherever you go, life is like a bank. You can't take more out of it than you put into it; except for a reasonable amount of interest.

So, when you go off to a summer resort,

don't expect the Big Catch of the place to spy you the first time you enter the dining room, to swoon, become totally unaware that any girl but you exists, marry you and set you up in a house only slightly smaller than the Ritz.

In fact, speaking of the Big Catch, it's often smarter not to concentrate upon him at all. One, the competition in his direction is bound to be greater. Two, your casual politeness in contrast to the rush he is getting from other quarters might even intrigue him.

OUR contribution to life at a summer YOUR contribution to the at a bull resort will be less than it should be if the resort is a place where golf is the great sport and you don't golf, or where sailing is the order of the day and you know nothing about sailing.

Above all, go where you belong—not only because you can participate in the activities enjoyed there but because, at ease, you will be relaxed and secure.

Pretense never is any good. It's a waste of good time and money, for instance, to have a man attracted to you because you appear to be a gay good-time Katie when really you're quiet and have a mind with a serious turn. For what you are becomes evident all too soon-and then, where are you? Or where is he?

Speaking of going to a hotel or camp or on a cruise reminds me of clothes.

Last winter one of the most attractive girls I know stopped at the studio to lunch with me. I lunched. She sipped chicken broth and nibbled rye toast. "I have to lose five pounds," she told me. "I'm going to Palm Springs for a few weeks and my "I have to tennis shorts and sweaters are slightly

'Buy new ones," I said.

"I wouldn't be seen in new ones. You know how men are about sport clothes. They get a vague feeling you don't belong in clothes that look as if they just came out of a store. And I want invitations to play tennis."

I nodded. "Man-hunting this trip?"
"Sounds frightful when you say it," she laughed. "But I am—together with a few dozen other girls who will be on the desert at the same time. So I may as well take advantage of anything I know."

She was so right—as she proved. For she got her man the first week she was

there. And she got her ring at Easter. Get a few new things for the excitement they offer. A new cocktail dress, for instance. There's no harm in looking chic at the cocktail hour. In fact, a girl should.

Men, as my friend suggested that day at luncheon, like to wear old, comfortable things for sports. They don't wear slacks or sports jackets fresh from the tailor, or swimming trunks that have never been wet. Thus, they are, I think, unconsciously critical of a girl who lolls beside a swim-ming pool in a glittering new lastex. They feel she's a phony who never meant to swim, even though she might be just a lonely girl who doesn't know how.

It's always a definite asset if you know how to dance. But the most important rule on the dance floor is: Don't lead by so much as one little gesture. Remember, the first pursuit should be forthcoming from a man.

Another thing: It definitely helps to read the sports pages, not every word, but enough so that you know that the Boston Braves and the Cleveland Indians are not redmen, and that Ben Hogan never rode a thing in the second.

"Fellows," as one of Hollywood's glamour girls puts it, "are always so astonished and pleased when they discover you read something besides department store ads, that they begin to rattle on about their pet interests, while you listen almost silently, giving the impression that you are a very great conversationalist.'

Incidentally, I think the listening act can be overdone. It is the intelligent reply that keeps the man going, that makes his conversation spark. If he has felt stimulated when with you he'll be back for more. That old rule of "Don't let your brains

show" ought to be changed for 1951 girls. The modern male wants a girl who is an intelligent, independent human being without losing her femininity.

It's all very well to talk about making summer romance last—but first you

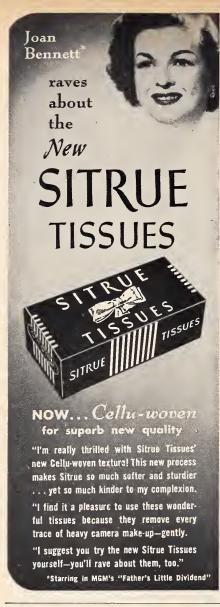
have to start it going. . . . A camera, I think, is a splendid ally. And if you have snapshots of a man to send him after you return home you can always write a charming letter to accompany them. Often, I think, men want to continue with a vacation friendship but get side-tracked by other interests after they return to the old routine.

There's a girl in Hollywood who has made a new life for herself since she's owned one of those cameras that print pictures within a few minutes after they're taken. These cameras are more expensive than the ordinary kind, as you'd expect them to be. But one of them would be a sure-fire passport to popularity at any resort-entree into the very group to which you would want to belong.

You see what I mean—the more you put into life, at a summer resort or any where else-the more you get out of it. Of course you have to use your head, too.

No use concentrating upon a man who comes from a great distance—so that the possibility is remote of seeing him after the vacation is over. Because another good way to keep a resort Romeo in your life is to have a get-together for some of the men and girls with whom you spent most of your time.

No use either in being the easy-toget girl. A little affection, a little romance, that's fine. But there's always a Big Lover Boy on a summer scene—who gives a girl a big build-up for his own not-good reasons. Be smarter than he hopes you'll be. Otherwise you'll become the resort's conversational piece and lose your chances with the very men with whom a summer romance could develop into a-Happy Ending.



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Tom Foolery



It took twenty-five serious years for Tom Ewell's special brand of humor to make its way "Up Front"

By Beverly Linet

IN FRONT of a huge building in mid-town New York Tom Ewell waited in his car for his wife to join him. Every so often he'd leave the car, walk into the lobby, put his ear to a door, and upon hearing shrieks of laughter return to the car to "sweat out" the remainder of the ninetyto "sweat out" the remainder of the ninety-three minutes. The occasion was the sneak preview of "Up Front" and, despite Marjorie's wifely persuasions, Tom refused to budge beyond the lobby. "You go—and let me know what happens," he told her. "Let me know if they laugh at all." Laugh? The audience was hysterical. "Hollywood's newest success story," they called Tom. "Delayed-action success story—" he corrects. "It took a mere twenty-five years of work to get there." work to get there.'

He was seventeen-and a student at the University of Wisconsin—when he started spending more time with the dramatic club than with his law studies. During his last two years at college he played ten performances a week with a local theatrical group. This netted him \$20 a week. It also netted him a few D's in political science. A few months before graduation he quit college to go to New York to pound the presentation of the presentation. the pavements for a job in the theater. The only jobs he found were in Macy's basement and Bickford's cafeteria.

Three years later, in '34 he finally got a part in "They Shall Not Die" which died fast on Broadway. And for thirteen years after that—deducting the forty-four months he served as an apprentice seaman in the Navy—if there was a play that ran three performances or less, you can be sure Tom was in it. Often between those three-day engagements it was back to Macy's basement for him.

In 1947, at last he had a hit with "John Loves Mary." His performance resulted in a couple of acting awards and a few screen tests. "He's great," said the studios, but they didn't sign him.

"He's terrific," said the heads of Warners who bought the play—and gave Tom's part to Leek Carson.

to Jack Carson.

But when M-G-M was scouting around for a strictly off-beat type to play Judy Holliday's husband in "Adam's Rib"—they took one look at Tom's old tests and their

Tom followed that up with "A Life of Her Own," "An American Guerrilla in the Philippines," and "Mr. Music" but no one dreamed he'd be star material until "Up

When Tom is working on a picture, he and Marjorie live in a small house in the Hollywood hills. The minute he finishes his last line they jump into their car and ride like the wind to their Bucks County, Pa. farm—and there they stay until the studios send out an S.O.S. for him.

THE END

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The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw

(Continued from page 48) and marriage and kids I'd give up my career like that!" Ava's always said with a snap of her fin-"Like that!" gers.

I, for one, am sure she means it. Butand it's a large but—there's a strain in her which runs counter to this simple instinct. Otherwise she'd have stayed in North Carolina and married one of the young men of her home town or had some fluke of fate deposited her in the film colony she'd have been attracted to counterparts of the young men she knew at home. Instead, she married first Mickey Rooney, then Artie Shaw, fascinating fellows, it may be, but neither of them possesses even remotely the attributes of a steady husband.

And now Ava hankers to marry Frank Sinatra. Now, even though her career is on a brilliant rise, she continues to say she would give it all up—gladly. And on more than one occasion certainly she has jeopar-

dized it for her love of Frankie.

I hope that under the dizzy influence of love Ava will not make this mistake. Ordinarily, I'm quite old-fashioned about marriage. But Frank Sinatra, let Ava face this, is no more blessed with husbandly virtues than were Mickey or Artie She'll do well, whatever happens, to keep her career as an anchor to windward.

I've known Frankie for years. We met,

as I said last month, in the first chapter of "The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw," as implacable enemies when, after hearing him sing in a little cafe, I wrote dreadful things about him in my syndicated newspaper column. I criticized him because of the crowds of young girls, crowded on the sidewalk outside of the cafe and in the powder room inside, who were encouraged to squeal hysterically over him. Some of these girls were paid to squeal: Two dollars a night. But what began with commercialism grew with hysteria. I criticized Frankie, too, even more harshly, for the vulgar way in which he held the microphone.

So-when Frankie opened at the Wedgwood Room and I was a guest of Mr. Boomer who then owned the Waldorf, there was a great buzz. He has great charm, has Frankie. I still remember him approaching the mike that evening. "If I do not sing well," he told his audience, "I ask your forgiveness. There are those here who do not like me. And when I am nervous I am not at my best.'

Later, at a party Mr. Boomer gave in his rooms, Frankie came directly to me. "You disapprove of me," he said. "And my mother agrees with you. She said, 'You tell that Miss Maxwell she is right!' "
"I disapprove of you, Frankie," I told him, "only because I think it a pity for

anyone with your naturally lovely voice

to resort to such cheap tactics."
"My press agent, George Evans, thought

up the squealing girls and the way I hold the mike," he explained. "I do not like any part of it. But it all has made the headlines. And the headlines have made me. I guess..." me, I guess . . .

He was so eager in those days. He sang at a White Elephant party for the benefit of Mrs. Taylor's Child Adoption Center at the Hotel Pierre at which I was to introduce him. And driving home in my car he held on his lap the little white fur jacket he had won and, again and again, "Nancy's never had a fur," he said. "Is this real ermine?"

"No," I laughed, "but it's a reasonable facsimile."

I say again that I do not doubt Frankie has associated with wrong people in his time and done wrong things. In the nightclub world there is plenty of opportunity for both. Frankie's inherently tough, a product of the Italian section of Hoboken where he grew up. And, inclined to be bitter about his underprivileged youth, he wants boys growing up in similar neighborhoods all over the country to have a chance to become good citizens. But he lacks the background or the knowledge to judge where liberalism ends and other "isms" begin, including those isms which our underworld uses for its own evil ends.

It would take a corps of psychologists to understand Frankie-his restlessness, his complexes, his deep insecurity and, above all, his rebellion against authority. Arrogant and hot-headed, he hurts many asso-ciated with him. Frequently, however, these people remain staunchly on his side.

Nancy has forgiven his romantic truancy so many times. And her mother, even now, will let no one speak against him. She still thinks of Frank as the skinny, ambition-driven teenager who, visiting Nancy, used to borrow money for carfare.

Recently, when Frankie finished retakes on "It's Only Money" and signed to appear at the Copacabana in New York and needed special material, his first thought was of a writer with whom he had had a frightful row. "Get in touch with Joe," he told his secretary. The secretary located the writer in Palm Springs to find he already had the material prepared. thought Frankie might be needing something," he explained. "I'll be in Los Angeles in four hours."

Maxine Arnold, one of my colleagues on Photoplay, has her favorite Sinatra story too—about the time they wanted Frankie to go to Phoenix, Arizona, and put on a show for the Junior Police kids. Max-

MARIO CABRE'S LOVE POEMS TO AVA GARDNER

Mario Cabre's book of verses, "Dietario Poetico a Ava Gardner," has just arrived from Spain. Following is a translation from the foreword and two poems.

Do you remember, dearest one? I promised you a book of poems where love and the sea, the soul and eternity would bring back the memory of your visit. How happy it makes me to fulfill my promise, to dedicate to you, this expression of my love.

WE WALKED

We walked and walked Our lips directed our course A night of tears and kisses Of treasured glances

The sea, as close to the land As the ecstasy I embraced We walked and walked The route was the secret of our steps

SOLITUDE

. . I sink sadly Into the depth of my being And try not to remember The light and warmth of my love

Perhaps, I have lost confidence In the impulsiveness of my courage For all that remains is the anguish of my search . . .

ine took the junior officer to the radio studios where Frankie, shuttling back and forth between two radio shows and re-hearsals, was eating a fast sandwich. He could have told them all to get out. But he pulled out his little pocket calendar and put a ring around a date. "Let's make it then," he said.

He explained to the Junior Police officer that the latter might not hear from him again—but he'd be there. However, when again—but hed be there. However, what the boys didn't hear they got panicky and checked with his press agent, who knew nothing. But, he said, that date was checked on Frank's desk calendar; so Frank, who was in New York, undoubtedly knew all about it. And sure enough a few days before the date came around Frankie

called from New York to say he was bring-

"But we can't pay for that kind of talent," the officer protested.

"Who said anything about paying for it?" demanded Frank. "I'm bringing them."

And he brought Sid Caesar and The Pied Pipers.

THESE are the stories Ava likes to tell about Frank. She's impressed, too, with his devotion to his children, Nancy, eleven —Frank, seven—and Christina, three, and their great love for him which their mother has protected magnificently.

When Nancy went to court for her separation agreement she turned away from the TV cameras. "After all," one of the photographers challenged, "I've got a wife

and kids to feed."

"I have children too," Nancy replied,
"and they look at TV."

It was about nine months ago that Nancy sued for her separation. Since then she has said, repeatedly, that she has no intention of asking for a divorce. She is not interested in any one other man, certainly. Her dates with Bob Sterling and other Hollywood gentlemen have been casual.

However, recently she and Barbara Stanwyck have become good friends. It could be that Barbara, who made a valiant effort to hold her marriage with Bob Taylor together before she admitted defeat in the divorce court, will convince Nancy that when a marriage is over it is wiser to let a man go, even though you do not want freedom for yourself.

And now I come to the two last pieces in the Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw. There has been talk Frankie would like to return to Europe—to Spain especially—with Ava as his wife. He hopes, I suspect, to erase his memories of last summer when, a married man, he could not deal with the romantic rumors about Ava and toreador Mario Cabre -who appears with her in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"—as he would have liked to do.

Hearing this talk, I called Frankie on the phone. "I do not mean to intrude upon your private plans," I said, "but I understand you are hoping to marry Ava. And if I could know the time of your honeymoon I would like to arrange a wonderful party for you—in Spain. I know many in-teresting people there. Last year my Spanish friends complained because they

spanish friends complained because they neither saw nor heard you . . ."

"I would love such a party," he said enthusiastically. "But it could not be until late summer . . ."

Ava's friends continue convinced that she never will agree to any irregular marriage. But an acquaintance of Frank's, who knows how persussive he always has who knows how persuasive he always has been with Nancy, wouldn't be surprised to see Frank, when the time is right, con-vince Nancy that since they grow further apart all the time and since he truly loves Ava, a divorce is in order.

When this happens the last piece in the jigsaw will fall into place.
THE END



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(Continued from page 35) of Photoplay; the winner, of course, will remain. The two runners-up will, before they return home, appear on radio or television programs and be interviewed by the casting directors of three major studios.

The hundred top running contestants-

those who make a showing in the auditions to be held in August-will be called to the attention of major radio and television networks, producers, directors, little theater groups, stock companies and modeling

agencies.

The Pasadena Playhouse was chosen as the scholarship college not only because it is recognized as one of the best dramatic schools in the country but because it also has standing as a college. The two-year course is the prescribed length of the Playhouse plan and its graduates receive a certificate equal to that given by all accredited junior colleges. If you have had two or more years of college previous to entering the Playhouse, you will receive, upon graduation, a Bachelor of Arts degree in Dramatic Arts.

The winner of this contest will live and eat in the college dormitory. She will receive \$250 a year to cover those meals not included in the board (lunches every day and all three meals on Sunday). She will also receive \$5.00 a week for spending money. This extra money for meals and allowance will be given her in monthly installments. Photoplay cannot, of course, be responsible for any medical expenses on the part of the scholarship student. But she will receive \$65 the first year and \$50 the second year for her books, as specified by the college, and her room, board and tuition will be paid for by the magazine.

To enter this contest, fill out the enrollment blank (on page 34) or reasonable facsimile thereof, and mail it, not later than June 25, together with the answers to the questionnaire on page 97, and a letter of not more than 300 words telling why you want to be an actress and why you think you can act.

If you pass this first stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Only those contestants who receive this notification from Photoplay will be eligible to submit, not later than July 25, a voice recording and two snapshots.

Disc, wire or tape recordings are acceptable for this recording which must be made up of any two passages from: "A Place in the Sun," "All About Eve," "Wuthering Heights," "Our Very Own," the text of which appears on page 98.

These passages were chosen because they allow for a great deal of flexibility in interpretation and because they are generally familiar. However, do not imitate any actresses you have seen in these parts. Approach these passages as if you were the first person ever to create the roles.

Disc is the least expensive type of recording and a record of less than four minutes of recording time can be cut for under a dollar to two dollars. Almost every sizable town in the country has a professional recording studio where such a record can be made. The only requirement is that these recordings, disc, wire or tape, be clear in tone and free from extraneous noises. Across the center of the spool or disc, paste a sticker on which is printed your name and complete address.

The voice recording must be submitted with two clear, candid snapshots, one full length, one close-up. This is not a beauty contest; dramatic talent is the only qualification for winning. But the judges want to know everything about you—how you think and look and act. So be sure these are candid, natural snapshots. On the

back of each picture, print your name and complete address.

PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP

1. Entrants must have been graduated from high school or be a member of a June 1951 graduating high school class. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" or better during their last school year.

2. Entrants must be young women of adequate physical health and under 25 years of age on July 1, 1951. They must reside within the continental limits of the United States.

3. All material must be typewritten, double spaced on white paper not larger than 8 x II inches. The name and address of the contestant must appear in upper right hand corner of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will not be returned.

4. All material must be mailed to: Photoplay

Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5. To enter this contest, submit the following items postmarked not later than June 25: a. Enrollment blank, or reasonable fac-

simile thereof, found on page 34.

b. Answers to questionnaire on page 97. c. A letter of not more than 300 words on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.

6. If you qualify for the second stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Then you will be asked to send postmarked not

later than July 25:

a. Two snapshots—one full length candid

snapshot, one close-up snapshot.

b. A voice recording not more than four minutes in length, based on the scenes that appear on page 98. Voice recordings must be paid for by the contestants. Recordings vary in price from thirty-five cents to two dollars.

7. If you are eligible for the third stage of the contest, you will be notified by August 6. You will be auditioned before a local board of dramatic authorities appointed by Photoplay. The auditions will be held in towns convenient to the greatest number of contestants during the week of August 13-18. You will be judged on the basis of a prepared reading, an impromptu reading and a pantomime. You also will be required to submit, not later than August 25: a. Two letters of character reference

from outstanding members of your community-clergyman, doctor, teacher or

businessman.

b. A photostated copy of your high school record. (Since most schools will be closed at this time, it is suggested that you have a copy of this record photostated when you enter the contest.) If you have had some college training, you will also be asked to submit a copy of your college record.

8. From the auditions, three final candidates will be chosen. If selected, you will be notified by September 6 that you are invited, as the guest of Photoplay, to visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22. Here, you will be auditioned by the board of judges listed below. And at this time, the scholarship student will be chosen.

9. The final judges of this contest will be:
1. Ethel Barrymore—actress

2. Gregory Peck—actor

Stanley Kramer—producer
 Joseph Mankiewicz—director

5. Thomas Browne Henry—Dean, Pasa dena Playhouse

6. Lyle Rooks-Hollywood editor, Photo-

96

10. The decision of the judges will be final.

 This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to members of their families.

12. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

13. This contest is subject to all State and Federal regulations.

14. The winner of this contest will be announced in the December, 1951, issue of Photoplay.

QUESTIONNAIRE—PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

Answer the following questions numerically. Please type your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each page.

1. List the high schools, business schools, colleges or universities you have attended, with addresses. Give complete dates, diplomas granted or degrees conferred.

2. List any theatrical experience, including school, camp, church, community or pro-

fessional work.

3. Have you done any writing outside of routine class assignments? If so, list this writing, together with the name of any publication in which it has appeared.

 Have you done any art or design work? If so, list this work together with the name of any publications in which it has appeared. Also, state the art courses you have taken.

5. Do you sing, dance or play a musical in-strument? What? State your training.
6. Indicate your first and second choices

among: a. motion picture actors, actresses, films

b. radio male, female performers, programs

c. television male, female performers, programs

d. stage actors, actresses, plays

e. poems, poets

f. plays, playwrights

g. fiction, non-fiction, authors

h. classical music, popular compositions, composers

i. magazines, other than Photoplay

Contestants, who are notified by July 10 that they are eligible to compete in the second stage of the contest, will choose any two of the scenes on page 98 for the voice recording. These recordings and two candid snapshots must be postmarked no later than July 25. Be sure your name and complete address is securely fastened to the recordings.



Lovely Lisa Ferraday of "Too Young to Kiss" guards against sunburn and sun wrinkles with a face-saving sun lotion Are you in the know?



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

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He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks-you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Learning how to cope with every situation can build up confidence -

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If you're baffled by eti-questions like the one answered above-send for the new, free, fascinating booklet, "Are You In The Know?" It gives 37 important pointers on etiquette, dating, grooming, fashions, reprinted from the "Are You In The Know?" advertisements in handy booklet form. Tells you how to rate but rapidly in the poise-with-boys department.

ALL YOURS-FOR FREE! Get this bright new booklet: a gift to you from the distributors of Kotex* sanitary napkins. Mail the coupon today! And to get the latest pitch regularly on style, beauty and dating do's and don'ts-follow the series of "Are You In The Know?" ads, running in all the leading magazines.

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A PLACE IN THE SUN

This scene, between Alice and George, takes place in a rowboat in the middle of a deserted mountain lake. Alice has followed George, who loves the beautiful and wealthy Angela Vickers, to Angela's summer home. Because Alice is about to have George's child, she convinces him they must marry!

It's so lonely here. It's like we were the only two people left in the whole world.

Maybe we are. Maybe when we get back to shore everybody else will have disappeared. I'd like that, wouldn't you?

Then we could go anywhere we wanted. We could live in the biggest house in the world if we wanted.

Only I'd like to live in a little house, just big enough for the two of us.

Only there's going to be more than two of us, isn't there?

Oh, George, look behind you!

Star light, star bright—first star I see tonight wish me luck—wish me light—Moke my wish come true tonight.

I'll tell you what I wished, George. I wished that you loved me again.

Oh, you'll see . . . we'll . . . we'll make a go of it if we give ourselves the chonce. We'll go to another town where nobody knows us, and we'll get jobs . . . maybe together. We . . . we'll do things together.

And go out together. Just like any other old morried couple. And George, you'll see after awhile you'll settle down and you'll be hoppy and content with whot you've got, instead of working yourself up all the time over the things you con't have.

After all, it's the little things in life that count. Sure, maybe we'll have to scrimp and save . . . but we'll have each other.

I...I'm not afroid of bein' poor. You are afraid, aren't you, George? You wish that you weren't here with me, don't you? You wish that I was someplace else where you'd never have to see me agoin . . . don't you?

Or moybe, you wish that I was dead. Is that it? Do you wish that I was dead?

(This scene from "A Place in the Sun" was reprinted through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Cathy Eornshaw, in love with the gypsy Heathcliff, hesitotes about marrying the weolthy Edgar Linton. Ellen, the Earnshaw housekeeper, asks Cathy why she is reluctant to take her place in the "heavenly" world of the Lintons. Cathy explains:

I don't think I belong in heoven, Ellen.

I dreomt once I was there. I dreamt I went to heaven and that heaven didn't seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come bock to earth, and the angels were so angry, they flung me out into the middle of the heath on top of Wuthering Heights, and I woke up sobbing with joy.
That's it, Ellen . . . I've no more business

morrying Edgar Linton than I have being in heaven . . . but Ellen, Ellen, what can I do?

Heathcliff has sunk so low. He seems to take pleasure in being mean and brutal.

And yet . . . he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his ond mine are the same . . . ond Linton's is as different as frost from fire. My one thought in living is Heathcliff. Ellen! I am Heothcliff.

Everything he's suffered, I've suffered, The little happiness he's ever known, I've had too. Oh! Ellen, if everything in the world died and Heathcliff remained, life would still be full for

(This scene from "Wuthering Heights" was reprinted through the courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.)

ALL ABOUT EVE

Eve, a stage-struck girl, is brought into the dressing room of Margo Chonning, the star.

Eve tells the story of her life to Miss Chan-ning and producer Lloyd Richards, and his wife. Her speech is convincing although everything she soys is untrue. She speaks simply and without self-pity:

I guess it started back home. Wisconsin, that is. There was just Mum and Dad—and me.

I was the only child, and I mode believe a lot when I was a kid—I acted out all sorts of things . . . what they were isn't important. But somehow acting and make-believe began to fill up my life more and more, it got so that I couldn't tell the real from the unreal except that the unreal seemed more real to me ..

I'm talking a lot of gibberish, aren't 1? Farmers were poor in those days, that's whot

Dad was—a farmer. I had to help out. So I quit school and I went to Milwaukee. I became a secretary. In a brewery. When you're a secretory in a brewery—it's pretty hard to make believe you're onything else. Everything

It wosn't much fun, but it helped at homeand there wos a little theater group . . . like a drop of rain on a desert. That's where I met Eddie. He was a radio technician. We played "Liliom" for three performances, I was awful then the war came, and we got married.

Eddie was in the Air Force—and they sent him to the South Pacific. You were with the O.W.I., weren't you, Mr. Richards?
Thot's what "Who's Who" says . . .

Well, with Eddie gone, my life went back to beer. Except for a letter a week. One week, Eddie wrote he hod a leave coming up. I'd saved my money and vocation time. I went to San Froncisco to meet him.

Eddie wasn't there. They forwarded the telegrom from Milwaukee—the one that came from Washington to say that Eddie wasn't coming at

That Eddie was dead . . .

... so I figured I'd stoy in San Francisco. wos alone, but I couldn't go back without Eddie.

I found a job. And his insurance helped . . . and there were theaters in San Froncisco.

And one night Margo Channing came to play in "Remembronce" . . . and I went to see it. And—well—here I am . . .

(This scene from "All About Eve" was reprinted through the courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.

OUR VERY OWN

Gail, discovering at eighteen that she is an odopted child, is emotionally upset. Finally, she realizes the security of being loved comes from being loved whether parents are notural or adopted. She reveals herself in a speech to her groduating closs:

Most of us here were born in America, and unthinkingly, we toke the wonderful privilege of our citizenship for granted.

Others, quite a few, acquired that privilege by adopting this land as their own, and to them, I know, that privilege is all the more hollowed and precious . . . it should be.

There are other things which too mony of us toke for gronted ... the everyday, priceless privilege of being raised in a house, which, by the magic of being lived in by a family, ceased to be just a house and became a home . . home filled with memories to treasure—a home where sisters fought-and made up; where a mother was wise, and gentle, and just and un-derstonding; where a father was often indul-gent, sometimes stern—and slapped us down when we deserved it. All this we are too apt to take for gronted, and we never should, for, next to the great privilege of being a citizen, is the simpler, and, in a sense, even greater privilege of just belonging to, and being one of, a family.

(This scene from "Our Very Own" was reprinted through the courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.)

The End

(Continued from page 29) murder of some years ago) by the brief appearances of yesteryear screen favorites, Francis X. Bushman, Betty Blythe, William Farnum, Helen Gibson, Arlene Pretty, Cleo Ridgely, Dorothy Vernon, Elmo Lincoln (the first Tarzan), Stuart Holmes, Hank Mann (the Keystone Kop), Babe Kane and "Baby" Marie Osborn—the greatest number of once famous names ever to gather for a single scene. Betty Blythe, once the most beautiful woman on the screen, gave newcomer Julia Adams this bit of sage advice: "Go to bed early, my dear. Get lots of sleep." Few stars of Betty's era did—including Betty . . . Julia Adams is the third "new feminine face" on the U-I contract list to hit stardom her first year on the screen. (The other two, Piper Laurie and Peggy Dow.) Julia is from Little Rock, Arkansas, and engaged to writer Leonard Stern . . . Richard Conte insists that the heel and gangster leading man is gone forever. From now on he wants to be a "nice guy."

√½ (F) The House on Telegraph Hill (20th Century-Fox)

WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, Richard Base-hart and Valentina Cortesa are the stars of this suspense melodrama which takes place in a mysterious old turn-ofthe-century house atop San Francisco's famous Telegraph Hill. Valentina plays a Polish inmate of a concentration camp who steals her dead friend's identification papers in order to come to America. To insure the success of her deception she marries Richard Basehart, the guardian of her friend's son who is the heir of a large San Francisco fortune. In the creepy mansion she soon discovers that her husband is out to murder her and the boy. She rushes to a handsome young lawyer who's in love with her (William Lundigan), and Master Richard gets a dose of his own poison. Gordon Gebert plays the boy, Fay Baker his attractive governess.

Your Reviewer Says: For mystery fans.

Program Notes: A famous San Francisco landmark—a restaurant atop Telegraph Hill known as "Julius's Castle"—was converted into the fine old mansion needed for the title role of this film. From its porch is one of the most thrilling views of this world . . . In "Fourteen Hours" Basehart had to fall fifteen stories, in this picture he has to fall down a flight of stairs, which caused him to quip, "I've become the movie fall guy" . . . It has been sixteen months since Italian born Valentina Cortesa has made an American picture. During that time she visited her grandmother in Italy, had an appendix removed and made two European pictures . . . Handsome Bill Lundigan had expected to play golf in San Francisco on his days offbut learned to his disgust he had to learn to play piano for his party scene. "Iturbi hasn't a thing to worry about," said Bill after his six-hour-a-day piano practice.

Best Pictures of the Month

Captain Horatio Hornblower I Was a Communist for the FBI Take Care of My Little Girl

Best Performances of the Month

Charles Boyer in "The First Legion" Frank Lovejoy in
"I Was a Communist for the FBI" Jeanne Crain in "Take Care of My Little Girl"



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by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to se-crete daily a new type of per-spiration containing milky substances which

will - if they reach your dress - cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches - and ruins - your clothes.

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Hollywood Hit Parade

(Continued from page 39) list has omitted Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne.

Let me quickly add that none of them comes within a flock of zeros of spending \$100,000 a year on clothes. But their budget for fashion is larger than the salaries of many rising young starlets. The Claudettes, Joans, etc., can afford such money. And it's a recognized business expense when they make out their income tax report, too.

To me, the real wonder is not that the big stars manage to dress so well, but that many of the rising youngsters, without benefit of four-figure paychecks, highpower press-agentry or top-flight connections, are able to look so lovely.

There are a lot of young stars in Holly-wood who get "oohs" and "ahs" when they walk into a restaurant, attend a preview, or make any kind of public appearance. And they do it on limited budgets, with intelligence, imagination and daring. My fanciest hat is off to them.

The first is my Top Ten, all of whom are HE list I've made up has two groups. on a par. The second list consists of nine runners-up, who narrowly miss the first group. To start with—in the Top Ten—

let's consider Mona Freeman:
"I was seventeen, and making \$75 a
week," Mona said, "when I realized that it was important to learn how to dress. So I went to see Edith Head, and asked for help.

Edith Head, an Academy Award winner, is chief designer at Paramount. And her hobby is showing young stars how to dress. For tact and patience Edith merits a second Academy Award. It was for Mona that Edith created her now famous "Dress with Nine Lives." This is an entire evening wardrobe, with versions to suit any dress-up occasion, based upon a black taffeta sheath with a strapless bodice. The additions make many separate dresses— four overskirts, all quite different, a white-violet bib, a plaid taffeta trim, that runs from throat to hem, and a wide velvet sash.

"I still use the same idea for all my dress-up clothes," Mona says. "I don't know what I'd do without this idea because I simply can't get a new dress for every appearance—and I do have to go out often."

Then there's Janet Leigh. Janet got her chance at M-G-M when she was in debt and she spent her paychecks on these debts, not on clothes. Her "evening wrap" was a reversible raincoat. Once, on studio orders, Janet borrowed clothes from the wardrobe department to attend a premiere. Shortly after midnight, the studio watch-

man was amazed to see Janet at the gate.
"Please let me in," she said, "so I can
put these clothes back and get my own." "But you can bring them back tomorrow just as well," the watchman said.
"Oh, no," said Janet, "suppose somebody

stole them from my house, or I tore them or something. It would take my next three

paychecks to replace them."
So, in the early hours of the morning, Janet changed into her own skirt and sweater and went home, leaving the watchman with a story to tell. (I never used to return mine until the next day. Stars of that era used to ask how I managed to dress better than they did. I never

told them.) Today, Janet wears only her own clothes and they look wonderful on her. She

dresses simply, but with the kind of sim-

plicity that spells high style.

"It took a lot of learning," she says.

"You see, when I went into pictures, I didn't know anything about clothes except that they were supposed to keep you warm and decent. When I tried to dress up for my first studio interview, my agent made me go home and start all over. He said I looked like a road-company Sadie Thompson who'd been caught in the rain."
"You've certainly changed," I told her. "How do you do it?"
"By wothing and learning and learning

"By watching and learning and having a good teacher in Amelia Gray."

Amelia Gray's shop is to young starlets what the campus dress shop is to college girls. Amelia catches them young and, as others besides Janet have proved, teaches them well.

From Amelia, Janet learned to use "separates." Actually separates are a top secret of fashion success. One skirt with five different tops—blouses, sweaters, vest-ees, etc.—adds up to five costumes. "You ees, etc.—adds up to five costumes. "You never get tired of them, either," says Janet.

Nancy Olson is another of Edith Head's grateful pupils. Edith taught Nancy to recognize her type—the well-scrubbed college girl—and emphasize it with her clothes. (By the way, Nancy's kind of college girl has nothing in common with the sloppy-joe, runover shoes, dirty-neck horror that was the popular "college look" a short while ago-Heaven forbid we ever go back to that!)

To me, Nancy Olson is a fine example of the casually tailored young woman of today. She likes to play up her honey-blonde hair in the colors she wears, and she loves yellow. I always think of Nancy as "typi-

cally American."
"I couldn't be more flattered, Hedda,"

hungarian stuffed cabbage as Tony Curtis's mother makes it

Makes about 30 rolls

3 pounds ground beef I pound rice, cooked 2 large onions, sliced fine 3 garlic cloves, sliced fine I tablespoon salt 1/2 teaspoon pepper 2 large cabbage heads 3 tablespoons chicken fat I large onion, chopped I (No. 2) can tomato juice boiling water

Put first six ingredients in large bowl. Cut core from cabbage and let stand in boiling water until leaves are soft. Separate leaves. Place a heaping tablespoon of meat mixture on each leaf. Fold, and roll up. Secure with a toothpick. Melt chicken fat in a large pot; add chopped onion and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring constantly. Add cabbage rolls; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Pour tomato juice over rolls; cover and cook very slowly 21/2 to 3 hours.

Nancy said, when I told her that. "You know I'm a 'suit girl.' I spend most of my life in suits. Lately, since I married Alan (that's her composer husband, Alan Lerner), and spend half of my time in New York, suits have become the mainstay of my wardrobe—the only answer to the East-West problem. A few changes of blouses and accessories and you're as well dressed in New York as in California. Even though she has married into the wealthy Lerner family Nancy sticks to her

Red-haired Arlene Dahl is anything but collegiate. Quite the opposite of the straight-and-tailored type, Arlene is intensely feminine. A born mannequin, she has a true sense of style and a flair that's her very own. Arlene, tallest of my Top Ten, can get away with much that the smaller girls are forced to avoid—cartwheel hats, capes, pyramid coats, and such.

WHEN Arlene became Mrs. Lex Barker, she chose for her honeymoon in Europe fabrics that would pack well—jerseys, chiffons, uncrushable linens. For colors, she used black, white, pink and cocoa for the daytime, with outfits and accessoriesplus some beautiful big hats-in each of these colors

Her wedding gown, designed by Helen Rose, is the backbone of the formal section of her trousseau. It has a white Chantilly lace coat, with a stand-up collar, and a flaring skirt that is worn over a short white satin sheath. Without the lace coat, the sheath becomes a sophisticated short dinner dress. By detaching the shoulder straps and using different scarves, it looks like still another evening frock. The Chantilly coat can be worn over a black, or a colored, sheath for afternoon tea, or it can be used as a light coat with any of the other three evening gowns Arlene is taking along.

Recently, when Arthur Loew Jr. called Debbie Reynolds for a date, she said, "I'm sorry, but this is my Girl Scout night." That's just like Debbie, who's nineteen, looks fifteen, and lives in Glendale and is quite happy about the whole thing.

Yet Debbie is on my list of best-dressed because, though she's tiny, she always looks as if she stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. (Except when she's wearing her merit-badged Scout uniform!)

Debbie's lucky because she can see a style she likes on a tall girl and her mother will know just how to re-create it, scaled down to Debbie's size. And Debbie listens when her mother tells her what not to wear—like big hats, wide belts, long jackets, flowery prints, two-piece dresses, horizontal stripes, huge shoulder bags, chunky jewelry, and so on.

"I have a passion for polka dots," Debbie admitted. "But I know better than to try to wear them. So Mother bought some polka dotted material—and made seat-covers for my beat-up Ford."

Debbie has another passion—shoes. She'd love dozens of pairs, but she's learned that it's best to buy fewer, and better shoes. She never wears platforms, even though they might add to her height, because she says they give a club-footed look. And never, never would she wear an anklestrap. "Ankle straps cut my legs in half—and I can't afford that," she smiled.

Debbie's right about that. And they also give a floozy look, but that's my personal

opinion.

When you talk to Ann Blyth about clothes you find another change-over artist on your hands. She is a great believer in getting an inexpensive dressmaker and working with her on things that seem

too ambitious for her own needle.

"I clip out pictures from papers, and magazines," Ann told me. "Then I hunt for bargains in fabrics Then I work with

the dressmaker so she knows just what I want—and presto—I've got a dress that looks as if it cost two hundred dollars at a fraction of that."

That's all right, say I, when you are able to visualize a dress from a sketch and a hunk of uncut fabric, and know that it will look like a knockout on you. But if you can't—and most girls can't—then you'd do better sticking to ready-mades. In that way you'll save yourself heart-aches, wasted time and money!

Jean Peters is another star who makes most of her clothes. Once she gave a party at Jean Negulesco's house where all the girls had to come in dresses they had made

themselves.

"I usually shop for inspiration," she said, "to find ideas I can adapt. Once in a while I'll see something that's so superduper I can't resist buying it-and then

I gear the rest of my wardrobe around it.

"Personally, I'm a believer in quality, not quantity, and I'd rather save until I can afford the very best grade of fabric than waste good handiwork on a secondrate piece-that goes for daytime clothes. Because evening things get much less wear, you can use cheaper materials, and make the dresses more for effect than for

Issuing qualities."

She doesn't care much for accessories, saying they "date" too quickly, and she would rather have matching gloves made for an evening gown than buy a piece of "junk" jewelry to show it off.

Aprons. which button on to change a costume, are a pet notion of Jean's, and so I had her photographed in one. Other aprons, of varied fabrics, will change the dress again and again-you only run out of changes when you run out of aprons.

'D RATE Phyllis Kirk a girl with remarkable chic. She wears her clothes; her clothes don't wear her.

Phyllis told me she considers fashion straight arithmetic. "First you have to know just how much you can spend. Then you have to decide how much you need. Then you should go over your present wardrobe to see how much you must add, and how much you should subtract. That's wardrobe arithmetic."

Being still another "separates" girl, Phyllis can swing endless changes with skirts and blouses. She likes jersey blouses because they don't have to be pressed, and cotton ones she can wash at home, and thus cut down on cleaning bills.

Her tips on clothes care might have come from someone twice her age. "Clothes, like skin, respond to kind treat-ment," she said. "Don't iron them to ment," she said. "Don't iron them to death. Hang them in the air after each wearing. Take a lesson from salesgirls who zip zippers and button buttons to keep clothes balanced on the hangers.

"Also in picking new clothes," she said, "I do my best to know my own potentiali-ties. What looks good on Gloria Swanson would look impossible on me!"

Sally Forrest is just as candid about her

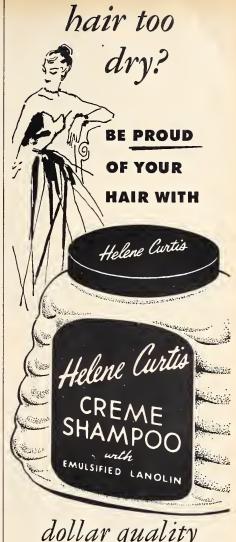
own limitations.
"I have to be careful what I put on,"
Sally told me as seriously as if she were discussing philosophy. "If I'm not careful, I can look as "busy" as closing night at a country fair."

First of all, Sally watches colors, preferring to use two shades of the same

ferring to use two shades of the same color, rather than contrasting tones. For instance, with a dark green suit, she'd wear lighter green accessories; and then she'd plan it so these same accessories could be worn with a light green dress.

Her one extravagance is clusters of small flowers which she uses with great imagination, pinning them at her throat, on the cuff of a glove, on her small "clutch" purse, or at her waistline.

While she loves full swinging skirts,



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OLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. B-33, Nollywood 38, Calif. Sally prefers them only for dancing. She realizes that slim skirts add height to a tiny girl. That's why the dress and jacket she's photographed in feature a heightening straight skirt. Because Sally's neck is long, she wears pearls to shorten it. And her bonnet is the sort she always wearsvery feminine indeed.

Coleen Gray, the last of my Top Ten, is also a small girl and she has such a narrow waist that she's inclined to look hippythat is, if she's not careful. For that reason, she says, she prefers to wear full skirts whenever possible.

"When I came from the farm in Minnesota to Hollywood, I knew as much about fashions as you can learn by reading a Sears Roebuck catalogue. I bought things for durability and that ended the matter," she told me.
"First I watched other girls, and tried

to learn from them. After a few sad experiences of copying other girls outright, I found I had to study my own needs, and play up my good points. Also I discovered that suits didn't look as well on me as coat-dresses, and I can save on blouses by having coat-dresses that can be changed around with scarves, collars, and accessories."

Coleen has one trick other girls might want to try. She gets a moderately-priced dress, of good cut and material, and then goes to work on it herself. For instance, she'll take out the top-stitching and re-do it by hand, substitute better buttons, refinish the buttonholes, alter the shoulderpads and generally give it a "couturiere touch." When she's through, she has a dress that looks as if it cost at least twice its actual price.

So much for my Top Ten. Here are the runners-up I promised, any one of whom might well reach the Top Ten at any moment. Girls to watch, all nine of them, bright girls with plenty of style know-how.

Terry Moore begins this list. When anyone asks Terry who designs her clothes, she always answers, "The girls." Terry does her own designing but the team which executes the designs consists of her talented mother, their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Heuter, and the woman who lives across the street, Mrs. Draviner. Terry's mother does the dressmaking; Mrs. Heuter is an expert knitter; and Mrs. Draviner makes jewelry. You should have seen Terry's trousseau when she married football star Glenn Davis, and, when the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon, Terry was greeted with five new costumes, which "The Girls" had whipped up while she was away.

Mala Powers also has a gifted mother, who turns out new and interesting separates for Mala which keep her among the better dressed young stars.

Jeanne Crain is a member of a sewing circle. The girls have different specialties. Lately, Jeanne has been concentrating on patio skirts made of felt, with appliques she cuts out herself and sews on.

Peggy Dow, who modeled her way into films, believes in the "few but good" theory of dressing. She goes in for good suits, which last several seasons, and plain-colored dresses. She lets herself go with costume jewelry which is unusual and striking.

Faith Domergue avoids the tailored and plays up the exotically feminine using stoles and Mexican rebozos a great deal. She says she dresses only for men, and finds peasant clothes wonderfully attractive for informal wear.

IKE almost all the girls mentioned, Joan Evans is carefully budgeted, but dresses very well in spite of that fact.
A pet idea of hers is to be sure to wear

bright, gay colors on a rainy day.
Nancy Davis sticks to sports clothes
because they're always in style. Nancy has kept practically everything she ever had. "Sooner or later," she says, "they come back in style."

Suits suit Piper Laurie. Her big tip to the other girl is: "Don't buy something just because you want it, only when you're sure you can't do without it." Carried to extremes, this advice might produce a race of Lady Godivas, but it seems to work quite well for Piper.

Diana Lynn is the only one of these girls who seems to care about hats—and she loves them. "Well, blame yourself, Hedda," she said, when I faced her with that fact. "It's all your fault. When I was first in pictures and met you, I found my eyes-and the eyes of everyone else-went right to your hats. And I never remembered what else you were wearing-except

it looked well.
"Later I discovered that you can buy very handsome hat-an eye-catcherfor much less than you have to pay for of dresses and I let myself go on hats.

Maybe, if I work at it hard enough, I'll be able to out-hat you, Miss Hopper!"

Well, if it's going to be a competition, Diana, no holds are barred—and I'll meet

you with bared bonnets at dawn!

Here they are, as well-dressed a bunch of girls as you'll ever want to meet, even they do include some sew-and-sews. Mona Freeman is in "Darling, How Could You!"; Arlene Dahl in "No Questions Asked"; Jean Peters in "Take Care of My Little Girl"; Phyllis Kirk in "Three Guys Named Mike"; Sally Forrest in "Excuse My Dust" and Coleen Gray in "Apache Drums."

THE END



sign, on the dotted lines . . .

the names of your favorite stars. Then send them in to us. Your vote may put them in Photoplay's Color Pages

Y	our	Fai	orite	A	ctor
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Your Favorite Actress

My name My age____

Readers Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 71) during a day. Everybody wants to be liked, hungers secretly for approval and praise and for thanks when these things are coming to him-everybody, even parents!

I can just hear some of you growling, "How about me? Maybe I need a little

approval too.'

A lot of teenagers I know are convinced that, no matter what, their parents will react to confidences with harshness or disapproval; that "parents simply don't understand."

But, human nature being what it is, this isn't true. Every one of us creates his own emotional environment. How our friends, or our teachers, or our parents feel about us is up to us! Give consideration and you'll

get it back tenfold.

You don't believe it? Try this tomorrow morning. When you first wake up, instead of treating the members of your family like pieces of furniture, show some affection to each and every one. And then start your day. See if making the people around you happier doesn't make you a happier person, too.

Beauty Is Home-Grown, Too

Do you find it depressing-this notion that your personality is what you make it -that nothing you can buy in a drugstore or bone up on in a book can produce miraculous improvements in the way people feel about you?

Well, brace yourself for a further shock -your beauty is what you make it, too. Oh, the right cosmetics will help you-and a good hairdresser can be a friend indeed. But it's up to you to study your appearance in its totality; decide what mistakes you've been making to mar the total effect and

then redesign the picture.

For instance: I have a friend who should be a beauty. She has a lovely heart-shaped face, with hazel eyes and delicate regular features. She has a mass of shining, goldenbrown hair, which she wears long-in a shoulder-length page boy. It's lovely, healthy hair which she brushes daily with a nylon bristle brush. She has found the perfect cream rinse preparation to over-come the hard water which she must use for shampoos.

Still, her mirror tells her that the effect is all wrong-she isn't as attractive as she

should be.

The secret is in the way she does her hair. It's beautiful hair—but massed around her face it completely obscures the delicate beauty of her features.
"But my husband likes my hair long,"

she protested when I suggested this.

This friend's hair can be long—and still add to, not detract from her beauty, if she will wear it pulled softly back from her face, with a stand up coronal effect or braid on top, perhaps—she can stand the height, she is only 5' 5"—and the mass of her hair in curls or in a chignon at the nape of the

Simple? But it works. This girl could be lovelier by uncovering her charms.

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. 205 E. 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y. Do You Bite Your Nails?

A surprising number of readers have written to me that they are worried and distracted over the habit they have of biting their fingernails.

"How can we stop this 'bad' habit?" they want to know. "Is there anything we can

Well, the very first thing you must do is stop worrying about it. The very strain of trying too hard will make you tense and then you start biting your nails again.

Psychologists have discovered that a deep-seated lack of self-confidence lies bebind this nail-biting problem. The first thing you must try to do, in your efforts to overcome the habit, is to believe the following truths:

Everybody has problems. No one is perfect. No matter how wild or "wicked" your secret thoughts seem to be—other people, nice people—have moments of just such thinking, too. Basically you are just as

good as anyone else.

Once you are convinced, you are ready for Step Two: Try to note at what times the need to bite your nails is most urgent. Is it when you are at the movies, or in the toughest class at school, or, perhaps, when you've been scolded by your parents and you are feeling sorry for yourself?

You will find that there is "a method in

your madness"—that some particular strain

brings on the nail biting.

Then, knowing when you'll need help, slip a piece of "Silly Putty" or Plasticene into your pocket and when the pressure points come, use your hands; work away at the clay.

If the habit still persists, speak to your school counselor or your doctor or some good friend with whom you can be perfectly frank about your worries.

And, finally, be patient. It will take time

but, as you learn to stop worrying, your worrisome problem of nail-biting will melt away, too.

A READER has sent me a very friendly letter wishing me "the very best in helping persons with their charm problems.

She has too many problems of her own to bother me about, she says, and besides "they don't matter so much, as I am now a happy grandmother—forty-seven, come June!"

I'm willing to bet, after reading her cheerful letter, that she hasn't half as many problems as she thinks-but if she does have any, she's wrong to think it's too late to care.

I wish she could have seen another happy grandma - Marlene Dietrich - steal show right out from under the pert turnedup noses of the youngsters in our town at the Academy Awards affair.

Slim, blonde and beautiful in a knockout of a black Christian Dior gown, Marlene stopped the show. The thunderstruck audience of supposedly glamour-sated professionals practically roared their approval.

"You killed the people, Grandma," Hedda Hopper reported that she told Marlene afterward. "Come on now, and tell me your glamour secrets."

"Glamour?" this beautiful woman replied. "I have no glamour. I don't even know the meaning of the word, do you?

And I have no secrets. Just soap, water—and an unworried mind."

I'm passing this on to other grandmas for inspiration. We can all lay our hands on soap and water, can't we?

And that last ingredient—an unworried mind? Well, that's harder, but if we worry a little about it, maybe we can achieve that "secret" too.

THE END



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This Jury Chooses the Prettiest Legs in Hollywood

(Continued from page 59) the new girls in town with beautiful gams, such utterly utter underpinnings as Marilyn Monroe's or Mala Powers's or Vera-Ellen's.

All these dolls and Dietrich, who has not been forgotten, got a vote here and

there. But the consensus went overwhelmingly to the pin-up pet of Twentieth.

As Richard Widmark said when I asked

him for his first, second and third choice among the leg-lovelies, "Betty Grable comes first. For second, I choose Betty Grable and there can be only one possible girl for third. That's Grable." Then Dick girl for third. That's Grable." Then Dick pointed out the feminine beauty secret I doubt any woman would have thought of—and which I was to hear repeated by Scott Brady and Kirk Douglas and Farley Granger, even though they were talking of three other girls.

Said Dick Widmark, "Grable's legs are wise legs that have learned how to be beautiful." Said Kirk Douglas, choosing Joan Crawford's as Hollywood's most beau-

Joan Crawford's as Hollywood's most beautiful stems, "I pick them because they are the most consciously dramatic legs. You know, those legs that have worked for their expression." Said Farley Granger, picking Janet Leigh, "It's since she's taken up ballet that Janet's legs have caught my eye. They're professional, you know."
Murmured Tony Curtis, "Janet is so
beautiful, head to foot, but since she's
been studying ballet, why—" and then he went off into a bunch of statistics about thigh, calf and ankles.

Robert Mitchum picked Jane Russell's long stems as his favorites. "I may, of course," remarked Robert, who has the dramatic sense of always being different in his statements, "be the only man who ever got around to noticing her legs." But he wasn't. Jane came in fourth in our over-all count, Esther Williams fifth, and

Marilyn Monroe sixth.

Bob was the only man, incidentally, who didn't have Grable somewhere on his list. (He chose Jane Russell first, Janet Leigh

Macdonald Carey summed up the Grable gam glamour best. "Those legs are a legend," he announced. "You might as well try to forget the Taj Mahal by moonlight, the Roman Colosseum by daylight, or Stardust at your first college prom." He gave his second vote to Marie Wilson's because "they smiled" and his third to Ruth Roman's because "they make me think of days in the sun, playing tennis or swimming or fun things like that."

Scott Brady didn't choose "fun" legs. That quality of "work" came in again. Scott chose Moira Shearer first and

Grable second, with Leigh third—and all for the same reason: These were legs that were beautiful because they know how to do more than wear nylons—and did it

without any tense muscles showing.

That long-limbed look won, in Holly-wood, even as it has won, now for years, in Atlantic City when Miss America gets chosen. One very-much-married star, who supposedly doesn't know that any woman other than his wife exists, said, "Lately I have been increasingly conscious when that Leigh walks in anywhere, it's murder." Another married star reported, "I wish I were as young as Tony Curtis when Leigh comes breezing into a room. Then I wish I were younger, when Marilyn Monroe appears. It has taken me several meetings to realize that Marilyn has a face. But when Ava Gardner enters, I go home and fast. There is *the* beauty as far as I am concerned, legs, figure and face in that order."

ROBABLY it was because her face is so attention-arresting that Ava's limbs get only third-place position. Bob Mitchum said that he felt it was almost impossible for any man to take his eyes away from the lang arough to be conscious of her face long enough to be conscious of the rest of her. Yet it also had a lot to do with a quality that Kirk Douglas pointed with a quality that Kirk Douglas pointed out—the quality that is the reverse of what made Grable win. "Ava's are show-girl legs," Kirk announced. "They are just simply beautiful—and I'm not knocking that—but I still claim that legs that combine beauty and—well, technique, the technique of discipline, hard work, mastering one's art—those are greater." ing one's art—those are greater.

You undoubtedly remember that not so long ago Howard Duff and Ava Gardner were a very real item. Now Ida Lupino is Howard's favorite date but when it comes to picking Hollywood's most beautiful gams, Ava still wins with bachelor, Duff. Dietrich comes second with him and then-OOPShere she is again, Miss Grable.

Howard's reasons for his choice? He won't give. He grins and says, "It's enough that I've given you these preferences, or how unwise can a bachelor be? Even this statement may ruin some enchanted evening for me in the future.

enchanted evening for me in the future."

If Photoplay had polled one mere woman, said dame would undoubtedly have pointed out that under this ruling Esther Williams would have rated very high and Jane Russell wouldn't have come in fourth. Because, while Esther's stems doing a flutter-kick obviously don't work hard as Grable's doing a tan routine. as hard as Grable's doing a tap routine, they still do work and constantly. As for Jane, she goes in for a few sports but no dancing, no professional swimming. "It's that length," sighed one of the married males. "Those legs of Jane's seem to go straight up to her armpits." "They have glamour," retorted another. "But not like Dietrich's," snapped back Farley Granger, the eternal romantic.

the eternal romantic.

It was Farley, too, who came up with the likeliest expression of why Esther probably didn't rate higher. "A fellow thinks of her all in one line," he said, "and there is something so healthy about her that while the sight of her makes you happy, it doesn't set you dreaming."

Marilyn Monroe explained her own sixth place spot in this poll. "I'm thankful even to have got one foot in the Grable class," she said in that small, perfumed voice of hers, "but confidentially, I'm starting ballet lessons almost at once. This poll just proves that a girl shouldn't leave a limb unturned."

So let all this be a lesson to you if you want more beautiful legs. Ballet lessons would be ideal. Swimming is enormously

would be ideal. Swimming is enormously beneficial. And walking is a big, big, help.

But specific exercises are even better. Start doing these exercises ten times daily, gradually work up to twenty-five. Exercise 1. Place your telephone book on the floor, and in your bare feet, balance

your toes on the edge of the book. Hold your arms out straight ahead of you. Without stepping off the phone book, lower your heels as far back as you can, then—again without stepping off, rise to tiptoe. This is a wonderful exercise for strengthening the calves of the legs, reducing or developing them as needed reducing or developing them as needed. (Don't forget that exercise builds up or takes off equally and nature seems to know which needs to be done.) Do it slowly for development; faster for reducing.

Exercise 2. Slant your ironing board against a sturdy chair. Lie down and get someone to tie your legs to the board with someone to tie your legs to the board with a towel, or something firm but not binding wrapped around your ankles. Then with your heels higher than your head (and the ironing board fastened down, too, so that it can't slip) pull yourself up to sitting position, then go back to the lying position, and with your hands holding tight on either side, give a good long stretch. This is great for the upper thigh muscles.

Exercise 3. The old familiar squat—but nothing surpasses it. Stretch arms before

nothing surpasses it. Stretch arms before you for balance, rise to your fullest tiptoe height, then slowly go as deep to the floor as you can without bending knees.

Exercise 4. Another old familiar—bicycling. A real wheel is best but, if you haven't one, lie on your back and pedal an imaginary one at least twenty-five times a day for each leg. Fast pedaling reduces, slow pedaling builds up.

Keep these up with enough persistence and it could be that you can say to your boy friend, "Grable? What's she got that I haven't got?" and all he'll be able to reply will be, "Harry James."

Farley Granger is in "Behave Yourseli, Richard Widmark in "The Frogmen," Macdonald Carey in "Meet Me After the Show," and "The Cave," Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," Bob Mitchum in "His Kind of Woman," Howard Duff in "Fine Day," Scott Brady in "Montana Belle," and Kirk Douglas in "Ace in the Hole." the Hole.'

Betty Grable is in "Meet Me After the how," Janet Leigh in "Two Tickets to Broadway," Ava Gardner in "Show Boat," Jane Russell in "His Kind of Woman," Esther Williams in "Texas Carnival," and Marilyn Monroe in "As Young as You Feel."

A TREAT FOR ROMANTIC EYES . . .

DORIS DAY'S TROUSSEAU in full color

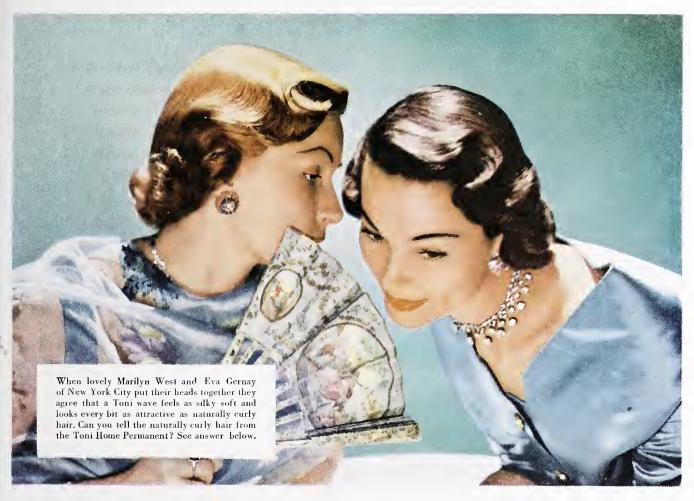
PLUS: a tender story about Doris and her love—by her mother, Mrs. Alma Day in August Photoplay

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THE END

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Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

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WEDDING BELLS! This is MRS. CORNELIUS LORENZEN, Jr., the former Barbara Jean Shaw of New Jersey— a lovely Camay Bride!

lovelier com

There's an ingenue's fresh appeal about Barbara Lorenzen—a "little girl" charm that wins you from the first meeting. Her coloring is in soft pastels—her complexion, softer than satin itself. Barbara's first cake of Camay made her a gift of new beauty.

When friends inquire about her beauty care, Barbara has a ready answer. She says, with conviction: "At last I've found a beauty soap that's made for my skin—Camay. When I changed to regular Camay care, my *first cake* of Camay brought a fresher, clearer complexion."

There's new beauty waiting for you, too—with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use only mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay. Never use a lesser soap—and Camay will wake the sleeping beauty of your skin!

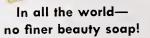
All your skin's lovelier!

A SKIN FOR

Yes, all your skin gets a rewarding beauty treatment—when you use Camay in your bath, too. A daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It leaves you lovelier from head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance.



the soap of beautiful women



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PHOTOPLAY

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AUGUST, 1951 AUGUSI, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 1,200,163 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.

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READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name. Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Cheers and Jeers:

I think Shirley Temple should give Susan a chance at pictures. She had her chance and should give her daughter the same chance. She would probably have been very unhappy if her mother had said no at her chance in pictures.

Delores Hart Bridgeport, Wash.

For a long time I've been faced with this problem, "Which does Hollywood value most, looks or talent?" It can't be talent, I've often thought, because Elizabeth Taylor can't act at all and yet they keep her in movies. They do the same thing with Farley Granger and Shirley Temple. It strikes me that if the screen wants more talent instead of pretty but dull faces, they'll concentrate on actors like Dick Widmark.

Julia Pagano New York, N. Y.

All of this moaning and groaning about Liz Taylor is getting to be quite boring and a little out of date. Liz is supposed to be a charming and matured young lady but it seems she is very much acting the part of "a dying calf in a thunderstorm." Let's have some good actresses like Jane Powell or Judy Holliday instead of the "whimpering little pieces of humanity.'

MRS. THOMAS V. NEAL Kansas City, Mo.

I do want to offer all the roses on your June cover to Mr. Frank Powolny who took that beautiful picture of Betty Grable.

DENISE COURVILLE Ouebec, Canada

Last week Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter were appearing in person here in Chicago. After the show we went backstage hoping to meet them in person. They gave us their autographs and even went outside so we could take some snapshots of them. If all of the stars were this cooperative to their fans they would have many more of them.

SANDRA KEANE Chicago, Ill.

Casting:

Every Sunday the New York Journal-American prints a wonderful medieval adventure comic entitled "Prince Valiant." Why doesn't Hollywood make it into a movia? It's the kind of thing Erro! Flynn would have done well in his younger days. Ty Power would be good now—Tony Curtis looks the part, but I don't think he'd do it justice. Maybe John Derek, with good direction. It's just the kind of costume adventure story we need these days.

EDNA BIRCH New York, N. Y.

Readers' Pets:

What have Monty Clift and Farley Granger got that John Hodiak hasn't got? I think John is a great actor and surely deserves more than he gets. Besides that, he is happily married and has good looks.

Peggy Gerlock Ordway, Colo.

Ruth Roman has twice as much sex appeal as Turner and Gardner put together.

Has twice the looks of Taylor and Darnell. She never gives a bad performance. Under these conditions, she undoubtedly will live to be another Barrymore!

BILLY J. Dorsey Cumby, Tex.

Question Box:

Could you give me the name of the boy who played *Conroy* in "The Halls of Montezuma"? He's really some actor!

LYNN NEVILLE Monroe, Wash.

(He's Richard Hylton, born in Collinsville, Okla., 12/11/24; 6' tall, 155 lbs., has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, is unmarried. Next, "The Seeret of Conviet Lake.")



How about a picture (minus Indian paint) of Susan Cabot, the actress who portrayed the part of *Monaseetah* in "Tomahawk." I am an usher and "Tomahawk" ran four days at our theatre. Usually, I get pretty tired of those four-day shows, but not "Tomahawk."

GEORGE HERRE Bloomsburg, Pa.

(Susan was born in Boston, Mass., (Susan was born in Boston, mass., 7/9/27; has dark brown eyes and hair, 5'2", 104 lbs.; married to Martin Saeker. See "Choose Your Star" for further information and page 46 for pieture without Indian paint.)

"The Great Caruso" was simply won-derful. I would like to know if the song by Ann Blyth was really sung by her.

JUDITH HICKS

Fort Wayne, Ind. (Yes. Ann has a beautiful voice. She sang on the radio when she was five, was with the San Carlo Opera Company in New York before she came to Hollywood.)

Could you tell me the name of the tango Eleanor Parker and Anthony Dexter danced to in "Valentino"?

> Jon Johnson Rockford, Ill.

("Noche de Amor" (Night of Love) published by Leeds Musie Publishing Co.)

Saw a sneak preview of "Strangers on a Train." Who was the girl who played Farley Granger's wife? Never thought I'd notice anybody else in Farley's picture, but this girl was good.

LUCKY CARROLL Pasadena, Calif.

(That was Laura Elliott, born in Moorehouse, Mo., is 5'5' 115 lbs., has light brown hair, brown eyes, is single. Made her debut in 1948 in "Speeial Agent." Next, "When Worlds Collide.")



Address letters to this department to Readers Ine., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We eannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.







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Claudette Colbert's next picture is "Let's Make It Legal"





what should I do?

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and have been working at a job I like for three years. I am making progress in my work, and have earned four pay raises so far. I need to dress a little better than I do and I need to begin to save a little money. I have met a fine man who works for the same company, and eventually we want to marry and establish a home of our own. We could begin to see our future in a bright light if I didn't have family problems.

I support my parents and my twenty-four-year-old brother. He has never worked a day since he came home from the Army. He has no disability, he didn't even go overseas. He is 6'2", weighs 195 pounds, and is in perfect physical condition. However, he won't work. He will start out, pick up application blanks, make a big show of going to work. Nothing happens. He sits at home and reads. Or he sleeps. Then, at night, he goes out with his boy

When I protest to my mother, she tells me to pack up and get out if I don't like the way things are going. She waits on my brother hand and foot, and adores him. He can do no wrong, but she picks at me from the time I get home until I go to my room and close the door, or go out on a date. She says 1 don't appreciate the years of care she has given me, and that she is head of the family, and I have to let her manage the family money.

I love my parents, but sometimes I get dreadfully discouraged.

Svetla T.

Certainly we should respect our parents, but-by the same token-our parents owe us simple justice. Unless you have not told me the full story, it is obvious that you are being victimized by a lazy brother and a mother who is showing shocking favoritism toward her son.

You are of age; your letter indicates that you are a self-reliant, self-supporting, intelligent adult. You have a right to establish your own home, a right which might be denied you if you were to remain as a slave in your parents' household.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four years old, and have a four-year-old son. I came from a very poor family and was put out on my own at thirteen; had a rough road to earn my living, get some education and keep a clean life. I had to fight some of the men I worked for to keep my pride and decency. I married a serviceman when I was sixteen and spent three years working and saving every penny of my allotment. My husband wanted to get ahead, so I

took in washing for two years to buy my clothes, some of the furniture and the baby's things. We now have a new home, furnished comfortably, and he has a new

My husband is a salesman, very seldom home. He says he loves me, but he likes interesting, stimulating people and has to get out at night to get a new viewpoint. He has never been untrue to me because he is religious, but he is ashamed of me and keeps me from his friends.

I told him the other night I would leave the baby with him, he could get a house-keeper, and I would go away if that would make him happy. He didn't say anything, just went out as usual, leaving me alone as I am day after day, until I think I will go crazy. Tell me what there is in the world for a woman like me.

Moora M.

There is a great deal in the world for a woman like you, but there is a knack to getting what you want. It is a rare man who really understands or appreciates the sacrifices made for him by any woman except his mother. It is human nature to undervalue anything we get without personal effort. The free thing is held cheaply. Simply look around you to persuade yourself that the most pampered of wives are often those women who are least deserving.

Your husband, I suspect, doesn't want a slave; he wants a stimulating, attractive "girl friend" and that is exactly what you should train yourself to be. Stop working so hard about the house and devote that energy to yourself. Have your hair done a new way; get yourself some new clothes, a dram of some really good perfume. Have an afternoon nap when you put the baby to sleep and take time out to read some of the current magazines.

Sometimes I think there should be a sentence in the wedding ceremony, a promise to keep oneself lovable, worthy

of pride, and mentally stimulating.
Incidentally, while you are making yourself over, don't forget for an instant that you are doing it for yourself, not primarily for your husband. A person cannot have been described as the standard of the control of the standard of th be of interest to another individual until he is interesting to himself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirteen years old and I have a mother who doesn't understand me at all. She calls me cheap and says I go around with the wrong group of kids. This is because I don't try to make up with a gang who are richer than we are.

I had a date with one of those boys and he tried to get fresh. I decided then that (Continued on page 8)





A revolutionary new Improvement in Internal Sanitary Protection

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The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

Just watch women quickly change over to Pursettes-the sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection. Pursettes-developed by a practicing surgeon—offer an almost unbelievable new degree of comfort, security, and convenience.

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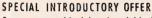
-you'll be simply astounded! And one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.

These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee silhouette security. No telltale bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

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Pursettes



Be sure ta get this dainty jewel-black plostic purse container, at no extra charge, with eoch pockoge of Pursettes (laoks like a small lighter ar compoct).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

(Continued from page 6) clean, wholesome fun was good enough for me. I don't care if I do have to walk to school parties instead of going out with older boys who have the family car.

I have two older brothers who are always making fun of my crooked teeth and my chubbiness. And this isn't the worst. I am scared, because lately I have stolen little things like a school notebook binder, a box of pencils, a package of envelopes. When my mother asked about them, I lied. I

If you have a some kid gave me the things.

I feel that I am all wrong, and I don't know what to do about myself.

Ellie June K.

When you say your mother doesn't understand you I think I agree with you. But then, I don't think you understand yourself. The reason you have stolen is because you think—as you said in your letter—that you are "all wrong." Unconsciously perhaps you are trying to prove it. Stop thinking along that line at once, Think instead, "I am all right. I am popular. I have nice friends. I do the right thing."

There is an old, old rule which was once stated in this way, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Translated, that can mean: "A girl can be pretty, popular, happy, and successful because she expects to be. She knows in her own heart that she can make her dreams come true.

Change your thoughts about yourself. You'll be surprised to discover that it will begin to work for you at once. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. I have had this one girl friend for six years, but about three years ago she moved into another neighborhood. We continued to write to each other faithfully but lately her letters have been, well, not too nice. She seems to have joined the wrong crowd and become "fast." About two weeks ago, after reading one of her letters, I was so disgusted that I showed it and several others to some of my friends, just to find out whether I was imagining things. My friends thought it was insulting for her to write such off-color letters.

I became angry and wrote to her about it. Now I am sorry. She wrote back that an apology was in order from me. She said she had told me those things in confidence. I telephoned her and she said she didn't care to meet me to talk things over, that I was meddling in her private business

I didn't realize until now how much one misses a friend. What can I do?

Sara B.

Remember the old rhyme about Humpty-Dumpty? Well, there are a lot of things which, like Humpty-Dumpty, can't be put together again. Your friendship with this girl, I'm afraid, is similarly beyond repair.

It was a serious violation of confidence for you to show this girl's letters to others. Now is a good time for you to learn that it is the worst possible manners for the recipient of a letter to pass it on, unless it be a family letter mailed round-robin fashion. It is quite all right to read aloud to trusted friends certain portions of an interesting letter, but even then, the reader must be positive that the portion of a letter read is entirely impersonal.

You violated another tenet of friendship: you criticized your friend to others when she was in no position to defend herself. Also, you wrote her a critical letter. Probably the most easily misunderstood means of communication is a letter. You remember, I am sure, the habit of Abraham Lincoln to write a bitter letter at night, and then to destroy it the next morning. A good policy to follow.

Finally, there is one final rule of friend-ship which you ignored: You planned, originally, to terminate your friendship on grounds which made you seem superior to your friend. If you are to have a friend. you must accept that friend as she is: if you intend to terminate a friendship, you must do it as gently as possible, as gradually as possible, so you avoid hurt to someone who has been important in your life. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in an Army general hospital, recovering from pneumonia which I picked up in Korea. My question is an important one. I am twenty. When I left the States I wanted to marry my girl, Barbara, who is sixteen. Her folks consented, but my folks said the old-fashioned phrases that I was too young, too unsettled, without a trade or profession, etc. They thought I should wait until I came home after the war. Now I know this girl very well. I have gone with her for three years. She would make any man a swell wife.

Do you think it was a fair decision given by my parents? All the boys over here are bitter about this. We're too young to marry, too young to vote, but not too young to fight for this country. I don't get it. The nurse says I'm recuperating—I'm getting quarrelsome.

Probably you're going to hate me for my modest and apologetic opinion, but I feel that what I am about to say should have been said long ago. All things considered, a man sometimes is too young to vote, is too young to marry, yet is just right to fight. Sadly enough, war is a young man's business in this complicated world. You, yourself, have seen the soldiers from other wars serving beside you. You have seen how important staming was, and how your youth stood you in good stead. The chief qualities of war are, in the words of Mr. Churchill, "blood, sweat, and tears" combined with fear, boredom and sudden death. A serviceman's responsibilities, at least in part, are to obey orders, to be ready to exercise both courage and ingenuity and to stay alive. A young man does these things most easily.

Marriage is something else again. You cau't get transferred to another outfit if you don't like the mess sergeant. When you don't get leave, to live a life of your own for ten or twenty days, you can't blame it on "channels." And when you are on sentry go, you don't get relieved every four hours, particularly when junior is teething. Of course, there is one advantage: In marriage you can yell at your commanding officer without getting court-martialed.

Better wait until you're twenty-two. Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



You're snubbed, Honey chile . . . definitely and deliberately . . . by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. You don't like such treatment? Of course you don't. Men usually stick around. But this one didn't. What did you say or do to antagonize him as you danced the night before? Whatever it was, you certainly are off to a bad start on your vacation.

It can happen to you...any time

No matter what other charms you have, they're likely to be forgotten if you're guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don't forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next without your realizing it.

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To be extra-attractive be extra-careful Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours usually. So, don't trust makeshifts . . . trust Listerine Antiseptic before every date.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

INSIDE



cal york's gossip of hollywood



Welcome vision on the
Twentieth lot is pretty June
Haver, who returned from
trip abroad to acquire a new hair-do
and role with
handsome Bill Lundigan
in "A Wac in His Life"

Beauty and the press: Photoplay photographer Hymie Fink, with Marlene Dietrich and her daughter Maria, was one of many guests who celebrated meeting Marlene at a press luncheon twenty-one years ago.

Maria was flown from New York as a surprise for her famous mother

It was a milk toast for Katie Hepburn, shown with Humphrey Bogart at press reception at the Claridge Hotel, London. Bogey and Katie are in England for their new picture, "African Queen"



Four familiar faces at the Ice-Capades opening—Janie Powell, husband Geary Steffen, A. C. Lyles and pert date, Vera-Ellen

Wedding bells will soon be ringing for Sally Forrest and Milo Frank. Long-engaged couple announce they'll be married in August

• It Occurs to Cal: That Twentieth Century's loss is Paul Douglas's gain. Now that he's free-lancing (the studio failed to renew his option when he refused to forfeit his raise) the rugged Romeo is making more per picture than he made in a year. . . . That the great-aunt who inspired Maureen O'Hara to reveal exercises that develop a firm bust never dreamed her big secret would be publicized . . . That Hollywood is being her usual fickle self in wasting the talents of Mercedes McCambridge, who merely won an Oscar for her first screen performance.

In Case You Care: According to Lili St. Cyr, of all the Hollywood stars, Bette Davis would have the best chance to make the grade as a stripteaser. Says the lady who takes 'em off herself: "Bette moves her body with rhythm and thought the way a dancer does"... Margaret O'Brien has started a new fad amongst Hollywood teenagers. Maggie collects bits and pieces of material, cuts them into strips and braids them, the final result—a rag-rug shortic coat... His sensational smash personal appearance tour was all Mario Lanza needed to inspire his temperament. Now he isn't returning studio phone calls or opening their letters... According to set snoopers, Mel Ferrer is worried that Arthur Kennedy will steal all their scenes in "Chuck-a-Luck." We've got news for Mel. Not only will Arthur steal 'em, but that great actor will do it without trying!... David Brian, who started out sensationally as a hot and handsome heavy, now

that's HOLLYWOOD

for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Jot this down for future reference: "A Place in the Sun" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" are the en-

Sidney Skolsky

tries to beat in the Oscar derby . . . I must admit that Tony Dexter reminded me more of Don Ameche than he did Rudolph Valentino . . June Haver is underrated as a box-office attraction . . . I'm darned tired of those bedroom scenes in movies which show an electric light from across the street blinking on and off . . . While attending a premiere, Tony Curtis remarked to Janet Leigh: "I won-

Haver der if those people in the stands realize that the main reason we came was to see them." True words, for a change, from an actor . . . A bra company is advertising a "three-way bra" and Tom Jenk asks me if that will make Jane Russell obsolete . . . Ethel Barrymore never sent me, on stage or screen, but Judith Anderson can do things to me.

What a build-up Howard Hughes could give Marilyn Monroe, who has the build for it . . . No matter how empty a theatre is, a tall person always takes the seat in front of mc... Have you noticed how polite theatre managers and ushers are becoming?... I think Jerry Lewis would be even funnier if he mugged less... I can't imagine Shelley Winters and Farley Granger really married... Mickey Rooney's personality appears to be hindering his career. He's a great talent... Maurice Chevalier is the only actor I can recall wearing a straw hat in the movies.

Mitzi Gaynor and Janet Gaynor have never met . . . I wish they'd let Ann Blyth sing more in pictures, and also give George Sanders a singing role in a film . . . Whenever I see actresses wearing a lot of jewelry, I think it is from the prop department or for a publicity story . . . If I had to name them, I'd say that "Vivacious Lady" and "Twentieth Century" are the comedy and farce movies I've enjoyed most. My favorite gangster film is "The Public Enemy" and my choice of a musical is "Forty-Second Street." All right, so you have dif-

of a musical is "Forty-Second Street. All right, so you have dif-ferent favorites. You're entitled . . Mike Curtiz, watching a girl during a dance audition, remarked, "She has the makings of an-other Gene Kelly" . . . The latest women's fad in Hollywood is wearing men's shirts. It's the first time I haven't objected to being with stuffed shirts.

Gleun Ford is actually a better golfer since playing the role of Ben Hogan . . . It sure would be a money picture: Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra teamed in a film . . . Why do the movies make newspapermen villains? The heels in "Follow the Sun," "Valentino" and "Acc in the Hole," to mention a few, are Fourth Estaters . . . Whenever I see Alfred Hitchcock I think he is

dreaming up a new locale for a chase sequence . . . Francis, the mule star, is also feeling the pinch of soaring food prices. The hay purchased for his daily diet has gone up over sixty cents a bale, and that's money . . . Tom Lang knows an actor who's disappointed in love—he finds himself admiring others . . . Virginia Mayo has as good a figure as anyone in pictures.

I go along with Thelma Ritter, who hates more than anything else, "having nonactors tell me about my job. They don't do that to plumbers and typesetters'



Simmons

Patricia Neal, who is about the tallest actress in pictures, and Debbie Reynolds, who is about the shortest, never have any trouble getting dates. So I guess a female any size is appealing . . . Wholesome is the word to describe Doris Day, although she has been married three times . . Girls who live on the wrong side of the tracks always meet a wealthy man—in the movies, that is . . . June Allyson is the only actress I know who can wrinkle her nose and not annoy me.

Ford

Jean Simmons is almost as beautiful as Liz Taylor, but without all the publicity . . . I think Hollywood is very nice to people considering what people have done to Hollywood . . . Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride disprove the theory that audiences go to the movies to see only handsome heroes and heroines . . . I have yet to meet a person coming from a drive-in theatre who can tell me

what the picture was about . . . According to trailers, the greatest movie ever made is always the next attraction. It makes you feel like a dope for having come to see the film playing . . . Most of "The Cave" was filmed on location at Carlsbad Caverns and the studio sent the special effects department to improve the set. Even when nature gives her greatest performance, Hollywood wants it better. That's Hollywood for you.

INSIDE

prefers leading roles. By refusing to snarl and sneer in a Ray Milland picture, David further provoked his studio's waning interest.

Chuckle of the Month: 'Way back when Cal was callow, we interviewed Marlene Dietrich. In those days she had quite a crush on—herself! Instead of looking at us, she faced herself in the mirror when she answered our questions. Well, today she has wonderful humor, she's the most glamorous gal in town. Recently we met Marlene again—this time face to face. At a luncheon in the same room where she was first introduced to Hollywood reporters twenty-one years ago, La Dietrich offered a prize to the one who guessed her lucky number. Why not forty-six (her age) Cal thought? Certainly those forty-six years have been tainly those forty-six years have been lucky for her. Suddenly she was standing before us! In her hand she held an autographed black and pink garter that she wears in "Chuck-a-Luck," her first Technicolor picture. "I don't know who thought this one up," she grinned, "but it's nice meeting you." Cal accepted his prize. "We've always wanted to meet you the?" we said with a night too," we said with a sigh.

Paging Papa: It was just a week before Jimmy Stewart's beautiful twin daughters were born. We were talking between scenes on "The Greatest Show on Earth" and in true tradition, he wasn't a very happy "clown." "I'm so afraid Gloria will have to go to the hospital while I'm working," despaired Jim. "It takes two hours to remove this makeup. Can't you just see me sitting there with all the expectant fathers in this get-up!" Fortunately, the twins cooperated and Jimmy made a respectable appearance in the fathers' waiting room. Because Gloria Stewart is RH negative (the babies were delivered by Caesarean section) she required a transfusion. Mrs. Ray Milland, who has the same type blood, never left her house without leaving word where she could be reached when they needed her.

Hollywood Is a Place Where: Elizabeth Taylor adores pickled herring while Humphrey Bogart goes for French pas-



Betty Grable—on suspension for refusing to do another picture because she felt she was working too hard-relaxes at races

STUFF

try . . . Debra Paget's stand-in holds her school books while Louis Jourdan makes love to her . . . Debbie Reynolds can't wait to play older parts, while Jane Wyman keeps getting younger and younger . . . Robert Taylor's bed sold at public auction for three times the amount paid for a leather-bound set of World History . . . Piper Laurie at nineteen talks about the mistakes made by actresses, while Ethel Barrymore at seventy-two says: "I've never stopped making them!"

Miss Worry-Wart: Cal was that amused over the plight of Jeanne Crain, the day we lunched with her at Twentieth. "I did a terrible thing," she confessed seriously. "The publicity department wanted to take pictures of the actual cutwanted to take pictures of the actual cut-ting, when they shortened my hair for 'People Will Talk.' I promised to tele-phone them but I was so nervous over what my husband would say, I com-pletely forgot." Being a publicity-wise old owl, Cal assured her the super-scoopers would think of something. The following week we ran into Jeanne on the lot. Her hair was long again! "You were so right," she laughed. 'This is false hair and now they're going to get their pictures after all!" In Hollywood they can do anything-and usually do.

Laughter and Tears: For his role in "Mr. Belvedere Rings His Bell," Clifton Webb had to know how to knit. When the studio offered to give him lessons, he arched an indignant brow: "Please!" belowed Mr. B. "I haven't known Joan Crawford all these years for nothing! She asked us not to print it but we still think Ruth Roman should be given credit for having one of the kindest hearts in Hollywood. Recently Tom Plant, a studio messenger boy, was the victim of an accidental shooting. Ruth remembered Tom who delivered her first fan letter when she came to the Warner lot. Not only did she contribute, but she canvassed the studio and collected enough money for the surgery that saved the boy's life . . . The studio's attempt to establish a publicity romance between Cornel Wilde and Betty Hutton fell flatter than a bride's biscuit.



Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton make it a date for some fun. Bachelor Bob gets around—but never to the altar!

hollywood party line



EDITH GWYNN RY Nationally Syndicated Hollywood
Columnist

The past month has been a virtual madhouse of premieres, smart cafe openings and big charity events, but very few private parties—even the local caterers were complaining. There were two nice smallish soirees, though. Marie McDonald and Harry Karl spread a sumptuous buffet for about fifteen pals, most of whom are still raving about the delish dishes that were whipped up by Marie. The John Irelands (Joanne Dru), the Van Johnsons, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Scott Brady with RKO contractee Barbara Darrow, Greta Peck (without Greg, who was home with his flu bugs), Ann Sheridan with Jeff Chandler, were there. Annie wore a short cocoa crepe dinner dress with tiny sleeves, a long accordion-pleated tunie—the bodice cut very low in

front and high in back. Evie Johnson and Joanne Dru were stunning in sweater-type dressy sepa-



Loretta Young, Jeff Chandlertheir autographs aided charity

Sonja Henie and Winnie Gardiner threw a black-tie sit-down dinner for twenty, with quite a few late dropper-inners after the feast. Geno Tierney, gorgeous in white lace (minus Oleg, who had gone East) was escorted by Gilbert Roland. Janie Powell, very much expecting, was more than "deceiving" in her box-jacket of light blue faille worn over a slim skirt of the same material.

You've never seen a group work harder than the bunch of stars who turned out to help Father Patrick Peyton raise money by autographing his book, "The Ear of God," for most of the 5,000 people who attended the charity fiesta given on the famous McCarthy estate in Beverly Hills. Jeanne Crain, Charles Coburn, Roddy McDowall, Louella Parsons, Betty Lynn, Charles Boyer, June Haver, Ritheir autographs aided charity

cardo Montalban, Jeff Chandler were just some of
them who must have wound up with writer's

cramp. Loretta Young and Roz Russell were literally "all over the place," not just

signing books, but interestedly talking with just about everyone who purchased one. And here's a "fashion note": Van Johnson came by our house later, wearing a navy blue suit plus a fireman's red vest of flannel with brass buttons and flaming red wool socks! P. S. On him it looked good.

Big star-studded crowds suddenly found themselves deserting the famed Sunset Strip cafes in favor of trekking to the Cocoanut Grove during Lena Horne's sensational engagement. There's just no one like Lena when it comes to sexy song-singing—but delivered minus vulgarity and with a vitality that spells perfection and plenty of glamour. On hand to greet her were Wanda Hendrix with Bob Boyle, Liz Taylor (in a decollete white lacy short evening gown over many sheer skirts of varying blues) with Stanley Donen, Paula Raymond with Harry Crocker, Hollywood's most eligible and songht-after beau. Frankie Sinatra was there too with Ava Gardner stunning in an off-shoulder short dancing frock of black starched chiffon with soft flattering ruching all across the bodice top.

Edgar Bergen gave a little shindig at the mountain-top home he and his Frances share. It was to show off his latest TV show and also turned out to be a real (though unintended) showing-off of the Bergens' newly re-done bedroom. Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Joan Bennett, the Ray Millands, Connie Moore, June Allyson are just a handful of their pals still raving about the color scheme that ranges from light violet walls to deep purple carpet, with bedspread and drapes of quilted chintz combining shades of lilac, grays, violet and dead white. Enormous white and gray striped lamps as well as chairs in these colors decorate the room and the same color scheme carries over into their large almost entirely mirrored dressing-room where Frances had a big bunch of artificial violets attached to the tops of the two tiny violet and gray striped chairs. June Allyson sent Frances pale lavender chiffon nighties, appliqued in violet; Benita Colman sent a bed jacket of almost sheer lilac (quilted) velvet and Lauren Bacall added clear plastic mules, trimmed with lilac maribou and violets. Well, it's really a room that would inspire your chums to make with the matching accessories.

Piper Laurie looks darling in an outfit she used touring with Tony Curtis in behalf of "The Prince Who Was a Thief"—and still wears around town. The dress is of pale pink linen, made quite simply with almost a shirt-waist top and tiny sleeves. But the skirt is very full, falling in unpressed pleats to calf-length. Over it goes a duster that's a deeper shade of polished pink cotton satin. It has full, widely cuffed elbow-length sleeves and falls in deep folds down the back. Piper wears just a narrow little veil that covers only her eyes, drawn back and fastened with a big pink cabbage rose and this, kiddies, is the hat!

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

WHISPERING ABOUT



Betty Hutton, Pete Rugolo

BY HERB STEIN

How-modest-can-you-get department: Shelley Win-ters telling Leonard Lyons she'd been offered a job as a radio columnist but had to turn it down "because I'm too busy making news and don't have time to write it!" Sam Goldwyn furious with Farley Granger for going on that New York trip with Shelley. Tried to get Universal's boss, Bill Goetz, to talk Shelley out of it—and what the Winters gal told Goetz isn't printable
. . . Betty Hutton's boy friend Pete Rugolo—a great Betty Hutton, Pete Rugolo talent—signed by Paramount to do the musical arrangements for De Mille's "Greatest Show on Earth," which kept him near Betty almost around the clock. Jane Powell, who never

buys anything new for a home, is decorating her current house via auction sales and secondhand furniture stores.

The elaborate wardrobe and snazzy car for Howard Kecl in "Callaway Went Thataway," a picture ribbing Westerns: His petrol wagon in the flicker will be snow-white with black trimmings and loaded with every kind of Western ornament imaginable . . . Esther Williams, who'll be the first actress to swim the English Channel in M-G-M's "Everybody Swims" . . . Debbie Reynolds, despite her success at Culver City, still playing the second French horn in the Burbank Youth

Joan Fontaine, looking and yearning for the right man . . . Clark Gable's claim Joan Fontaine, looking and yearning for the right man . . . Clark Gable's claim that he'll go it alone from this writing out and duck all future matrimonial ventures . . . The Hopalong Cassidys doing the New York niteries, with Hoppy in "civvies" . . . The town's most eligible bachelor: Carleton Carpenter, twenty-five, Vermont's gift to Hollywood, dating the younger set . . . June Allyson, whom M-G-M had trouble "aging" for years, is being made younger in "Too Young to Kiss," in which she'll play not only herself, but her twelve-year-old kid sister.

Mercedes McCambridge arriving in town with a haircut that made her a dead ringer for Ruth Roman . . . Tony Dexter, who almost believes he's Rudolph Valentino . . . "Strictly Dishonorable," musical film version, which will put Janet Leigh in the same "forward class" as Jane Russell and Marie Wilson . . . Jack Benny's line: "Phil Harris would like to be the kind of lover Vic Mature thinks Errol Flynn is" . . . Dan Dailey looks sensational these days and his frequent date Barbara Whiting looks even better . . . Shirley Temple's oldie, "The Little Colonel," making the rounds of neighborhoods for Saturday kiddie matinees.

INSIDE

Pouting Pigeons: It's the same old story and as usual, there are two sides to Story and as usual, there are two sides to the situation. When U-I brought Tony Curtis to Hollywood, he was completely unknown and inexperienced. It was a gamble, but they paid him so little, even his agent didn't ask a commission! Jeff Chandler, who came straight from radio, was unknown to movie audiences too. His own studio put him in mediocre pictures, but he soared to success on loanout at Twentieth. Now both boys have been of-fered new contracts which they aren't about to sign! Being as how their pictures bolster the box office, Jeff and Tony would like to share more than the glory. The studio's stipulated raise in salary (according to Hollywood standards) could best be viewed through a magnifying glass!

A Stitch in Time: This probably won't endear us to the glamour kiddies, but the best place to see them these days is Ohrbach's on Wilshire Boulevard. Now that bach's on Wilshire Boulevard. Now that the economy wave's hit Hollywood, cus-tom-made clothes are considered a luxury. So such budget-minded beauties as Ann Sothern, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon and Rosalind Russell grab their gowns in the popular apparel house. There they sell those wonderful copies of There they sell those wonderful copies of original French models—but not at those original French prices! Like women everywhere, the movie stars get a big boot out of their bargains.

Snake in the Class: "Don't print it until we're ready to break the news," cautioned Cal's good friends, Annelle and Mark Stevens, "then it's your scoop that we are expecting a baby!" Cal kept his word, but so help us—we were double-crossed by their four-year-old son! It happened in school when each child was asked to tell the class about his parents. "My father takes the bus each morning and my mother cleans the house," said one. "My father works in an office and my mother sells dresses," said another.



Two Pecks share in a bushel of fun at Ciro's, where Sophie Tucker made her Hollywood debut. Greg's a busy man these days. Besides his film work, he's in the midst of play production at La Jolla



Errol Flynn appeared with a cane—and wife Pat Wymore at Ice-Capades opening. He's still limping from his accident. And sore about those "parting" rumors!

STUFF

When it came Mark Richard's turn, the little villain came out with this: "My daddy goes to the studio each morning and my mother throws up!" The hysterical teacher ran out of the room, called the Stevenses to tip them off that their secret was out! And now you know why poor ol' Cal is sobbing in his suds!

It's the Truth That: Jane Wyman's friends believe she's lost whatever interest she had in attorney Greg Bautzer . . . broken leg, just discovered that he also had three cracked ribs . . . There are eighty-six pages of copy in Alan Ladd's new Warner contract which, according to the popular star, "are ten pages more than there were in my first script!"

Studio Shorts: "Who was that pretty young girl who just spoke to me?" asked a puzzled Richard Hylton. "She's Barbara Bates," laughed a publicity man, "the girl you tried to rape in 'The Secret of Convict Lake.'" Poor Richard had never seen Barbara out of the 1850 costumes and make-up she wore in the picture! ... In this case, one man's poison turns out to be rare roast beef for Gig Young. Many of his important scenes in "Slaughter Trail" were played with Howard Da Silva, who won't appear in the picture. Since he was termed an unfriendly witness by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the studio decided to reshoot Howard's scenes with another actor. So Gig gets paid all over again to repeat his performance.

Brief Cases: Van Heflin is even more worried than his friends over his wife's worted than his triends over his wife's health. The beautiful Frances is suffering from an internal disorder . . . The very rough and very private showing of "Be-have Yourself" (the picture Shelley Win-ters and Farley Granger made together)

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

Gary Cooper, Pat Neal in scene

"The Fountainhead"

BY ALINE MOSBY

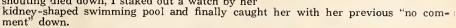
U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Patricia Neal was a very embarrassed lady when the story of the Gary Coopers' break-up splashed all over the front pages. Leading lady Neal was cast as the other woman in a real-life drama.

For the first time what the gossip columns had been buzzing about for many months leaked into official print.

The news stories reported that, "Cooper and Miss Neal were that way about each other, according to columnists . ." The public prints quoted the beauteous actress as telling friends, "Am I in love with him? Could be. But I'd be silly to go around advertising it, wouldn't I?

After all, he's a married man."
On the set of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, Pat couldn't stand still for any interviews. But after the shouting died down, I staked out a watch by her



"Are you in love with Gary or are you just old friends?" I inquired.

"Oh, this is such a touchy subject," said Patricia Neal, who is known around the plaster city as a charming, well-mannered and proper young lady.

"I'm very fond of him. He's quite wonderful and I've known him for three years, ever since we acted in 'The Fountainhead.' But I absolutely had nothing to do

ever since we acted in "The Fountainhead." But I absolutely had nothing to do with the breaking up of their marriage.

"We're very good friends. He's a wonderful guy and I love working with him. But I had nothing to do with his marriage trouble. I'm sure most intelligent people agree with me that no such thing could happen—that no one could break up a happy marriage."

Pat admitted also

Pat admitted she was unhappy about her being linked with the lanky, curt actor. "Yes, I was upset," she said. "I'm from a pretty conventional family background and I don't like this kind of thing at all.

"Actually only one columnist has been unkind to me. I hope this talk will die down, that people will find something else to talk about. I wish everyone would just ignore this."

Now that the Coopers are publicly separated and Gary's more or less free, will

she go out on a date with him?
"I don't know," the husky-voiced movie queen said, "whether I will or not."
Has he asked her yet? "No," she said firmly.



Kathryn Grayson, back from New York where she saw ex-husband Johnny Johnston in his play "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," with Oilman Glenn McCarthy



Attending a war benefit at Ciro's are Charlie Chaplin and Gene Tierney. Charlie, whose wife, Oona, recently presented him with third daughter, is planning to produce another film "Footlights"



What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that something may possibly betray the situation.

Tampax is simply ideal for bathlng and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear.... Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Sharman Douglas, Bob Patton, Mrs. James S. Douglas, Peter Lawford were among guests who wished Mike Romanoff luck at opening of new Beverly Hills restaurant

INSIDE STUFF

disclosed that retakes and added scenes may be necessary . . . When Sylvia went on location with Clark Gable before the break-up, she wore leopardskin shorts which are now being copied by all the Hollywood glamour girls . . . Six-feetfour-and-a-half Howard Keel and six-feetthree Fred MacMurray can't close their dressing room doors on "Callaway Went Thataway" on account of because there isn't room enough to stretch out inside!

News, Good, Bad, Indifferent: Deborah Kerr's dated the stork again, which gives her two reasons for rejoicing. Now she won't have to make "Ivanhoe" in England and she will be able to get acquainted with that new home in Santa Monica... Viveca Lindfors is the proud possessor of her American citizenship papers... Audie Murphy exercising a new husband's prerogative by refusing to

allow his bride to accept film offers . . . Red (Money Bags) Skelton signing a new TV contract which ups his earnings to ten million dollars seven years from now . . Shirley Temple with an emergency appendectomy, convalescing in a Tulsa, Oklahoma, hospital . . . Wanda Hendrix deciding against a New York address. The rumored reason? Art Director Bob Boyle . . . The Tyrone Powers home in Hollywood again and happily awaiting the stork . . . Farley Granger and Shelley Winters allowing one week to go by without making front page copy—which proves it can happen here!

Love Match: The morning that local columns carried the story of the Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra break-up, Cal had a luncheon date with the luscious lady. "Do you mind if I bring along a very dear friend of mine?" was Ava's message. He turned out to be—Frank Sinatra! Uncertain though their future plans may be, to (Continued on page 19)



Also at Romanoff's: The Earl of Dalkeith, Princess Margaret's favorite escort, and his hostess Merle Oberon. The Earl escorted Ava Gardner to the Ribbon Ball

AVA GARDNER, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOW BOAT"



AVA GARDNER...Lustre-Creme presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star...so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed

lather, your hair shines... behaves... is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

During his stage tour with "Apple of His Eye," Edward Arnold attended a White House reception and President Truman asked him how it was going. Arnold reported fine except for a couple of nasty notices by two critics. Truman's eyes danced as he said: "Would you like me to write them a letter?"

Gig Young played a hectic love scene with Virginia Grey and then retired to his dressing-room. Before shutting the door he put up a sign which read: "Temporarily Out of Ardor."

Someone asked a Hollywoodsman now in TV just what he did. He replied, "I manipulate strings."

"Do you hold up Cyclone Malone or Howdy Doody?" he was asked.

"Neither," he replied. "I hold up Frank Sinatra."

Billy De Wolfe, explaining in "Lullaby of Broadway" why he's a butler: "I had a mad, impulsive desire to keep from starving."

Irene Ryan's switch on Dorothy Parker's famous words about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses: "Men always make passes at girls who drain glasses."

Walter O'Keefe, on Bing Crosby's operation: "I understand the doctor had to remove a clot from his wallet."

Overheard at Ciro's: "She was perfectly willing to live on his income but that didn't leave anything for him to live on."

Rudd Weatherwax, trainer of Lassie, explaining how he keeps his dog actors from being gun shy: "I bring them into the living-room and tune my TV set in on a Western. After a couple of sessions, they yawn at gunfire."

The RKO studio menu features a sixtycent special, "The Thing." It's a meat loaf.

Definition of the new 1951 bathing suits: The little bit that isn't bare.

Red Skelton says he saw a very unusual French movie—the boy and the girl were married.

Overheard at Mocambo: "They decided they were seeing too much of each other—so they got married."

Credit Jackie Coogan with: "The only thing wrong with some smart children is that they don't smart in the right place."

Ray Heindorf, the musical director, was rehearsing the studio orchestra when a cat meowed on the set. Ray tapped on his stand for silence and then deadpanned: "Would someone please take the cat down to the music department and have it tuned."



(Continued from page 16) watch these two together is to fully realize their deep devotion for each other. Following lunch we sat on the "Lone Star" set and watched Frankie boy's best beautiful girl being made love to by—Clark Gable! "Any suggestions?" called out the "King" to the crooner. "Just do it in one take!" was the kidding answer.

Set of the Month: The first lady of the theatre, who is making her first movie in eighteen years, was in jail. "I'm just visiting 'My Son, John,'" Helen Hayes called through the bars. "I'll visit with you as soon as they get this shot." We sat in the sun outside the sound stage, while she worked on a needlepoint reproduction of a castle she once visited in Ireland. "It helps me to relax if I keep my hands busy," said Helen. Then we talked about her exciting return to pictures, her treasured friendship with Joan Crawford, how she likes the old Tarzan movies on TV and the big impression she made on son Jamie, when she introduced him to Bob Hope. "I think I scared my friends when I arrived in Hollywood," she mused. "They thought I was here to stay. You see, I spend so much time in hotels, I travel with my favorite Renoir painting and a portrait of Mary (her daughter who was so tragically taken by polio) to remind me of home." Cal needed no reminder that great people like Helen Hayes always have the greatest simplicity when you meet them.

Wedding bells, phone bells: "Well, we did it and we wanted you to know before the news hit the papers." It was Tony Curtis, exuberant with happiness, shouting over long distance wire from New York. "Did what?" Cal asked. "Got married, of course," answered Tony, and Cal couldn't have been more surprised.

The wedding, Tony told us, took place at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Connecticut, with Jerry and Patti Lewis serving as best man and matron of honor. Tony and Janet had only a five-day honeymoon in New York. Then Tony had to continue his nation-wide tour with "The Prince Who Was a Thief." And Janet had to return to Hollywood to make "Just This Once." But Cal expects to toast the bride and groom personally when they're reunited at Malibu later this month.

Private Preview: Cal doesn't review pictures, but Producer Charles Feldman's special showing of "A Streetear Named Desire" compels us to share our experience. We sat there with the most starstudded audience in Hollywood history. In contrast, Marlon Brando's guests were his grandmother from Eagle Rock (near Los Angeles), his two great aunts and two cousins. The mighty Marlon (he's now making "Viva Zapata" at Twentieth) didn't bring Movita, the Mexican actress who dated Steve Cochran south of the border. Supposedly in the States to see Steve, she suddenly switched to the Brando brand of romance. Such grateful guests as Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and Olivia de Havilland were visibly shaken when the lights went on in the movie projection room. In their own words—"Streetcar is the most lustful, exciting picture of the year. The performances of Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando and Kim Hunter will tear you apart!"

Brief Cases: If Elizabeth Taylor is suffering from a stomach ulcer, as reported, it has to be a beautiful one!... Farley Granger, who likes to keep moving, moved into the Sunset Strip apartment owned and decorated by director



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more effective longer!

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Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant

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Evelyn Keyes, starring in "Smuggler's Island," a Universal-International Picture, calor by Technicalor



"Evelyn Keyes' hands get La Cross carë

says RUTH COLLINS Studia Manicurist Universal-International

"A flawless manicure is the only kind that will pass a close-up screen test. And it takes instruments of La Cross precision quality," says Miss Collins, "to give such a perfect manicure." That's why so many professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments. And that's why glamorous stars like Evelyn Keyes, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!



La Crass Triple-Cut File with Cleaner Point... finishes as it files...254. Others from 15¢

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America's Finest Manicure Instruments Since 1903

INSIDE STUFF



Valentina Cortesa, Richard Basehart, who met while making "The House on Telegraph Hill," above, now admit secret marriage in London

Mitch Leisen . . . Gordon MacRae, who Mitch Leisen . . . Gordon MacRae, who loves to give presents, would love to give his contract back to Warners . . . Lana Turner is hurt and should be, over those published pictures of her appearance on the "American Day" program in the Hollywood Bowl. Lovely Lana, who has never been more slender, was "framed" to look like Kate Smith's baby sister!

Song and Dance Man: Garbo doing a Charleston couldn't have surprised Cal Charleston couldn't have surprised Cal more. Literally exuding friendship and enthusiasm, George Sanders regaled us with his future plans. "I'm going to make my first musical at Twentieth. You see, when you reach my old age (he's in his early forties) you have to figure out how long you can last. Last year I tried out for the Pinza role in 'South Pacific.' Everyone was so pleased, I signed for fifteen months in London. Then I began thinking of the life I'd have to live and I fell apart! They kindly let me off the hook. When Hedda Hopper asked me to sing on her program, Hollywood producers got interested. Now I only have one problem. Should I become a singer who can act, or remain an actor who can sing?" Just keep on being this charming, we wanted to tell him. Of course—we didn't.

Rural Rookery: "Are there any movie stars living around here?" A weather-beaten car filled with tourists addressed a laborer who was building a fence in front of a ranch at Chatsworth. With hammers and saws clanging from the belt that held up his old dungarees, Fred Astaire walked over and leaned on the rickety fender. "Yep, there shore are," he said. "Just drive on one mile and turn to the right. You'll see a white house and if you're lucky, maybe you'll also see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz!"

Perennial Performer: In the midst of the most insecure, unproductive period in Hollywood, get a gander at Ray Milland's commitments. At Paramount he's signed SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP., NEWARK 3, NEW JERSEY | for one picture a year for seven years.

At Warners, where he's under contract for three pictures, they've already signed him to do an extra one. Ray still owes M-G-M two pictures on an old contract and now Twentieth wants to sign him! This kid is really asking for it.

Happy Ending: Cal's crystal ball was right! Richard Basehart was secretly married to Valentina Cortesa, when we said as much last month. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you the truth then," said our friend when we called to congratulate him. "But Val's eighty-year-old grandmother lives in Stresa, Italy, where she raised my wife. Because she is very sentimental, Val wanted to break the news in person. So she had to keep it a secret until she finished her London picture. We were married last March when I took a suspension and flew over to pop I took a suspension and flew over to pop the question." The happiness in Dick's voice was heartwarming to Cal, who happens to know the details of his devotion that preceded the loss of his first wife. The lonely guy met the famous Italian actress when they were cast in "The House on Telegraph Hill." Valentina, who had never seen her husband on the screen, asked Twentieth to run "They Walk by Night." "No thanks," Dick answered her invitation to see the picture with her, "I can't stand to watch the way I take you to dinner. myself, but may I take you to dinner first?" Something happened to the film first?" Something happened to the film that night, so they spent the entire evening becoming fast friends. And that's how their romance began. "Grandma's coming over with Val," Dick enthused. "We want her to be happy here, so I'm learning to speak Italian and I've hired an Italian housekeeper. We'll get a larger place when Val can pick it out. In the meantime, I'm having all the furniture re-covered and the garden filled with flowering plants. I can hardly wait—I'm so happy." Their plans for the future include the children that both want so much. "But first," laughed Dick, "I'l have to buy my wife a wedding ring. We got married on her lunch hour—so we had to use a prop!" "You'll see the difference a lovely figure makes!"

Mary Hatcher



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Brief Reviews

(A) ACE IN THE HOLE—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur, (May)

(F) ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan's life in flis blood-and-thunder epic. Ith Part Benedict In the May a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan's life in flis blood-and-thunder epic. Ith Part Benedict In the Internation of the Internation of

(F) LAST OUTPOST, THE—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin' it up. With Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming, (July)

V (F) LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount: Gay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise \$10,000 owed to Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwells the doll in Bob's life. Author Marilyn Maxwells the doll in Garling Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gere heir loads in a musical starring Doris Day and Gere heir loads in a musical back? Marilyn Ma

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also in ha



With Edgar Bergen somewhere around, everything from the trick dogs to the birthday cake talked back! Even Candy, who has become something of a ventriloquist herself, kept her small guests entertained by having her dolls talk to them Exclusive photographs by Hymie Find

When a lady reaches the advanced age of five
—there's nothing to do but celebrate. And even
the trained dogs barked their approval of the fun
at Candy Bergen's happy birthday party



When Candy, who had a crush on Dot Lamour's son Ridgely Howard, left, switched to Jim Stewart's stepson Ronnie, a crisis arose!

Party for



Thumper Spreckels calls on Mom Kay Williams for hel Left, Vickie Milland, Pamela (June Allyson) Powe



On a tricycle not for two: Juliet, Ronald Colman's daughter, and Liza Minnelli

Candy

• Everyone, including Photoplay's Hymie Fink, specially invited by Candy, needed road maps to find Edgar Bergen's hilltop house! But the fun was worth the search! And Ridgely Howard, who interrupted movies and dog acts with "When do we eat?" agreed Candy knew how to feed a feller!



A dog's day: Candy with Michael and Ronnie McLean, Gloria Stewart's sons



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popularity



On old man river: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel in third screen version of the Jerome Kern-Edna Ferber love story

VVV (F) Show Boat (M-G-M)

IG, beautiful, musically wonderful, "Show Boat" comes to the screen for the third time to establish itself as a beloved bit of American folklore, to be told and sung over and over.

However, the news of this version is Ava Gardner who, as Julie, literally runs away with the show. And her competition is really something in a cast highlighted with such names as Kathryn Grayson as Magnolia (and very excellent she is, too), Howard Keel as the handsome gambler, Gaylord Ravenal, Joe E. Brown as Captain Andy Hawks and Agnes Moorehead as Mrs. Hawks. For extra measure we are given the dancing Champions, Marge and Gower, who bring a young, vivacious freshness to the screen and William Warfield whose singing of "Ol' Man River" literally brings down the house. Robert Sterling plays Julie's husband who eventually deserts her. And Ava's singing of "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "My Bill" has a tender, appealing quality that reaches out and beyond the movie screen. And the duets between Miss Grayson and Keel are just as effective. In fact, everything about it—the drama, color and direction—make it a picture you won't want to miss.

Your Reviewer Says: A spectacular movie with great heart.

Program Notes: One of the sights to which M-G-M should really have run excursions was the life-size Cotton Blossom show boat erected on their back lot and designed to move under its own power propelled by a paddle wheel, 19½ feet in diameter and driven by two 225-horsepower airplane motors . . . Joe E. Brown cut short his Australian tour of "Harvey" to play Captain Andy . . William Warfield hurried home from an Australian concert tour to play Joe and prove himself one of the finest Negro bariones since Paul Robeson, who played Joe in the Broadway production . . . The Champions, who high-stepped from the floors of smart supper clubs to make their screen debut in "Show Boat," proved themselves actors as well as dancers and will stay on to make more movies . . . Kathryn Grayson realized a cherished ambition in the role of Magnolia and temporarily forgot her legal troubles with her estranged husband, Johnny Johnston.

SHADDW

VVOUTSTANDING
VVGOOD VFAIR



Story of a champ: Rise and fall of the great Indian athlete starring Burt Lancaster, Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Bickford

/// (F) Jim Thorpe—All American (Warners)

GRIPPING human interest story of the rise, the fall and the regeneration of one of the greatest American athletes, Jim Thorpe. And no one could have portrayed the stoic Indian to better advantage than Burt Lancaster in both the physical and emotional elements of the story. The thrilling athletic achievements that led Thorpe to be acclaimed by the King of Sweden as the greatest athlete in the world are skillfully interwoven into the human interest story of the man; as a student at Carlisle, his love for Margaret Miller, also a student there; of his fabulous accomplishments in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm and the sudden turn of events that stripped him of all honors. As his wife, Phyllis Thaxter is excellent, as are Charles Bickford as the famous coach "Pop" Warner and Steve Cochran, Dick Wesson and Jack Bighead as classmates.

Your Reviewer Says: A sports epic, made touchingly human.

Program Notes: Jim Thorpe, now sixty-two, working with the writers, insisted the darker phases of his life be honestly uncovered. Lancaster, his hair dyed black for the role, underwent strenuous physical training with Thorpe himself as one of his several coaches. Scenes centering around Carlisle, the famous Indian school no longer in existence, were shot in and around Bacone College, only college exclusively for Indians and situated near Muskogee, Oklahoma. Over 400 Indians were employed throughout the making of the film, many of whom had never donned a feather in their lives . . . Jack Bighead, a powerful lot of Indian of the Ute tribe, is a football hero at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Dick Wesson is non-Indian and comes to movies fresh from the carnival circuit . . . Steve Cochran had to find shelter in a motel while on his four weeks' location stay in Muskogee because the hotel that housed the rest of the cast refused to take in Steve's dog, Tschaikowsky.

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A—FOR ADULTS



Second chance: Football and a brunette come between Joan Bennett and Paul Douglas in comedy of marital errors

(A) The Guy Who Came Back (20th Century-Fox)

THIS guy who came back took a detour through every corn patch known to movies and still emerged a pretty good guy. This, we suspect, is mainly due to the ability of Paul Douglas to put over a character with the rugged

sincerity that seems a part of the man.

Briefly, the story has Paul a professional football star unable to adjust to the fact his hour of glory is over. Enters then the other woman, Linda Darnell, who persuades Douglas to try a night club act which flops dismally. Having separated from his wife, Joan Bennett, who is loved by Paul's best friend, Don DeFore, Douglas makes one last heroic effort to re-win his lost glory. Billy Gray plays his young son and Zero Mostel his friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Cut to standard pattern.

Program Notes: Paul Douglas had little trouble catching the feel of his role of a professional football star, having been one himself for the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets. Unlike his screen self, however, Paul quit the game before it quit him and became a radio sports announcer. During this picture, Douglas tore a cartilage loose from two ribs and went through most of the movie in considerable pain and yards of adhesive tape... Joan Bennett used her dressing-room as an office, carrying on the business of her own movie company, Diana Productious... Linda Darnell refused to go blonde for her role. Too many memories of Amber and those endless hours at the hairdressers'. The mink worn by Linda in the film was insured for \$25,000 which so stunned Linda she was afraid to sit down, stand up or even walk around in it... Zero Mostel began his career as a night club performer but was so good in "Pauic in the Streets" and "The Guy Who Came Back," he hopes to stay in Hollywood.



Bid for hearts: Bobby Driscoll, Bob Preston in saga of three generations and the problem two faced in their youth

VV 1/2 (F) When I Grow Up (U.A.)

F YOU have tears, prepare to shed 'em by the bucketful, for this is a real little heartwringer of a story. The premise—that of a boy who thinks he isn't wanted and then in adversity discovers the real depth of a parent's love—is sure fire and the performance of Bobby Driscoll as the boy adds to the tender poignancy of the tale. Bobby, in fact, plays two roles. He plays his grandfather as a lad in the flashback scenes and himself in the modern sequences. And of course Charley Grapewin as *Granpa* is the final straw that breaks the floodgates of the heart.

Robert Preston and Martha Scott play the first set of parents (and very good they are, too) and Henry Morgan and Ruth Lee the modern parents. Johnny McGovern is "Duckface" Kelly and Poodles Hanneford, one of the most famous clowns in the world, plays himself. Garson Kanin directed and what a fine job he turned out!

Your Reviewer Says: Fathers and mothers, see this and think upon it.

Program Notes: "Location—World Jungle Compound," When Bobby Driscoll and Johnny McGovern found this notice on their morning call sheet, they were two of the happiest kids in mories, for the Compound in Thousand Oaks, California, is the most complete private jungle in the world. Nine hundred and seventy-two animals of all kinds roam this jungle and 105 were used in the circus sequences. When it came to setting up the circus tent, the Compound furnished its own tent crew who can put up and take down the canvas like experts... Poodles Hanneford entertained the cast with tales of his real circus days and taught Bobby how to take a real "buster," meaning a fall that brings no injuries. Poodles made the picture while his circus was in winter quarters... Charley Grapewin celebrated his eighty-first birth day on the set and what a party they gave him... The ouly thing Bobby Driscoll didn't like about the film were the tight pants he wore in the "grandpa-boy" scene. How kids managed to keep from splitting out of those pants is a mystery to him.



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(Warners) (A) Strangers on a Train

ITCHCOCK, at his eerie, frightening, frenzied best, has all but outdone himself in a story of maniacal murder against a background of Championship Forest Hills tennis matches and the home of a dignified United States Senator. It is this ambiguity of setting, in fact, plus cleverly devised camera work, that startles the living wits out of a body. How scared can you get and still keep your hair on?

living wits out of a body. How scared can you get and still keep your hair on?

The performances of Farley Granger, the tennis champ, Robert Walker as the neurotic but genteel murderer, Ruth Roman as Granger's sweetheart, Patricia Hitchcock as her sister and Laura Elliott as Granger's evil young wife and the victim, all add up to more devastating suspense. The interspersing of the normal with the "awful," of tennis matches, for example, with out-of-control merry-go-rounds, of quiet home receptions with active murderous impulses, are enough to send customers out of the theatre with large economy-sized breakdowns.

Your Reviewer Says: Go away! I'm still shaking.

Program Notes: "Straugers on a Train" is a true example of the new traveling Hollywood with the cast and crew taking off to New York, Washington D.C., Chatsworth, California and Darien, Conn., for on-the-spot locales . . . Robert Walker, who wears glasses off screen, and Laura Elliott, who doesn't, had a heck of a time seeing their way around when the director required Walker to take off his glasses for the picture and Laura to don thick lens spectacles. Neither could see beyond their own noses half the time . . . Patricia Hitchcock, the director's daughter, is a graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and claims she got the job of the younger sister through an agent-influence had nothing to do with it . Tommy Farrell, Glenda's handsome son, plays one of Laura's escorts to the amusement park . . . As usual, Director Hitchcock spots himself in the picture. This time the director is glimpsed carrying a bull fiddle (same size, same shape as "Hitchy") on the train from which Granger alights, How Farley kept a straight face is beyond us.

(F) Comin' Round the Mountain (U-I)

JUST when a body thinks Abbott and Costello have exhausted every possible plot situation known to man, woman or billy-goat, up they pop in a hillbilly feud that certainly takes the cornmeal cake. And, oddly enough, it all begins in a New York night club when the celebrated Park Avenue hillbilly singer, Miss Dorothy Shay, in person, discovers Lou, an escape artist who couldn't escape his shadow, is actually a McCoy from the old Kentucky hills. So back they go, along with Bud Abbott, a theatrical agent, to find the secret hiding place of buried gold that only old Granny McCoy knows. A detour to a County Fair provides the surprise ending! Riot! Riot!

Kirby Grant plays the band leader and Miss Shay's romantic interest. Joe Sawyer, Glenn Strange, Ida Moore and Shay Cogan mess around the place for dear life.

Your Reviewer Says: Monkeyshines in them than hills.

Program Notes: Dorothy Shay was born in Jacksonville, Florida, and never even climbed to the top of a hill, let alone lived among them. The song "Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'" shot her into hillbilly fame... Little Shay Cogan, who gets a terrific crush on Lou in the film, was spotted by Bud and Lou on a Vaughn Monroe TV show and

signed for the part . . . The demand for realism on the set resulted in a ramshackle cabin collapsing in the middle of a scene with Bud and Lou trapped inside . . . Escape artist Erskine Arco was hired to teach Lou how not to escape his bonds. Lou said he couldn't anyway, so why bother.

VV (F) Fort Worth (Warners)

PIG grown-up men like David Brian hadn't oughta be so nasty minded as to inveigle an upstanding citizen like Randy Scott into publishing his newspaper in Fort Worth just so he, Brian, could use it for his own varminty purposes. Anyway, the ruckus, that thank heavens happened 'way back in 1876, gets awfully all fired hot, once it gets going, with cattle stampeding, a train getting itself held up, romance getting all messed up with the different flavors of shooting, killin', chasin', in fact with everything that goes to make up a roaring, tearing, howling Western. Pnyllis Thaxter is the good little girl, Helena Carter the naughty one, Ray Teal an ornery cuss if ever there was one.

Your Reviewer Says: Did nobody ever go to Sunday School in "them" days?

Program Notes: They came from everywhere but Texas. Randy Scott was bred in old Virginny, Phyllis Thaxter in Maine and both Miss Carter and David Brian are New Yorkers . . . Every Texan in the state of California tried at sometime or other during the shooting to visit the "Fort Worth" set on the Warner ranch. They all wanted to make sure their city and state got done right by . . . Phyllis Thaxter became the ideal mother of the neighborhood when she demonstrated her shooting ability with the Hopalong Cassidy pistol of her five-year-old daughter Susan. Susan brought in all the kids around to see Mommy shoot.

(U-I) Francis Goes to the Races

RANCIS the talking mule returns to the screen with his old Army buddy, Donald O'Connor, in tow and still talking for dear life. Unfortunately, what "Frannie" has to say this time is not nearly so clever as his former conversational piece but frankly, you can't blame that on this particular jackass. He didn't write the script, you know. Well, anyway, there are moments of fun and frolic in the story that get Francis and Donald into all sorts of mixups with race track touts, the police, a pretty girl such as Piper Laurie and her charming uncle, Cecil Kellaway. Donald O'Connor is clever in his role of the exarmy lad who loves his independent, take-life-as-it-comes mule friend. Jesse White is the track detective, Hayden Rorke and Barry Kelley the crooks.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun straight from the mule's mouth.

Program Notes: The beautiful Santa Anita racetrack was used for many of the scenes... Cecil Kellaway hopes he can play only with humans in his next film. He went straight from "Harvey," the story of a six-foot rabbit, to a talking mule and, after all, Cecil feels one can get terribly pixilated that way... Jesse White, who also played in both films, feels exactly the same way... O'Connor, who actually rode that horse for a track sequence, knew nothing about riding and after that experience doesn't want to, either... The voice of Francis is supplied by actor Chill Wills.

√½ (F) Fighting Coast Guard (Republic)

ACQUAINTING civilians with knowledge of how each branch of the service operates is a fine thing and while the personal

side of this story is overly stressed and a bit too long, the work and purpose of our Coast Guard is clearly set forth. The action shots, effectively achieved, are also on the prolonged side but the work of each cast member stands out like a beacon. Richard Jaeckel, an assured actor these

Richard Jaeckel, an assured actor these days, Brian Donlevy, always tops in performance, Forrest Tucker, Ella Raines, John Russell and William Murphy are performers who know how to carry along a story to its ultimate goal and in this instance, they do.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine tribute to a fine service branch.

Program Notes: Story action carried the "Coast Guard" actors from the huge amphibious bases at Coronado and San Diego, California, to the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut. While none of the participants was in this branch of the service, each had seen action in other fields. In World War I, Brian Donlevy was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille in France. In World War II, Tucker was an army lieutenant; Russell, for two and a half years was a Marine, Jaeckel a Merchant Marine and Murphy was with the Navy. Miss Raines claims she did her stint, too, not only as a camp entertainer but by following her husband, Lt. Col. Robin Olds, an Army flyer, to his various stations . . While visiting Republic Studios where certain scenes for the film were being shot, four young Navy recruits became so frustrated they almost went AWOL. Wondersing how and why so many Navy officers were constantly popping up, and with their saluting arm ready to drop off, the lads suddenly recognized the Commander they had just saluted as Brian Donlevy when he said, "Okay, men. As you were." It was then the young recruits discovered they'd been saluting extras and character actors all day.

VV (F) Excuse My Dust (M-G-M)

NOT nearly broad nor slapsticky enough for the wonderful pantomimist ability of Red Skelton. However, as the small-town inventor who manages to perfect a horseless carriage (this is back in Grandma's days, kiddies), the story has its moments, especially in the gas-buggy race. Its tunes are pretty and catchy but, hang it all, we want more than that from funny-man Skelton. There's a surprise ballet scene with Sally Forrest, cleverly executed through the wolfish imaginings of Macdonald Carey, the small-town college hot shot, and some cute little Parisian malapropisms uttered by Monica Lewis who also sings a mean song, "Lorelei Brown." There's even a romantic duet between Red and Miss Forrest but for all that if you find you just can't get up the steam to take it in, don't fret. A better Skelton film is bound to come along.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, it's relaxing.

Best Pictures of the Month

Show Boat

Jim Thorpe—All American Strangers on a Train

Best Performances of the Month

Ava Gardner in "Show Boat"

Burt Lancaster in "Jim Thorpe—All American"

Farley Granger in "Strangers on a Train" Robert Walker in "Strangers on a Train"

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postage	ond h	ondl	ing.				

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Offer expires in 60 days.

Program Notes: The attempts of Red Skelton and Macdonald Carey to drive those early horseless carriages had everyone on the M-G-M back lot in stitches. Neither Red nor Mac thought it too funny after the first dozen breakdowns-their own as well as the cars'. In the burning barn scene Red singed his russet hair into a fringe of toasty brown that on him somehow looked good . . . Sally Forrest surprised everyone on the set with her dancing ability, but Sally was originally signed as a dancer and spent her early days at the studio training other dancers in M-G-M musicals . . . Macdonald Carey sings for the first time on the screen—his first vocal effort since Broadway's "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence . . . Red practised his "Spring Has Sprung song around the house until Mrs. Skelton finally drove him to the seclusion of his den. It didn't work. Red sprung spring louder than ever . . . Monica Lewis stepped from the floor of a Hollywood supper clab into the singing vamp role.

√½ (A) The Long Dark Hall (U. A.)

REX HARRISON and Lilli Palmer—names of theatrical import—lift an all too familiar story into the something special class. Their quiet underplaying and complete sureness capture the imagination and hold fast the interest albeit there are moments when the story wanders too darned far down that long dark hall.

The English filmed movie has Harrison, a staid, average sort of married man with two children, becoming involved in a "mad thing" with a show girl who gets herself murdered. All evidence points to Harrison, who is tried, found guilty and, at the last moment, reprieved. Anthony Dawson plays the maniacal killer and Patricia Wayne the show girl.

Your Reviewer Soys: Stranger things have happened.

Program Notes: It has been five years since Rex and his wife, Lilli Palmer, appeared together in a film, "The Notorious Gentleman," but this season on Broadway the pair have co-starred in the successful play, "Bell, Book and Candle." Anthony Bushell, who plays Harrison's defense attorney, also acted as co-director, leaping from behind camera to in front with complete ease... Handsome Anthony Dawson almost missed the role of the mad killer for being too handsome. When approval finally came through at the early screech of dawn, Dawson, forgetful of the hour, enthusiastically telephoned his friends. "I'm the maniac," he shouted. "You must be," they agreed, which left Dawson slightly puzzled.

(F) As Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)

YOU can't keep a good man down or fire him from his job, either. Not if that man is Monty Woolley romping around in a light-hearted little skit such as this. In fact there are no lengths to which Monty does not go to get back the job from which he was retired at sixty-five, even—with the aid of dyed beard and locks—to impersonating the president of a large steel company. He cuts quite a few didos with his boss's wife, as well.

Far fetched it is indeed, but for all that it's a homey, amusing, chuckle-laden story, that will delight. For good measure it has Thelma Ritter playing Monty's daughter-in-law, Alan Joslyn as his son, Jean Peters as his granddaughter with David Wayne her suitor. Constance Bennett plays the frustrated wife of boss Albert Dekker. And, oh, yes (or should it be oh, wow!) that blonde secretary is Marilyn Monroe who must spend all her

time looking at Lana Turner movies, she has so many of her mannerisms.

Your Reviewer Soys: Cute as an old bug's

Program Notes: The first day of shooting, Woolley received a telegram from his Yale classmate. Cole Porter. It said: "Remem. ber my prophecy of college days. You'll never be a success as long as you wear a beard." Incidentally, if Monty fulfilled all the requests received for a snip of his beard, he'd be smoother faced than a baby . . . Thelma Ritter of "All About Eve" and "The Mating Season" goes from one movie to another so rapidly she has little time to visit her New York home and husband, Joseph Moran, an advertising executive . . . David Moran, an advertising executive between his Wayne made just one movie between his Broadway hits, "Finian's Rainbow" and "Mr. Roberts," and has been on a constant movie binge ever since . . . From her home in Weisbaden, Germany, where her husband, Lt. Col. John Coulter is stationed, Constance Bennett made her eighth Atlantic crossing in two years to play in this. Miss Bennett has organized her own film company in Weisbaden and will make films from there for the next year or two ... The editor of "Stars and Stripes" recently acclaimed blonde Marilyn Monroe "Miss Cheesecake of 1951" and Miss Monroe claims she's received hundreds of proposals from service-men since that great "cheesecake" day. But she isn't accepting any. Career, you know.

√½ (F) Best of the Bad Men (RKO)

THEY rounded 'em all up, the four notorious Younger brothers, the two James boys, Jesse and Frank, and with a couple of other mean hombres, launched the outlaws on still another shootin', robbin', killin' spree. This time the boys ride under the command of Robert Ryan, an ex-Army major fleeing an unfair murder charge and seeking to avenge himself. The man Ryan is out to destroy is Robert Preston, one of the money-and-power-grabbing vultures who infested our country after the Civil War. The woman Ryan loves, to complicate matters, is Claire Trevor, Preston's wife. Finding himself wading deeper into outlawry than he figured, Ryan eventually extricates himself and Claire but not before tarnation itself cuts loose and darn near blows up everyone in the Old West. Bruce Cabot, Bob Wilke, John Cliff and Jack Buetel play the Younger boys and Lawrence Tierney and Tom Tyler the James lads. Walter Brennan is excellent as Doc Butcher, a combination veterinarian, horse thief and outlaw.

Your Reviewer Soys: Famous bad men come in bunches in this one.

Program Notes: Although the story action centers around the Kansas-Missouri border and a strip of land between Oklahoma and Texas, known then as "Badman's Territory, the actual shooting took place in Kanab, Utah, which boasts some of the most spectacular mountain and desert scenery in America . . . Claire Trevor took to location like a homing pigeon, working in heat, dust and all the discomforts of a desert location with uncomplaining good will, winning the admiration of the heartier male actors . . Jack Buetel, the former Billy the Kid, makes his first movie in ten years with four years in the Navy in between . . . Ryan was anxious to tackle the rugged, outdoor role but after headlong falls from his horse, roughand-tumble brawls and the hazards of stagecoach driving, he limped home a chastened and badly bruised man. Walter Brennan was particularly happy with his role and for a unique reason: He was allowed to keep his teeth in throughout the entire film.

Casts of Current Pictures

AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—20th Century-Fox: John Hodges, Monty Woolley; Della Hodges, Thelma Ritter; Joe, David Wayne; Alice Hodges, Jean Peters; Lucille McKinley, Constance Bennett; Harriet, Marilyn Monroe; George Hodges, Allyn Joslyn; Lonis McKinley, Albert Dekker; Frank Erickson, Clinton Sundberg, Cleveland, Minor Watson; Conductor, Ludwig Stossel; Harpist, Renie Riano; Gallagher, Wally Brown; Willie, Rusty Tamblyn.
BEST OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: Jeff Clonton, Robert Ryan; Lily Fowler, Claire Trevor; Bob Younger, Jack Buetel; Matthew Fowler, Robert Preston; Doc Butcher, Walter Brennan; Joad, Barton MacLane; Cole Younger, Bruce Cabot; Jim Younger, Bob Wilke; John Younger, John Cliff; Jesse James, Lawrence Tierney; Frank James, Tom Tyler; Curley Ringo, John Areher.
COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—U-I: Al Stewart, Bud Abbott; Wilbert, Lou Costello; Dorothy McCoy, Dorothy Shay; Clark Winfield, Kirby Grant; Kolem McCoy, Joe Sawyer; Devil Don Winfield, Glenn Strange; Granny McCoy, Ida Moore; Clora McCoy, Shay Cogan; Uncle Clem McCoy, Guy Wilkerson; Luke McCoy, Bob Easton; Jasper Winfield, Slats Taylor; Aunt Huddy, Marg Hamilton; Indge, Russell Simpson.
EXCUSE MY DUST—M-G-M: Joel Belden, Red Skelton; Liz Bullitt, Sally Forrest; Cyrus Random Jr., Macdonald Carey; Harvey Bullitt, William Demarest; Daisy Lou Shultzer, Monica Lewis; Mayor Fred Hashell, Raymond Walburn; Mo Belden, Jane Darwell.

Fred Haskell, Raymond Walburn; Mo Belden, Jane Darwell.

FIGHTING COAST GUARD—Republie: Commander McForlond, Brian Donlevy; Bill Rourk, Forrest Tueker; Louise Ryan, Ella Raines; Barney Walker, John Russell; Tony Jessup, Richard lackel; Sandy Jessup, William Murphy; Al Prescott, Martin Milmer; Red Toou, Steve Brodie; Tom Peterson, Hugh O'Brian; Admiral Ryon, Tom Powers; Coast Guardsman, Jaek Pennick; Desk Clerk, Olin Howlin; Captoin Adair, Damian O'Flynn; Navy Captain, Morris Ankrum; Commander Rogers, James Flavin; Capt. Gibbs, Roy Roberts; Muriel, Sandra Spenee; Crivilian Wiestler, Eric Pedersen.

FORT WORTH—Warners: Ned Britt, Randolph Scott; Blair Lunisford, David Brian: Flora Talbot, Phyllis Thaxter; Amy Brooks, Helena Carter; Luther Wick, Dick Jones; Gabe Clevenger, Ray Tea; Mort, Lawrence Tolan; Catro, Paul Picerni; Ben Gavin, Emerson Treacy; "Shorty," Bob Steele: Woller, Walter Sande; In Sherif, Chubby Johnson.

FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACE—U-U. Peter Stiving, Donald O Connor; Miss Frances Travers, Piper Laurie; Col. Travers, Cecil Kellaway; Frank Domer, Jesse White; Harrington, Vaughn Taylor; Mallory, Barry Kelley; Rogers, Hayden Rorke; Francis The Talking Mule.

GUY WHO CAME BACK, THE—20th Century-Fox: Horry Joplin, Paul Douglas; Kathy, Joan Benett; Dee, Linda Darnell; Gordon Towne, Don DeFore; Willy, Billy Gray; Boots Mullins, Zero Mostej; Joe Demarcus, Edmon Ryan; Grandma, Ruth McDevitt; O'Mora, Walter Burke; Wizard, Henry Kulky; Station Master, Dick Ryan; Postmaster, Robert B. Williams; Tom, Ted Pearson; Coptain of Waiters, Mack Williams; Tom, Ted Pearson; Coptain of Waiters, Mack Gray.

Jim Thorpe Jr., Jimuny Moss.

Jim Thorpe Jr., Jimuny Moss.

Jim Thorpe Jr., Jimuny Moss.

LONG DARK HALL, THE — U.A.: Arthur Groome, Edit Barry; Mory's Mother, Dora Sevening; Marv's Father, Porals Sink Margeon, Jirk Bean, Jirky Hawash, Jirker, Ronald Simpson; Chief Inspector Sullvan, Raymond Huntley; Sergeant Gerkon, William Squires; Superintendent Maxey, Ballard Berkeley, The Man, Anthony Dawson, Sir Charles Moorton, De

Are you in the know?



If you and your pal are smitten by the same Sigh Man, should you -

Dote him

Bow out nobly

Suggest o double date

Let's say you and your best pal are vacationing at a Dude Ranch. Gals meet cowboyand you're both "gone" dogies! If you are the one he favors, why bow out? Suggest a double date; your femme friend may have a pleasant change of heart. Whatever the plans, you needn't cower in a corner just because it's that time. Come slacks, jeans or datin' duds, no one will know, with Kotex -for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines-shore 'nuff! And that special safety center gives extra protection.



With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?

A stole

A rozor Long gloves

Daintiness-and sleeveless frocks-call for

underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Promotes poise. Self-assurance at calendar time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 absorbencies to choose from (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3 you'll learn which one's exactly right for you.



When hickeys heckle you, what helps?

☐ Chonge your mokeup

Court "old Sol"

Shun the sun

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hickeys! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to calamine: a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal breakouts. Fine for problem day blemishes, too. Kotex helps keep you confident, at ease; because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; has softness that holds its shape.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Have you tried Delsey*? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

HOLLYWOOD APPLAUDS

photoplay's scholarship contest



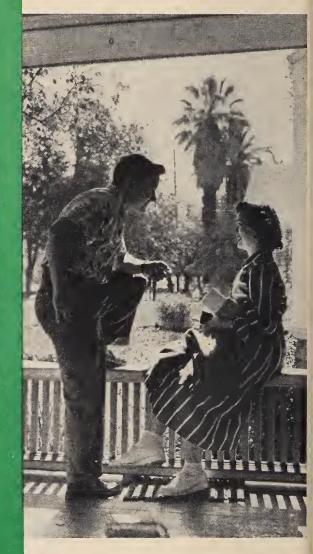
Students relax in the afternoon sun between classes. Many work their way through school—anything to help pay for tuition and board and earn right to appear in school plays Smith and Ornitz

To understand the students' love for the Playhouse and their enthusiasm, one only has to walk across the campus or watch a rehearsal.

Right, students Stephen Terrell,

Patti Ritter on porch of girls' dorm

Smith and Ornite



The response to the Photoplay Scholarship Contest has been overwhelming—with many writing to tell us of their dreams and plans for an acting career.

Because this contest is a new idea to the acting profession and presented many problems, we limited it to women. The many letters of protest we received from men has decided us, however, to reconsider this point for next year's contest.

If anyone could be more enthusiastic about this scholarship than our contestants, it is those who have studied at the Pasadena Playhouse in the past. Such Playhouse students as Eleanor Parker, Dana Andrews, Robert Preston, Randolph Scott, Robert Young and others say: "My training there was invaluable . . . I feel immeasurable gratitude to the Playhouse for what it did for me . . . I only regret that I didn't spend more time studying there."

To understand this love for the Playhouse and the profession it represents, you have only to walk across the Pasadena campus or watch a rehearsal. The intensity with which these student-actors approach their work puts this school in a class all its own.

Robert Young, who was discovered there, calls this the spirit that makes-or breaksan actor, "When I was just another unknown," Bob says, "I was given a book called, 'How to Be an Actor.' It wasn't much more interesting than the title but it made one point worth remembering. prime requisite of an actor is enthusiasm." And then, Bob went on, "To my surprise, it said nothing about height or weight or good looks or anything else, but a willingness to accept disappointments and an eagerness to go on."

If enthusiasm alone could make an actor, the Playhouse students should all make the high (Continued on page 79)

Famous stars who graduated from Pasadena Playhouse tell of the exciting course that lies ahead for Photoplay's contest winner

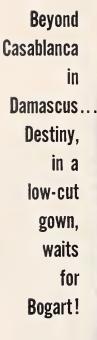


A talent scout saw him in a Playhouse play and young Bill Holden, above, was launched on a brilliant career

Eleanor Parker, leaving Cleveland for Hollywood. She was still studying when a talent scout spotted her in a Playhouse audience

Says Robert Young, "My only regret is that I didn't spend more time at Pasadena Playhouse." Below, soon after being graduated







THE SUN GOES DOWN!"



... New star Marta Toren is terrific in his arms!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

HUMPHREY

EVERETT SLOANE · GERALD MOHR · ZERO MOSTEL Screen Play by A. I. BEZZERIOES and HANS JACOBY - Based upon the novel, "Coup de Grace", by Joseph Kessel - A SANTANA PRODUCTION Produced by ROBERT LORD - Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT

no sad songs ed at for Judy

BY BUDDY PEPPER

THE night Judy Garland opened at the Palladium both of us sat in our dressing-rooms, scared to death. She was aware of how much this night meant. She knew there were people positive she wouldn't make it. Just as there were others hoping and crossing fingers for her success—all those people who had greeted her with placards at the stage door, all those people who had sent cables, friends like Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye and, literally, hundreds of others.

I wondered, waiting to hear our standby call, why I had come. . .

I remembered the telephone call I'd received one afternoon back in Beverly Hills from an old friend of Judy's and mine who had heard me say I hoped to get to Europe this summer. "So, would you like to go abroad to work with Judy?" this friend had asked. Without a moment's hesitation, I had answered with a very loud yes.

Then I had begun to have doubts. People said Judy was unpredictable, undependable, ill, temperamental. I hadn't seen her for some time but we'd known each other for a long stretch. . .

She was the only star I'd ever written a fan letter to. We'd attended a school that specialized in educating theater kids. After that we'd had a quick three- or four-week hand-holding romance, teen-age style. And when that blew up—a tremendous tragedy to me—we remained good friends.

I'd watched (Continued on page 80)

When London raved, Judy grinned. "Not bad for a kid from Lancaster, California, hmm?"



The old heartaches were forgotten when Judy

Garland faced that London audience—and found her old bright magic

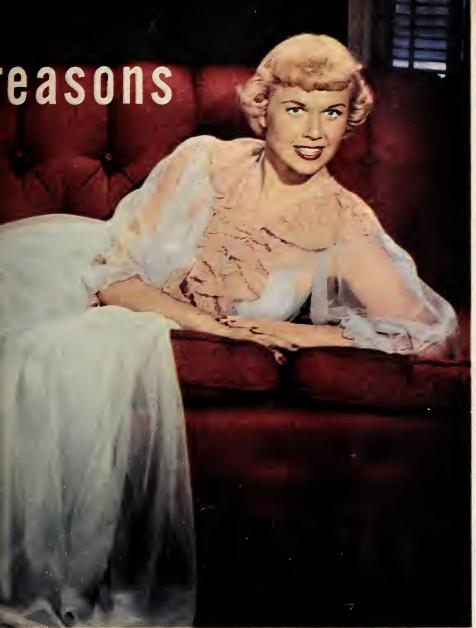




For her ideal trousseau, Doris chose Juel Parks's lovely negligee in chiffon, with ecru lace.



With men's shirting blouse, corduroy sports skirt, Doris wears jaunty polka dot scarf tucked in belt



Robe ties in soft bow at front. Beneath it is matching nightgown in blue satin. Doris finished "On Moonlight Bay" in time to be married on her birthday

"I married a beautiful package," Marty said. And Doris Day's mother knew he meant all the happy things she, too, loves in her daughter

couldn't have ordered a more wonderful life for my daughter Doris; especially now that she is, among other happy things, Mrs. Marty Melcher. Like other mothers, I've always thought myself very quick to know about any emotion my child might be experiencing. But I wasn't, it seems, too bright about Marty.

It was our old family friend Dr. Giles De Courcy who opened my eyes. Dr. De Courcy, who tended Doris through whooping cough and other childhood diseases, was visiting us one evening when Marty dropped in with some papers for Doris to sign.

Doris introduced the doctor to him before they went on into the den for their business discussion. "Cardiac condition there," the doctor said almost before they were out of earshot. "And he's the kind of man she should marry." (Continued on page 76)



For morning strolls, a Claire Mc-Cardell cotton with black suede tie

For tea and cocktails, Angovar's jacket dress with eyelet embroidery



I know the truth about

LIZ AS A BACHELOR GIRL

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Liz shares apartment with Peggy Rutledge, who acts as companion and secretary. Girls cook breakfast—the only meal they have at home



She always has had someone to pick up after her. Now Liz has to learn to take care of herself. Liz appears next in M-G-M's "Love Is Better Than Ever"





"Right now I'm on a strictly no-spending campaign," she says. "For the first time I know the value of money—and realize I haven't got much"



ELIZABETH TAYLOR had been a bachelor girl only a little while when I dropped by her new apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. I was her first guest. It was Sunday morning, she was wearing an exquisite negligee left over from her trousseau, and feeling mighty low. A touch of virus, she said.

"How do you like being a bachelor girl?" I asked.

"I don't know," Elizabeth replied.
"I haven't gotten used to it yet. But
I thought if I ever was to stand on
my two feet, this was the time to
do it."

"The main thing is—are you happy?".

"Yes," said Elizabeth quickly and defiantly.

"This is your Aunt Hedda asking," I reminded her.

"Well," she backtracked in a sad little voice, "I am happy. But I am not nineteen happy, Hedda."

I've known Elizabeth ever since she was a beautiful child of six and her movie-minded mother brought her to my (Continued on page 83) Liz is standing on her own two feet, in a second-story-rear apartment. And because of what Hedda learned in this new home, she doesn't blame Liz for not going back to mother



"This bachelor apartment is my first move in getting reorganized." Liz doesn't want to live on an emotional plane any longer-it's been too hysterical. She knew a month after marriage she'd made a dreadful mistake

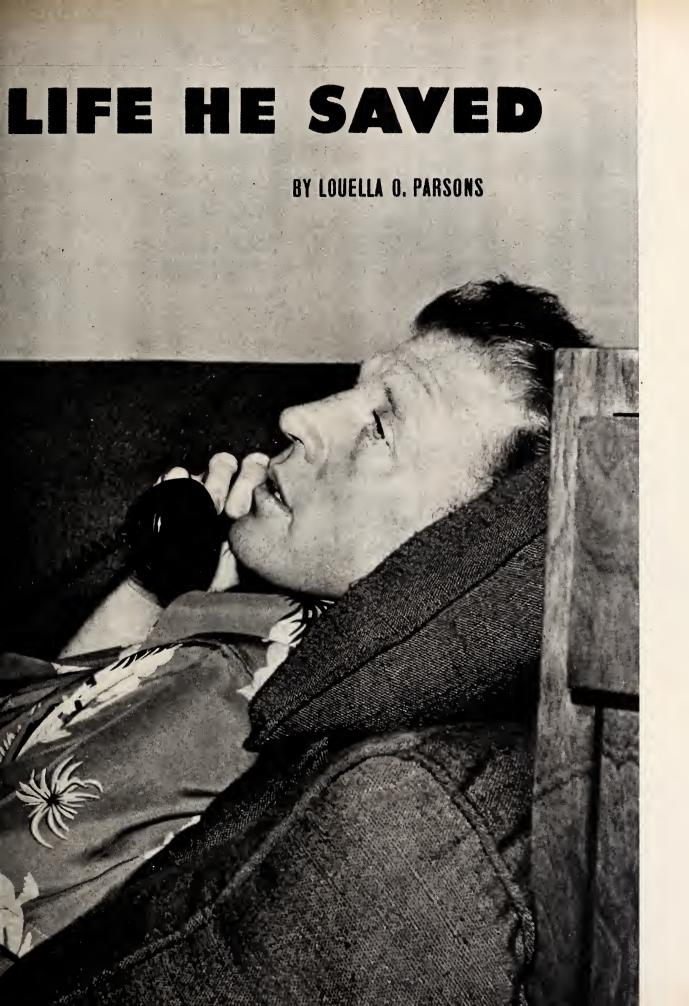
Hollywood raised its
eyebrows when Dan
Dailey disappeared.
Only now can the true
story be told

SELDOM if ever have I written a story I consider as important as that which I have just heard from Dan Dailey. It is a story sure to help, and perhaps save, many people faced with the same experience Dan has just weathered—a nervous breakdown.

"Why are so many people afraid or ashamed to admit they need psychiatric help?" Dan, the young crusader, asked me. "A man is not ashamed of having pneumonia or some other physical illness. The mind, particularly in these restless and unsettled times, can become as ill as the body.

"Louella, I tell you in all sincerity that the four months I spent in the Menninger Clinic are the most important in my life. I want to talk about it. (Continued on page 81)

His own man: Dan
Dailey appears next
in "Mabel and Me"



He fills their apartment with time-savers she doesn't know how to work



—but to



Pamela Murphy they mean "I Love You"

forever, Audie

By Pamela Murphy

 $m M_{RS.}$ audie murphy. . .

I can hardly believe it. Even now.

"Think I'll marry up with you," Audie used to say in his teasing Western vernacular when we first began dating. But I didn't believe this would ever happen. Not even when, in conversation, he was saying, "We'll do this—" or "We'll have that—" and he didn't seem to be kidding any more.

I was so surprised when Audie gave me my engagement ring. He had called and said he was flying back to Dallas and I'd met his early morning plane. We'd driven out to the house I shared with five other hostesses for Braniff Airways and I'd cooked breakfast for him. Then he'd said suddenly, "Close your eyes. I have something for you." And he'd put the ring on my engagement finger. I just stood there laughing and crying. "But it's so expensive! You didn't have to buy me a diamond," I said. "Expensive?" said Audie. "It's downright economy. With all this transcontinental commuting I've been doing between California and Texas, it's cheaper to get married. A wedding license only costs two dollars," he added teasingly.

You've read in Photoplay how we met, how in 1947 a pilot who knew how much I admired Audie had promised to introduce me to him at a big square dance at Ray Woods's dude ranch. And how, by the (Continued on page 86)

Audie and Pamela spent brief honeymoon at friend Ray Woods's Dallas ranch. Above, with Rusty Woods. Below, with Ray at Audie Murphy Arena

Photographs by Sterling Smith









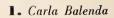








Be a Talent Scout!



2. Robert Sherwood

3. Anne Francis

4. Mitzi Gaynor

5. Alex Nicol

6. Janice Rule

7. Robert Wagner

8. Monica Lewis

9. Anthony Dexter







10. Charlton Heston

I . Barbara Rush

12. Bill Campbell

13. Pier Angeli 14. Peter Hanson

Support your favorites!

All are talented but not all will succeed.

Boost your favorites with your votes

choose your star

T'S that glittering, exciting time again. It's that time when you will choose from more than one hundred newcomers currently in Hollywood, those whom you will help to make the stars of tomorrow.

You readers of Photoplay have hit a remarkable average in picking personalities. In this poll which began in 1948 and has run since then every year, you've picked better than 45 per cent of those who have hit the really big time. No casting director in all Hollywood ever has equaled this record.

Last year, for example, five of your chosen eleven males—there was



12







19. Julia Adams 20. Brett King 21. Maria Elena Marques 22. Aldo Da Re 23. Polly Bergen 24. Martin Milner

25. Anna Maria Alberghetti 26. Bruce Cowling 27. Aileen Stanley Jr. 28. Susan Cabot 29. Richard Stapley 30. Joyce Holden 31. Jeffrey Hunter

choose your star







40. Robert Clarke
41. Gianna Canale
42. Philip Carey

a tie for tenth place—have become mightily important. They are, Howard Keel, your winner, plus Anthony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Marlon Brando, listed in the order of your original interest in them. Your other six pets (again in your preferred order), Craig Hill, Keefe Brasselle, David Wayne, Rock Hudson, Robert Patton and Ben Johnson, may yet score vividly.

The girls? Well, your last year's choice, Judy Holliday, worked out well with the general public and won the Academy Award. Your top favorite, Sally Forrest, has had an active year. She has appeared in "Vengeance Valley," "Excuse My Dust" and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." Peggy Dow,









47. Eugene Iglesias 48. Grace Kelly 49. Scott Forbes 50. Constance Smith 51. Bill Andrews 52. Patricia Wymore 53. Dewey Martin 54. Pat Hitchcock 55. Richard Egan

56. Mario Cabre 57. Diana Douglas 58. Adam Williams 59. Peggie Castle







60. Richard Anderson 61. Phyllis Avery 62. Michael Rennie 63. Margaret Sheridan 64. Kenneth Tobey



choose your star

Piper Laurie and Nancy Olson, to whom you also gave the nod, have done extraordinarily well, too.

Your other dreamboats, Mercedes McCambridge, Nancy Davis, Jean Hagen, Barbara Bates and Micheline Prelle, didn't get the best chances. Yet they all have advanced, insofar as casting would let them—proving plainly that you readers do definitely recognize talent.

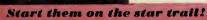
Thus, this midsummer of 1951, cast your bright eyes over the new supertroupers added to Hollywood's contract lists. To be alphabetical about it, we start with Columbia, warmly cordial to newcomers since Bill Holden and John Derek. Columbia is giving the works to three special dazzlers (Anthony Dexter, Aldo Da Re, Jody Lawrance), plus keeping a watching eye on your reaction of four others.

Anthony Dexter: His first picture "Valentino" is not exactly a riot, but hot enough. His next will be "Brigande" in which he'll be himself.

Aldo Da Re (pronounced Ray): He's blond, rugged, a football hero from Northern California, unmarried, twenty-two, of Italian ancestry. Debut, "Saturday's Hero."

Jody Lawrance: As unconventional in appearance as Lauren Bacall, she has the figure, the fire of distinction. First, "Mask of the Avenger." Next, "The Family Secret." Burt Lancaster, after one meeting, cast her as his leading lady in "Ten Tall Men."

Peter Thompson: Tall, dark, handsome, also a fugitive from M-G-M. With the right casting, Pete can make it. Current, (Continued on page 72)





You've read the story

You've seen them on the screen

what is your verdict?

Vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom and mail it to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I choose:	actor	actress
пате		age

address





Above, with daughters Rebecca, Princess Yasmin. Aly demands the little princess spend specific periods of time with him after she is seven years old Valeska

the rincess abdicates

Rita, with Jackson Leighter who accompanied her on motor trip to Lake Tahoe, Nev. He was formerly Orson Welles's manager—is now Rita's adviser







With former husband Orson Welles, Rita lived the kind of Bohemian existence she still prefers

The formality, idleness and intrigue of her life as Princess palled on Rita much sooner than she was willing to admit

WHEN Rita Hayworth came home this spring the reporters had a wonderful time writing about her British accent and her wish for a "hawt dawg"—otherwise, a good old American frankfurter.

Actually, it was natural Rita should have had a British accent—which soon disappeared, incidentally. For two years she has been surrounded by those, including her husband, who speak in such clipped British tones. Many who visit London only briefly come home sounding slightly Oxfordian.

It was natural, too, that Rita should be hungry for a hot dog. Our appetites grow on what they feed on and Rita, all her life, has eaten hot dogs and chili and—when she could afford it—roast beef with potatoes browned in the pan and rice pudding or chocolate cake. As Princess Margarita Khan, the fare—of every phase of her life—has been more lavish, but also, to her, less satisfying.

Rita, by upbringing and inclination, was less equipped than anyone I know to adjust to or enjoy her fabulous life with Aly Khan. Let it be said in her favor that I found her at all times simple and modest. And sometimes, too, I found her most inadequate to the demands of her position. I believe the idleness of her life, as well as the formality and protocol, palled upon her much sooner than she was willing to admit, even to herself. For in Rita there is not an ounce of the gold digger or the social climber.

She asked for that life, true. Within the same hour I introduced her to Prince Aly Khan it was evident that she was utterly dazzled by him. Understandably! Aly has a great flair for living. He has an unbelievable energy. He dances divinely. (Continued on page 88)

Elsa brought Rita and Aly together, remained

close to them during the two years that followed.

And always knew it must end this way

their Love is



The ring that started the rumors. Shelley thought it was for the script girl!
Farley and Shelley star in "Behave Yourself"

like this ...

BY IDA ZEITLIN





What doughnuts do for Shelley, sports shirts do for Farley—soothe jangled nerves. When he's disturbed about something he goes out and buys another

Prepare yourself for something
different! With
Farley Granger
and Shelley
Winters, love is a
very funny thing

SHELLEY, looking harassed but as if she liked it, bounced into Farley's dressing-room on the set of "Behave Yourself." "What'll I say?" she wailed.

Farley looked amused. "How's about keeping your rosebud mouth buttoned?"

The papers had just blossomed with engagement stories. Not maybe, or it looks like, or you never can tell, but positively Shelley and Farley were engaged, he'd given her the ring, they planned to honeymoon in Europe, hail the bridegroom, hail the bride, and don't forget who scooped whom when the credits go 'round.

Of all the calls clogging RKO's switchboard, only a few leaked through to the principals. Farley took his and remained unperturbed. Shelley's boiling point is lower. "What'll I say?" she cried in mock despair.

"Read a good book," advised her alleged fiance, (Continued on page 90)





Debra Paget of "Anne of the Indies." When asked why she wants to be another Betty Grable when she could be another



Her mother buys all her clothes. Debra bought herself a dress once, decided Mama's taste was better

Debra Paget's mother, an exvaudevillian, is bringing up her family of five to be movie stars. The fact that Debra made it first gives her no privileges. Debra's career began really when, at the age of eleven, she took to preening before a mirror. "All right," said her mother, "let's go to work!" And to Debra as well as to her brother and sisters, Mom's word is law. Even Pop, a painter at the Santa Fe Railroad Hospital, says Mother knows best—about bringing up her talented family.

movie star



The modest rented home in Los Angeles where Debra (real name is Debralee Griffin) lives with family



Even baby sister Meg has had screen test! Lezlie Gae, right, looks like Deb, goes to studio school



Debra and brother Frank, who's married now, have always been close. He plays in Western pictures



Olivia de Havilland, Debra replied, "I want to be both!"

But that doesn't get her out of washing
dishes! For in Debra Paget's home, she's just one
of a talented brood Mama is boosting to success

Married sister Teala does free-lance work in movies, still finds time to coach younger sister Debra



a cameo framed in pearls . . . a deer startled by a hunter's

call . . . a Victorian with bells on her toes

gordon macrae College letters on an old sweater . . .

friendliness without fear . . . the tang of a crisp apple . . .

harmony in tweeds . . . Romeo beneath a penthouse balcony

Photograph by Dirone: Gordon is in "On Moonlight Bay"



Call her beautiful
Call her dumb and



and you're so right.

you're so wrong—about Arlene Dahl









If you were as gorgeously beautiful as Arlene Dahl, I bet you wouldn't lift a finger. I wouldn't I'd just sit and let the world admire me. But not Arlene of the Minnesota Dahls, now Mrs. Lex Barker of the New York Social Register.

She isn't content just to be a luscious-looking movie star whom Joel McCrea calls "the girl for whom Technicolor was invented." And whom Sir Charles Mendl, the beau of famous beauties since the turn of the century, calls "the most beautiful girl I've ever met on any continent." No, Arlene's got to be an ambitious business woman too. Practical, witty and shrewd, she'll end up being a Hetty Green with tons of that green stuff.

A daily column is a full-time job. As any poor hack knows. Arlene writes a daily beauty column for the Chicago Tribune. Several times a week, with a photographer in tow, she whips around studio sets interviewing stars about their beauty secrets. They should be a bit shy about telling her about beauty, sort of carrying coals to Newcastle, but being movie (Continued on page 74)

designing woman

BY LIZA WILSON



Lex Barker calls her Chat





Contented hour: The warmth of the sun, the tang of ocean-swept air! For Kirk and Irene the present is too perfect to feel they must rush into marriage. They have made no plans, but both Kirk and Irene have been known to act on impulse!

... LOVE TAKES A



Surf casting is fun—besides it's a good way to show off your muscles to your best girl! Kirk's latest film is "Ace in the Hole"



Just a pose—but they make a romantic picture beneath Irene's sun parasol

Our photographer trails Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman to a Palm Beach paradise to prove there's nothing so wonderful as a vacation with someone you love



Mornings, Kirk and Irene cycled along romantic, palm-fringed Lake Trail, bordered on one side by Lake Worth, the Atlantic Ocean on the other

When Kirk was houseguest at Wrightsman home, Hollywood was sur-

HOLIDAY



air exchange: Irene's pet poodle and Kirk et acquainted—and decide to be friend's





ENCORE!

BY JOSEPH STEELE



Mario wants six children, now has two, baby Elissa and Colleen. Latter got her name because Mario . . .



... was only member of his family who didn't marry an Italian. Wife Betty Hicks is sister of an Army pal

HE can milk a cow.

He has an uncanny memory for faces and facts but experiences great difficulty in remembering names.

His highest note is a D Natural above a High C. He is innately a gay spirit, weighs 180 pounds and believes that women in general are much happier today than they were fifty years ago despite the seeming contradiction of the divorce rate.

He wears no garters.

His legal name is Mario Lanza.

He has never played solitaire, has never worn a Palm Beach suit and invariably eats vanilla ice cream for dessert.

He would like to have six children. He prefers his oysters on the half-shell, never goes to a Turkish bath and finds it impossible to be on time for any appointment except for business.

He is afflicted with an insatiable appetite and consequently is on a perpetual diet. He was christened Alfred Arnold Cocozza—the surname meaning squash in Italian. (Continued on page 95) He's crazy about gay people and wild patterned ties. He

has an Irish wife, weeps at

sad movies and finds

excitement in the crowds that

keep calling for—Mario Lanza

PHOTOPLAY

Photogrophs by Engstead

Fashioned for the girl

who likes variety—matchmaking
separates with individual appeal

• When one and one makes three! A fashion total that makes budget sense when it adds up to a versatile weskit and skirt like the rayon ensemble worn by Sally Forrest, left. Reversible

weskit is gray on one side, plaid on the other. Matching gray flannel skirt has center pleat, hip pockets. Double-breasted weskit comes in gray with Black Watch or Margaret Rose plaid. Skirt and weskit, around \$17.95. Add a white pique blouse with tucked front, \$5.95. All in sizes 10-18, by McArthur, at B. Altman, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

Right, Sally Forrest in scene from M-G-M's "The Strip," with Bill Demarest, wears original Helen Rose design for separates from which adaptation, opposite, was made.

• The Shirley Lee adaptation modelled by Sally, opposite, combines a corduroy Tattersall check vest, trimly buttoned in front, with slim all-wool flannel skirt with stitched pleat front. Vest, around \$6.00 in natural, green and brown; natural, black and royal; natural, red and black. Skirt, around \$6.00 in green, gray and brown. Both in sizes 7-15 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. Wear Right Gloves







 For that late season look in town—dark sheer dresses. Left, a shadow check sheer with crisp finish. Tucked front has jewel buttons, detachable white collar. By Pat Hartley in navy, black, brown, sizes 10-18, 9-17. Around \$14.95 at Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich. To complement your sheers, picture hats by Brandt.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67

Jan Sterling of Paramount's "Ace in

the Hole" models clothes shown on this page.

· As fresh as a late-summer breeze is the sheer voile dress, right. Attractively feminine are the full, three-quarter push-up sleeves, soft rolled collar and tucked skirt. For a wisp of a waist, let the skirt billow over one of the new crinoline underskirts. Dress by R&K in navy, green, gray, 10-16, 9-15. Around \$20.00 at H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind., F&R Lazarus, Columbus, O.

Photographed by Dirone at Rockefeller Center Roof Garden





Helcn Rose, M-G-M designer

SMART FOR YOUR AGE

Dark-haired, darkeyed Helen Rose, talented M-G-M designer, has a flair for young, smart clothes - like the jumper dress used on our pattern page and which Liz Taylor wore in "Love Is Better Than Ever." The designs Helen creates for Liz, June Allyson, Jane Powell, Diana Lynn and

others are so popular, she receives almost as much fan mail as they do. Discussing fall fashions with Helen, we learned a lot of things you'll want to know. And some tips for the girls who make their own clothes. Right now, we're warning you to watch those figure lines—for, in Hclen's opinion, waists will be nipped more than ever, which means accent on hips and bosoms! Skirts will have more of a bell-shaped look-peg tops will be prominent. "Weskits," predicts Helen, "will be popular because they accent the waistline. Shoulders will be sloped with just enough padding to look natural."

About the important question of hem lines, Helen says they will remain short, somewhere between fourteen and fifteen inches. However, she feels the most becoming length to any woman is at the broad part of the calf of the leg-and that differs with the individual. "In making screen clothes," says Helen, "we try to keep up with fashion and yet design clothes becoming to the star. And that goes for the hem length, too!"

Helen, personally, deplores man-tailored suits, revived this spring, thinks they make women look old and too masculine. This fall, however, she believes they will be replaced by softer, more feminine suitssuits with shorter jackets and rounder hiplines, fitted snugly at the waistline. Short boxy jackets for the young girls will be even shorter than usual.

As for colors, watch for something new in the "caviar" range-from purple through gray and teal into black, having an over-all iridescent effect. Green will be popular, also brown worn with a soft pink.

Designer Helen was only fifteen when she went to work for a costume company in Chicago. Two months later she was designing gay dance costumes for a big producer in the East. Three years later she was in Hollywood, designing period clothes. Marriage and a baby temporarily halted her career, but in 1942, M-G-M signed her to a contract and she's been going ahead steadily ever since.

For the women who make their own clothes. Helen has this advice. To avoid that home-made look, she believes one of the most important items to have is a dressmaker figure, padded to measurements. "Even if it costs a fair amount, it's worth it," Helen declares,

"because you can give your clothes a much better fit."
And, "Beware of that hemline!" she warns. That's the place that reveals whether a dress is home-made or not, if it isn't done well. "Even though it takes more time, it's worth it to measure and mark the skirt with pins or chalk, then baste the hem in. Then, try the dress on again to make certain it is right before stitching. Use a small needle and pick up just a thread of the cloth." Because buttonholes can be tricky, it's best to take them to a professional.

And for that final touch. "Taking a home-made

dress to a good cleaner and having it thoroughly pressed after it is made is often the difference be-tween the professional and non-professional look,"

says Helen. And she ought to know!

Wherever you live you can buy PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Corduroy weskit and wool skirt Shirley Lee 1641 Washington Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Reversible plaid weskit and rayon flannel skirt McArthur 1372 Broadway New York, N. Y.

String gloves Wear Right 244 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

Sheer dress with detachable collar Pat Hartley 1400 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Voile dress with tucked skirt Rosenthal & Kalman 1400 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Picture hats Brandt 1 West 39th Street New York, N. Y.

 When ordering patterns, make certain of receiving the correct size by consulting the table of measurements below:

Misses Sizes 12 to 20

Order size12	14 16	18	20
if hips are33	35 37	39	41 in.
if waist is25	26½ 28	30	32 in.
if bust is30	32 34	36	38 in.

Junior Sizes 9 to 19

0	rder	size	11	13	15	17	19	
if	hips	are	.32	34	36	38	40	in.
if	wais	t is	.24½	$25\frac{1}{2}$	27	29	31	in.
if	bust	is	.29	31	33	35	37	in.

Photoplay Patterns Box 229, Madison Square Station	
New York 10, New York Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Liz Taylor "Love Is Better Than Ever" pattern #1 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20. Name	PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN
	Liz Taylor in the original dress
	designed by Helen Rose for her role in the M-G-M picture, "Love Is Better Than Ever"

OF THE MONTH

Turnabout: A jumper dress and blouse for day or date wear. Left, a social success at night as a youthful evening dress, with flattering boat neck, fitted bodice and softly flared skirt. Cummerbund is separate. Right, a daytime flatterer with a graceful chiffon blouse with three-quarter push-up sleeves, shoestring neck tie. A design for any season, you can make it in a summer, fall or winter fabric

Photographs by Engstead

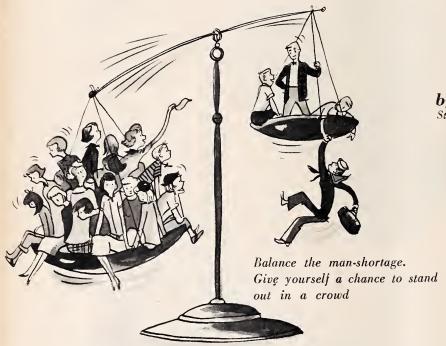




Editor's note: Beginning with this issue. Photoplay introduces a new pattern plan-patterns made exclusively for and available only through Photoplay. The price is more, fifty cents-but new features have been added. First, only the latest and best Hollywood styles will be offered. Pattern orders will be filled so that you will receive your pattern within a day or two after the coupon is received. For quicker delivery, as indicated on coupon, we will send the pattern first class mail for an extra five cents. Second, the new patterns will contain a two-color label transfer so your finished dress can be smartly identified as an exclusive Hollywood-designed Photoplay pattern. Every pattern envelope will be illustrated with a lovely photograph of the star in the dress from which the pattern was designed. And, so even the most inexperienced seamstress can achieve an expert look in her dressmaking, a complete, newly developed sewing guide will accompany all patterns. To check your correct pattern size. see table of measurements on page 67.

you're off good start in stun the office staff, lack and feel divine in this sweet little shoe that makes ankles slim ... fits superbly. SIZES 4 TO 10 ... AAA TO'C 1195 to 1295 for the store nearest you, write: PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

if you want to be charming







by Joan Crawford
Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"

Hit by the Manpower Shortage?

"They're either too young or too old," is again becoming the national anthem--- and the wails that trail in from around the country sound grim and resigned. "Why should I bother looking pretty?" these girls ask. "Why should I try to be charming? There aren't any men around to notice me anyway."

But look! You're neither a polar bear nor a sleeping beauty, so curling into a deep doze for the duration won't bring Mr. Special around one day sooner. And when he does come, he's likely to miss you... So face the current man-shortage realistically.

You've time on your hands. Well, use it---to turn yourself into the kind of girl worth coming home to.

One young wife whose husband is in the armed services has written saying she is using every minute of her free time while her man's away to make herself more attractive. She's exercising faithfully to streamline her figure. She's working towards improving her skin, too. She's all set to surprise him when he comes home.

This is a good idea, for with effort we all can improve our looks. But this should be done in moderation.

Every bit of your spare time is too much time to spend concentrating on yourself. In fact, such preoccupation with self isn't good.

A less lonely and more profitable plan would be to get out and do things, meet new people and gather new ideas so you'll emerge from your experiences a more in-

teresting person.

If you struggle with words over a typewriter all day, hie yourself over to the golf links or the tennis courts. There's nothing a man likes more than a good competitive game. And there's nothing he likes less than finding himself in a game of doubles with a gal who doesn't know a serve from her backhand. If you know the rudiments of the sport and only need practice, he'll love teaching you the fine points.

Men, after all, are the more active sex and when they do come back you're certain to find them out playing tennis or skating, sailing or bowling---anyplace but at home with an emery board and a pair

of cuticle clippers.

This doesn't mean that if you're a fireside sitter you should rush to the nearest ski slope and learn a slalom from a schuss. If you like the book-in-hand and the fireside glow, the man for you probably will like that, too. So take a course in literature. The people you meet taking such a course will be just the kind of people you'll like---and who will like you.

Whatever you do, once you really get interested something, you'll never complain again as some girls do that men scare you to death, or that you don't know what you could ever say to them. Men are people, too, you know. And if you discover, on the dance floor, that tennis is his pet passion, all you have to do is ask him which technique he thinks best. That'll keep him going for at least a half hour and by that (Continued on page 87)



If you run when a boy comes near you it's because you haven't stopped—to think



choose your star





Sally Parr



(Continued from page 49) "Santa Fe." Next, "The Family Secret."

Eugene Iglesias: Not handsome but very male, young. A Puerto Rican of Spanish-French descent, his accent may hinder him. Current, "The Brave Bulls." Next, "Mask of the Avenger."

Miroslava: Blondely "femme fatale." A Mexican star of many pictures, nothing is immediately planned for her in this country. American debut in "The Brave Bulls."
The scoop on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is

that they have always loved stars and they still love them as passionately as a junior high crowd loves thick malts. Metro has:

The Champions, Marge and Gower: Really sensational on their feet, young, delightful, different, happily married to each other. Puzzle: Will you accept them as anything but occasional show-stoppers or love them as themselves? Debut as a team, "Mr. Music." Current, "Show Boat."

Fernando Lamas: He not only has youth,

looks and dream-sending qualities, but much film experience in his native Argentina, plus a voice that has sung opera, musical comedy and radio. First Hollywood picture, "Rich, Young and Pretty." Next, "The Law and Lady Loverly." Richard Anderson: Dark, handsome, 6'2",

he is not expected to skyrocket but to build steadily like a junior Hodiak. Cur-rent, "Go for Broke." Next, "Rich, Young

and Pretty.

Mario Cabre: Not under contract but Mario Cabre: Not under contract but "committed" to Metro if he ever makes another film. This smooth, passionate Spaniard may be able to jump the barriers of language, "foreignness" and the rest of it, due to his fiery appeal. Debut, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

William Campbell: Tall, thin, not too handsome but with considerable appeal.

handsome but with considerable appeal. Started with Warners, now under contract to M-G-M. Debut, "The Breaking Point."
"Breakthrough." Next, "The People Against O'Hara."

Monica Lewis: Gets an excellent start because, as a recording and radio star, she starts with a "name." Has a face and figure to match her sexy voice. Current, "Excuse My Dust." Next, "The Strip."

Pier Angeli: Discovered in Italy, she is only eighteen, looks younger, has the spiritual appeal of a young Bergman. American debut, "Teresa." Next, "The

Light Touch."

Leslie Caron: A ballerina from Paris, she debuts as exactly that in "An American in Paris." Unusual looking, unusual in her appeal, her studio strength comes from Gene Kelly's powerful espousal of her future. Next, "The Man with a Cloak."

Eileen Christy: Pretty, young, appealing, but no more so than a dozen other kids in Hollywood and right there is the trouble. Unless some lucky, spectacular break happens, she might be lost in the shuffle.
Current, "Father's Little Dividend."
Paramount is building youngsters in

their Golden Circle of eleven bright new-

comers. Of this particular group, however, only two (Peter Hanson and Barbara Rush) will have been seen sufficiently to be eligible for the voting this year.

Charlton Heston: Under personal contract to Paramount's most high-pressure producer, Hal Wallis, Charlton is potentially the biggest he-man on the lot. Debut, "Dark City." Next, "The Greatest Show on Earth," produced and directed by that old star-creator, Cecil B. De Mille.

Richard Stapley: Wallis also owns this one. An Englishman, he has refinement rather than ruggedness; charm rather than sex socko. You probably remember him as Janet Leigh's husband in "Little Women." Next, "The Door."

Polly Bergen: Flaming hair, flaming personality, Mrs. Jerome Courtland in private life, she ought to flash to the top. Current, "That's My Boy" and "Warpath."

Peter Hanson: Distinctively different, he scored in his first picture, "Branded," even against the competition of Alan Ladd. Next, "When Worlds Collide."

Barbara Rush: Starry-eyed brunette, 5'4", has deep, quiet charm. Might be a mite too quiet. Current, "The First Legion." Next, "When Worlds Collide." RKO, owned and operated by a whimsical multi-millionaire (Howard Hughes),

has six signatures on its dotted line. A seventh earnest aspirant (Dewey Martin) is partly owned by Hughes, partly by How-ard Hawks, and this very division makes his possibilities strongest, since Hawks is a man much more definite in his plans than the highly impulsive Hughes.

Dewey Martin: Dark and interesting, he has debuted in "Golden Gloves Story." Current, "The Thing." Next, "Flame of

Araby."

Kenneth Tobey: This freckle-faced, rugged, solid actor has had many bit parts, also extensive stage experience, is socially sought after in Hollywood and is unmarried besides! Current, "The Thing."

Carla Balenda: She has the only femi-

nine role opposite Dana Andrews in "Sealed Cargo," which should do it-plus the unusual appeal of her tiny stature, dark hair and eyes. Next, "The Man He Found."

Margaret Sheridan: Glamorous, tall, dark, she lacks experience but since redcarpet orders have been given by Howard Hughes for her, she will probably get in the best productions. Debut, "The Thing."

John Mallory: His plus quality is that he's Bob Mitchum's brother—same type, too. Current, "Crackdown." Next, "Flying Leathernecks."

Robert Clarke: A nice boy, discovered by Ida Lupino, with a nice personality. And nice is a nice word meaning not too terrific in movieland. Current, "The Man from Planet X." Next, "Hard, Fast and Beautiful.'

Republic, a studio so small that'it has only managed to have the top box-office personality of them all, John Wayne, as its bright particular star.

Muriel Lawrence: A coloratura soprano from the Chicago Light Opera Company, quite beautiful and only twenty-one. Current, "Belle LeGrande."

Mary Ellen Kay: A petite brunette with a crooning voice, plays Rex Allen's leading lady, but has potentialities. Current, "The Rodeo King and the Senorita."

Twentieth Century-Fox did wonderfully with their newcomers of last year, as witness the careers of Debra Paget, Marilyn Monroe, Gary Merrill, Dale Robertson, David Wayne and Hugh Marlowe.

Mitzi Gaynor: Mentioned last year, but

"My Blue Heaven," in which she scored, was held up. Vivacious, talented, 'she will probably be a star with the release of "Golden Girl." Current, "Take Care of My

Little Girl." Next, "Friendly Island."

Michael Rennie: Twentieth's answer to

M-G-M's Stewart Granger. He's English with long British experience like Granger. Also a fine actor—but what Mr. Granger has is quite different from fine acting, yup! Hollywood debut, "The 13th Letter." Next, "The Day the Earth Stood Still."

Anne Francis: Blonde baby-faced type,

Anne Francis: Blonde baby-faced type, excellent actress. Debut, "So Young, So Bad." Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls." Constance Smith: A beautiful Irish girl, tall and distinctive. Scored in "The Mudlark" and "The 13th Letter" but illness forced her out of "The House on the Square" and temporarily stopped her career. career.

Walter Palance: Bogieman from "Panic in the Streets," is probably too scareylooking for big popularity. After "Halls of Montezuma," went to Broadway for stage hit "Darkness at Noon."

Jack Elam: Absolutely wild face but has the plus quality of humor and sex which Palance lacks. Debut, "Bird of Paradise, then "Rawhide."

Jeffrey Hunter: Mighty handsome athlete from UCLA, it remains to be seen if he has more than profile and muscles. Current, "Take Care of My Little Girl." Next, "The Frogmen.'

Robert Wagner: A new Robert Stack type in that he's young, handsome and born rich. Debut, "Halls of Montezuma." Next,

'The Frogmen."

Universal-International proved last year that it was a talent snarer of major pro-portions, as witness Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Peggy Dow and Piper Laurie. They hope to repeat this year with:

Alex Nicol: Big, blond menace of "Toma-hawk" and charmer of "Air Cadet." In "The Raging Tide" he's romantic.

Joyce Holden: Goldenly beautiful. Curent, "Iron Man." Next, "One Never Knows."

John Hudson: Director Mark Robson is personally interested in this tall, dark young man. Current, "Bright Victory." Next, "The Cimarron Kid."

Richard Egan: Interesting and good-enough looking, his greatest handicap is that he has been around too long in too

Miroslava

Vincent Edwards

Jessie Cantt

Paul Picerni

Eileen Christy

Philip Shawn











Walter Palance



Muriel Lawrence Bill Regnolds



James Arness

many small roles. Current, "Bright Victory." Next, "The Golden Horde."

Susan Cabot: Dark, young, her individuality may let her score. Current, "Tomahawk." Next, "Flame of Araby."

Julia Adams: Very charming with a genuine dramatic capacity. Debut, "Bright Victory." Current, "Hollywood Story."

This year Warner Bros. have seven new personalities under contract.

Janice Rule: A former Broadway dancer.

Janice Rule: A former Broadway dancer, she is no cutie, but dark, with an intense young dignity. Debut, "Goodbye, My young dignity. Debut, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Starlift." Lucille Norman: Beautiful, already a

Lucille Norman: Beautiful, already a radio, recording, opera star. Debut, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine." Virginia Gibson: Red-headed and shapely, she, too, is a singer and dancer. Current, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Next, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine." Paul Picerni: An ex-Loyola College drama student, he is the young character type. Current, "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." Next, "Force of Arms." Philip Careu: Handsome and young but

Philip Carey: Handsome and young, but without much acting experience. Debut, "Operation Pacific." Current, "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison."

Patrice Wymore: She sings, dances and is married to Errol Flynn, so she will undoubtedly do pictures only when they suit Errol's convenience. Debut, "Tea for Two." Gene Evans: A terrific actor but no vis-

ible romantic force. Scored in "The Steel Helmet." Next, "Force of Arms."

There end the contract lists but this year the Free-lance list of talented newcomers is bigger than ever. Many of them have

already been dropped from brief studio pacts. Among the most talented are:

Barbara Payton: Under contract to William Cagney, engaged to Franchot Tone, she will undoubtedly be used in future independents. Current, "Only the Valiant."

Aileen Stanley Jr.: Singing ingenue with

Aileen Stanley Jr.: Singing ingenue with stage experience and a theatrical ancestry. Debut, "Something to Live For."
Jim Arness: Menacing, tall. Current, "The Thing." Next, "Iron Man."
Shirley Ballard: Beautiful but dropped by RKO. Current, "Second Woman."
Alan Wells: Young, tall, dark, handsome, but there are so many young, tall, dark, handsome boys about town. Current, "The Man Who Cheated Himself."
William Regnolds: Young, pleasant, teenage type. Current, "Dear Brat." Next, "The Desert Fox."

Desert Fox.'

Philip Shawn: Has contract with Mrs. Helen Rathvon, who put him in "Sun Sets at Dawn." Darkly talented.

Sally Parr: Good emotional young actress. Also under contract to Mrs. Rath-

von and in the same picture.

Vincent Edwards: Tall, blond, muscular.
Was Mr. Universe in "Mr. Universe."

Phyllis Avery: Small, blonde, sincere, with stage experience. In private life, Mrs. Don Taylor, mother of two toddlers. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Darren McGavin: Handsome. Has done

Darren McGavin: Handsome. Has done a few forgotten bits previously but scores in his first lead in "Queen for a Day."

Jessie Cavitt: Dark, pretty, "spoiled darling" type. Graduated from Pasadena Playhouse. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Adam Williams: Rather handsome, though may lack the important spark. Debut, "Queen for a Day."

Maria Elena Marques: A dark, beautiful, fiery Mexican girl. a star in Mexico but

fiery Mexican girl, a star in Mexico but probably too typed for success with us. Current, "Across the Wide Missouri." Gianna Canale: Another M-G-M import

of the dark, fiery type—from Italy. M-G-M did not exercise their option. Current, "Go for Broke."

Robert Sherwood: M-G-M contract for a year. His youthful charm may get him ayear. The youthful than hay get him signed somewhere else. Scored as Howard Keel's co-pilot in "Three Guys Named Mike." Next, "The Two-Dollar Bettor."

John Ericson: He was the lead in "Teresa" and yet you remember Pier An-

"Teresa" and yet you remember Fiel Angeli and that's all, isn't it?

Bruce Cowling: Handsome, versatile, there's hope for him. Next, "Lone Star."

Ralph Meeker: He played the tall, effective sergeant in "Teresa." Probably stands a chance. Next, "Rain, Rain, Go Away."

Pat Hitchcock: Nice, intelligent, hard-weeking girl but unfortunately plain. Cur-

working girl but unfortunately plain. Current, her father Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train."

Peggie Castle: Long-legged, pretty but U-I dropped her option. Current, "The Prince Who Was a Thief." Next, "The Golden Horde."

Martin Milner: Fair-haired boy, may be doomed to "sensitive" types too long. Scored in "Operation Pacific."

Scott Forbes: An Englishman Warners had and dropped. Next, "The Highway-

Lawrence Tolan: Young gangster type, for which there is always some demand. Debut, "The Enforcer." Current, "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison."

Bill Andrews: Dana Andrews's brother, rather like Dana though blond. Current,

"Sealed Cargo."

Grace Kelly: A beautiful blonde, the right picture might very well put her over. Current, "Fourteen Hours."

Diana Douglas: Kirk's ex-wife, beautiful, She'll bear watching. Next,

accomplished. She'll bear watching. Next, "The Whistle at Eaton Falls."

Brett King: Handsome kid with socko

personality. Scored in "Payment on Demand." Current, "A Yank in Korea."

Susan Douglas: Was daughter in "Lost Boundaries." Appealing, but probably too quiet. Current, "Five."

Bill Phipps: Good looking with good voice. Current, "Five."

Lamas Anderson: Handsome The villain

James Anderson: Handsome. The villain in "Five." Next, "The Blue Veil."

Anna Maria Alberghetti: Italian girl who sings like an angel. Debut, "The Medium."

Next, "Here Comes the Groom."

THE END

Jack Elam Mary Ellen Kay Susan Douglas James Anderson



without extravagance...that's

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Easy as they are to wear ... lovely as they are to look at ... Grace Walkers are not costly. You will be delighted with their styling, detailing, and workmanship ... their comfortable fit. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for nearest dealer's name.

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Also, among other things, Arlene has invented and marketed the "Dahl Beauty Cap." It's a cap of nylon net ruffles with tiny rosebuds embroidered between the ruffles and a ribbon chin-strap finished off with a ribbon bow. It's to wear in bed to cover those very un-glamorous pin curls. A feminist of the button-and-bows school, Arlene believes that women should look their best even at their worst. The Dahl Cap, she is certain, will reduce the number of divorces the country over. Arlene herself wears the cap at night, in colors to match the pink or black sheer nightgowns she favors. She thinks the oldfashioned negligee (and she loaded up on them for her honeymoon) is far more feminine and "sexy" than the tailored robe most women wear today. With her negligees she wears mules she designed, satin with toes of nylon ruffles. She sleeps between pink sheets which smell not of the laundry, but of her favorite perfume.

NOT only does she design all her own clothes. She also designs clothes for clothes. She also designs clothes for friends and relatives. And it is her ambition to own, when her bank account permits, an Arlene Dahl Dress Shop for which she will design the clothes. Since she dresses for men, and not for other women, her trademark will undoubtedly be "The more feminine the better." And the hus-bands of Hollywood no doubt will push their severely-suited mates right into her frilly dressing-rooms.

According to her father, Rudolph Dahl, who lives in Santa Monica and works for an automobile agency, Arlene was mentally alert as a child. "She liked outdoor sports, but only in a mild way," he says. "She seemed to be happiest when she was sitting at her little table drawing and sketching. When she was six her mother and I teek her with we to the Puilders." and I took her with us to the Builders Show at the auditorium in Minneapolis. In one of the booths there was a blackboard and chalk. Arlene settled herself at the blackboard and started drawing different characters' who were standing around. Soon she had all the people in the place watching her. Didn't faze her at all.
"Even as a child she could sketch clothes.

She and her mother would go downtown, window shop until they saw a dress they liked, then Arlene would take out pencil and paper and sketch it. Back home she'd cut a pattern of it out of newspapers, and make herself a dress much prettier than the one she originally copied.

The pride of the Rudolph Dahls-Arlene was an only child—also exhibited a flair for acting at quite an early age. She made her first public appearance at four at a summer resort. Mr. Dahl's parents were celebrating their Golden Anniversary and took over an entire summer resort so that all the Dahls, hundreds of them, could gather. The Dahls are a hearty race of Scandinavians, and there are more of them in Minnesota than there are descendants of the Mayflower passenger list in New England. They all seem to be rugged individuals who live to be ninety. Anyway, Arlene's grandmother, who lived to be ninety-six, hoisted her up on a picnic table and said, "Sing, Arlene." Whereupon dainty little Arlene tossed back her red-gold curls and sang "Alice Blue Gown" with "Polly Put the Kettle On," for an encore. The applause was flattering. And Arlene got ideas which her family, pre-dominately Lutheran ministers, did not care for. They frowned when Arlene started taking part in amateur plays in Minneapolis. They shuddered when she went on the radio on a child's program.

But her mother, up until the time of her death when Arlene was fifteen, always

encouraged her.

When she first came to Hollywood on a Warner Brothers contract the studio wanted to change her name. It lent itself to puns, they said. Arlene can't stand puns about her name, either. The best way to bring on a deep freeze is to call her "Dahl-face." But Arlene Dahl was her real name and she liked it. So she called on Jack Warner in his inner sanctum, put on her Norwegian accent which intrigued him mightily, and said politely, "Mr. Warner, I thought you'd like to know that there are thousands of Dahls in Minnesota, all of them my relatives. If you change my name you'll lose a lot of ticket buyers.

Arlene kept her name. And speaking of names, she doesn't like nicknames. The kids at school used to call her "Carrots." And Lex Barker calls her "Chat" which is French for cat. But come now, it's a compliment. Lex likes cats, and so does Arlene. One of his first presents to her after they became engaged was a Persian kitten named Tigger. Tigger and a neurotic love bird with a Harriet Craig com-

plex are her only pets.

Arlene has the usual temper that goes with red hair. But very few times has she been known to lose her temper. Her mother taught her that it wasn't "ladylike" show her emotions in public. It may be old-fashioned, but Arlene likes to be a lady. She doesn't smoke because it isn't ladylike and she drinks nothing but wine -and that only occasionally. A friend tells about the time in Washington when Arlene danced with a South American diplomat. He evidently hadn't held so much sheer gorgeousness in his arms before and he was making the most of it. Instead of pasting him one Arlene finished the dance, said pleasantly, "It was a lovely dance," and made for the powder-room, muttering

and made for the powder-room, muttering under her breath, "I'll kill that guy."
Arlene is 5'7" tall and weighs 118 pounds. Her waist measures 22½". Her bust 33". She loves candy, but only allows herself a candy spree occasionally. Between pictures she usually gains about four pounds. She is an enthusiastic salad eater and collects salad recipes. Her favorite non-fattening salad is a slice of tomato, two hard boiled eggs and green peppers on lettuce-no salt, dressing or mayonnaise. She is a pretty good cook and quite adept at making such Norwegian dishes as lutefish, rice soup, julekake and lefse.

Ever since Sir Charles and the late Elsie Mendl, attracted by her beauty and refinement, "adopted" her soon after she came to Hollywood (she was living in a motel at the time) Arlene has been a popular party girl. "I was the only girl Sir Charles ever took out who didn't have a mink coat," she says with a laugh. She couldn't afford one then. Now she can afford one, but she prefers a black broadtail which she designed herself. It's her only fur coat.

HE gives one big party a year, in the Minnesota Dahl tradition. On about the 20th of December she takes over the Scandia (a restaurant which features Scandinavian foods) and invites all her friends in for a fine old smorgasbord-complete to boar's head with apple in its mouth. At her last party she announced her engagement to handsome "Tarzan" Barker.

When the Barkers return from their honeymoon they will live in Arlene's furnished apartment until they get around to buying a home. The apartment has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen downstairs,

and two bedrooms upstairs.

Arlene keeps a recording machine (and a telephone) near her bed, as she likes to wake up to Debussy and Grieg. A romanticist of the worst sort, she confesses she rented her apartment because of the Normandy turrets on the building. She wishes she had lived in eighteenth century France. Or maybe in New Orleans before the Civil War. Practical and shrewd most of the time, our little Arlene can go off into a dream world all her own at a moment's notice. Lex, who is definitely of this world (there is nothing Old World about Tarzan except his great grandparents who were playmates of the Czar of Russia), will have a bit of coping to do when his bride's mind wanders off on a romantic binge.

High on her list of prerequisites for beauty, Arlene lists eight hours of sleep nightly. She doesn't always get them herself, but she makes up for it by taking a nap every afternoon, working or not. "I'm a drooper," says Arlene. "I have to have an hour's rest or I drop in my tracks."

Birthmarks to most women are a holy horror. But Arlene has two of them, heart-shaped, and plays them up when-ever possible. One hovers just above the corner of her mouth and the other is on her shoulder. The one reputedly adorning her just at the neckline—a very low neckline-she claims is a fraud. It was placed there without her knowledge by a photographic retoucher on a widely printed picture of her last year.

During production of Arlene's last picture, "No Questions Asked," she said that above all, she wanted marriage, a home and four children. Now, Arlene?

THE END

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and

Your Fovorite Pin-Up Girl

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Mary's Ring

A wonderfully sure, confident feeling comes to you when you know you are looking your sweetest and prettiest.

Mary thinks every girl's most important beauty asset is sparkling-clean, soft skin. "I wouldn't miss my nightly cream-cleansings with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's simply tops for keeping my skin smooth and soft."

Cream-cleansing with Pond's can help your skin, too-it's beautifully thorough and never drying. Every night (and for day cleansings) cream your face with Pond's as Mary does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation-a good hot water splashing. Cream Cleanse-swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse-more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off. Cold Stimulation-a tonic cold water splash.

Now-doesn't your mirror say happy things about your face? It's so alive, rosy!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your nicest, a bright confidence flashes out from the real you within-wins others to you on sight!



Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

For Sentimental Reasons

(Continued from page 37) I explained very earnestly that Doris and Marty were only business acquaintances, that there really wasn't anything personal in their relationship. "Maybe so," said Dr. De Courcy, unconvinced, "but there's a look of love in his eyes." You really can't fool the family doctor. And although neither Doris nor Marty were aware of it at that time, it turned out that Doc's diagnosis was accurate.

"Everything happens for the best," always has served as Doris's trustful philosophy. Although she has had her share of tragedy and discouragement, she has hung onto that trust. Even the accident that threatened to cripple her for life didn't depress her too much. One morning during the period of her convalescence I heard a peculiar rhythmic thump-thumping in the living-room and hurried in to find the record player beating out "Tea for Two" and Doris, on her crutches, working out a tap routine.

"Watch out! Don't fall," I cautioned. But I couldn't help feeling happy and proud. If this sixteen-year-old girl of mine, who'd always been so active, could be tap dancing on crutches instead of moping because she was missing proms and basketball games, she would surely, I felt, be able to weather whatever life held for her.

ITTLE did we know then that life would be so generous, and then, on top of everything else, bring the tall, dark-haired Marty Melcher from North Adams, Massachusetts, with his easy-going humor and thoughtfulness, into her life.

As for Doris's eight-year-old son, Terry -my grandson—one would think the whole affiliation his inspired idea. Since he was a towhead of two, when I held him up in the wings of theatres and ballrooms so he could watch his mother on stage, Terry's has been an all-important vote. So, one day, Doris settled down with him for a heart-to-heart talk, to discover how he would feel about acquiring a new father.

He was a little awed at first, then just plain delighted. "I'll have somebody to go fishing with," was his first comment. Then, very seriously, "Besides, Mom, a fellow needs another guy around." That evening when Morty arrived for dinner. evening, when Marty arrived for dinner, Terry opened the door for him with, "Come in, my intended father."

However, had Doris been marrying someone whose occupation threatened to remove her from Hollywood, I doubt if Terry would have been enthusiastic. For, as he points out to her, the fact that she's

a star augments his own prestige.
"I'm going to quit this business," Doris announced one evening when she came in completely exhausted from the studio. "I'm tired of this getting up at 6:30 in the morning and working until 6:00 at night.

Terry was aghast at the mere suggestion. He talked about it for days, pleading with her not to turn in her Warners' contract. "I think you have a wonderful job, Mother," he said, really selling her. "You can sit on a couch or lie down between scenes. Suppose you had a job in a store, and had to stand on your feet all day.

Doris, who of course had actually no intention of quitting, was amused. "Well, maybe you're right," she finally agreed. "And," Terry added, "think about me." "You? Why, you'd be all right. You would be taken care of," said his mother.

"But I'm very popular because of you.
All the kids at school would love to have you for their mother. Whenever they see you in a picture, I rate great!"

When Doris was growing up, she was always pirouetting and humming around the house, but I never pushed her or entertained any thought of her having a career. I just let her take singing and dancing lessons because she loved them so. She was always play-acting, too, but like all kids do, putting on shows with other neighborhood children in our garage.

When she was ten, she was more excited about the pair of black patent pumps with "shaped" heels her grandmother got for her, than the applause that greeted her first professional appearance—doing a dance routine with a small boy friend, Jerry Doherty, at a private club.

It was a few years later when she was auditioning for a little morning show on a local radio station that she got the chance to sing with Barney Rapp's band. That and the band engagements that followed with Bob Crosby, Fred Waring and Les Brown were for Doris no feverish pursuit of a career, but rather exciting adventures and work that she loved.

* "Say what you will about good bets, I have discovered that the only way to double your money is to fold it and put it in your pocket."

... PAT O'BRIEN

When she was sixteen, she had turned down an opportunity offered by Paramount. We were staying in California awhile so that Doris and Jerry, who had been playing clubs across the country, could study with Fanchon and Marco. Paramount seemed excited about Doris. "She's a natural," they said. But they weren't interested in her dancing partner and Doris wouldn't break up the team.

"Don't you want to be an actress?" they asked, amazed.

"Not that much," she said. "Not if it might hurt someone else."

She was singing on "Your Hit Parade" a few years later, when she was chosen for "Romance on the High Seas." In one letter home she'd mentioned casually that she was going to take a screen test at Warner Brothers. "I don't know what will happen, but I'm not going to worry," Doris wrote. "If it's meant to be, it will be."

A few nights later she called me and was about to hang up when I asked about the outcome of her test. "Oh, I almost forgot to tell you," she said. "I signed a seven-year contract."

That Doris can be so well paid for just being herself, for singing and dancing and doing what has always come naturally, still surprises her. If she's working with a good gang, if the cast and crew are relaxed and have a few laughs along then it's a good job. She never sees her own pictures. Close-ups of her face make Doris uncomfortable. "They magnify feature faults too much," she says. If I put her photograph up on the wall, she promptly takes it down. And she never hesitates to tell interviewers who ask about her favorite singers, "Well-I don't like girl singers-including me."

The fact that Doris isn't overly careerconscious seems happily to eliminate any conflicts in this direction for Doris and Marty. As she says, "I am very happy with my work. I like the people I work with, and it's fun making pictures, doing different roles. But I would never put

my career before my husband or family." Doris has absolute faith in Mary judgment and is happy to relax and let him supervise her career. Theirs is, they feel, and I heartily concur, an ideal double relationship—that of husband and wife and manager and star. Marty always picks out songs for her and on this they occasionally disagree. For, as Doris points out, "I am an artist-and you know artists —they like to sing a song they enjoy, one that appeals to them personally." Bu Marty knows the commercial angles and he's always there to remind her, "You have to give the people what they like.

"In fact, Marty's just perfect for me," overheard her telling a friend the other day. "He understands all my little peculiarities. I'm a fanatic on keeping house. can't stand crooked pictures, dirty ashtrays, clothes lying around. I'm a difficul character to live with, I imagine.

Hardly that, and certainly with Marty's own innate neatness and understanding have no worries regarding such domestic details. My good feeling about their marriage is based on more than that. I fel instinctively from the first, as mother will, that they were right for each other They're basically the same. They believ in paying their taxes first and then liv ing within their income. They both prefe living simply. Doris realizes now tha love isn't just moonlight and orange blos soms, but something steady and serene.

POTH she and Marty are on the information. They wanted their wedding to b fast, sweet and simple. And since Dori was working in "On Moonlight Bay" al most up to the very date, this followe automatically. For sentimental reason Marty hoped their work would perm them to be married on April 3, Doris birthday. And they were married on the date before a Justice of the Peace at Bur bank, with only close relatives present.

They wanted to jump in the car after th ceremony and take off for destinations un known-without a too-planned itinerar Doris did hope they'd get time to go New Orleans. Once, while touring wit the Bob Hope troupe, she'd spent two day there and she was enchanted with the colorful old-world charm of the city, wit the "Old French Quarter" and especial the "Court of the Two Sisters" where she lunched. "The food is out of this world she told Marty, forgetting for the mome that she was on a Yami Yogurt kic "Everything is so old. It's been there sur a long time," she enthused, leading up the antique shops that abound there.

While it might seem odd to some th the newlyweds would route their hone; moon to some place where they might fu an old English sea captain's table or a inside hutch—to Doris and Marty, bo engrossed in completing the furnishing their home, it seemed only natural.

Doris is antique-happy and nothing that's plantable is safe, with her aroung She even planted an old bed chamb and made it into a lamp for my boudo Her favorite pastime is changing furnitu from room to room. She decides that t 200-year-old table she inherited from h grandmother should be moved into the ha to serve as a telephone stand. Does Marty think the divan would be bett between the windows against the wa Mm-mmm? And poor Marty patient walks around with a hammer and nails his hand, saying hopefully, "Now, is there you really want this?"

They're both homebodies at heart. (Sundays, if they're not switching furn ture, they're working in the flowerbe

playing volley ball with Terry. Doris, ho's always been sports minded, will play olley until everybody else drops.

for Sunday night suppers, we usually nd out and get hamburgers, French ies and thick milk shakes, set up the ble in the den and watch television.

When it comes to television, Doris, as arty teases, "has all the normal recepm of America's most gullible house-ife." She loves all audience participan shows. She also loves the bubble ım, giant pretzels and chocolate ice cream

erry provides for refreshments. Yes, Hollywood, I'm afraid, has wrought sophisticated changes in my daughter in her demeanor. Unless she's very tired, e hits the door with the same buoyancy seven P.M. now, as she did coming in om school back in Cincinnati. She's like injection of vitamins, fairly picking up whole house when she comes home. Marty's eagerness to catch up is equally parent, his relationship with Terry a y to see. "Mart's my manager, too," erry is always quick to tell everyone. A ry enterprising young man, he's periodi-lly involved in any number of business ojects, from selling fruit from the tree the backyard to setting up a shoeshine oth out on the front lawn. His life's nbition is to be a cop "or I might be a auffeur for Marty. I don't just know. n still a little young," he concedes.

ARNER Brothers were considering Terry for the role of Doris's pestering kid other in "On Moonlight Bay," and Terry, ter consulting Marty, was all for it. In ct, he borrowed his mother's script and ad Marty rehearsing with him. But Doris ecided she didn't want him in pictures, at he's too young. Furthermore, she ould have been a nervous wreck wor-ing about Terry's performance and uldn't have even thought of her own.

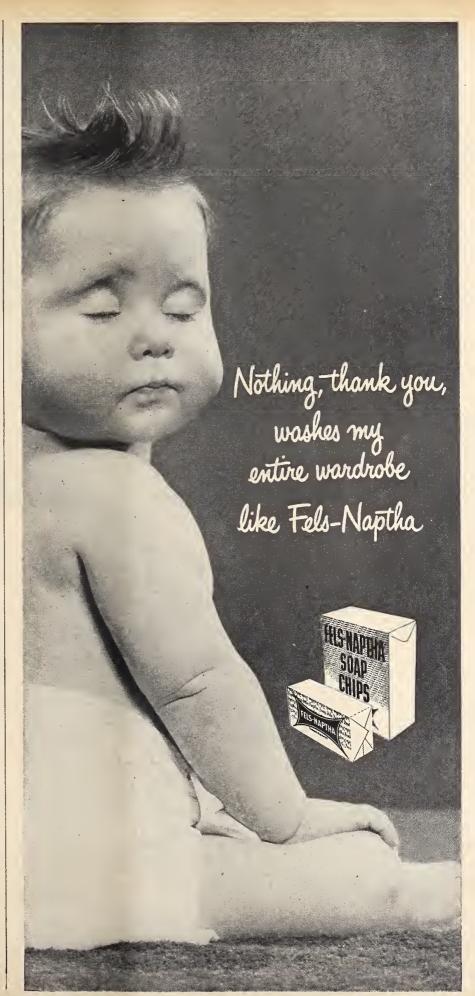
At present Terry's engrossed in taking ano lessons so he can accompany his other. "Looks like it won't be long now," announced, after his sixth. Marty prodes the vocal relief. He loves to sing and n't at all discouraged by Doris's opinion at he has "the funniest-sounding voice ve ever heard—and I've heard some ighty funny voices too."

Dinnertime, I think, when my brood l gather in relating news of their various tivities, is our happiest hour, usually pped off by Terry delivering an after-nner speech. When we're almost through tting, Terry will suddenly rise to his feet id come out stirringly with something ke, "Stephen O'Sullivan is not a very nice by!" We all look at each other, and mebody asks, "And who is Stephen 'Sullivan?" But Terry is already into is theme. "The more I think of it, other, I should tell what I know about whe bullies everyone. He's always cking on little kids, then I have to go in id break it up." Then, man-to-man, "You now, Mart, I'm getting tired of it too!" hen, having gotten it all off his chest, erry adjourns to the den, leaving us still tting there unenlightened as to whom or iting, Terry will suddenly rise to his feet tting there unenlightened as to whom or hat he's been talking about.

The other evening I noticed Marty atching Doris and Terry laughing tosther. With a husky note in his voice he aid, "I married a beautiful package." hen in the direction of Terry, "I could ave had a son his age. And now, Nana, od has given him to me."

I couldn't help feeling Marty was speak-ig for both of us. For he was echoing my wn sentiments. God has been good to l of us; He's given me another wonderful n. And everything has happened for the est of bests for Doris. I couldn't have rdered a more wonderful life for her.

THE END





Did you ever shop for dinner in Paris?

Even if you parlay-voo like a native, you get a queer, lost feeling the first time you go marketing in a foreign country.

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So make use of your power of choice to get what you want. Know your brands—and study the ads on these pages. That way you will get what pleases you best—again and again and again.

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Photoplay's Scholarship Contest

(Continued from page 33) grade. Many of them work their way; washing dishes, waiting on tables, greasing cars, watering lawns—anything to help pay for tuition and board so that nightly they may appear in one of the plays presented on the college's four stages. Daytime, they learn about what goes into a stage production. Gilmor Brown, Director of the Playhouse, believes an actor must understand everything about his profession. And though a student may never write a play or design a set, all must study designing and playwriting, the history of the theatre and costumes. At the same time, slowly they discover themselves.

They discover the art of body control and grace of movement. They learn to speak from the diaphragm, with new vital voices. They learn that acting is a co-operative project. And they learn to actin the only way anyone can learn to active getting out on a stage and acting.

OFTEN, too, the Playhouse proves the answer to how to find a job without experience when obviously you can't have experience until you've had a job. Dana Andrews elaborated on this. "The thirty different roles I played during my stay at the Playhouse," he said, "gave me a greater variety of experience than all the characters I've played during my twelve years on the screen."

All of which, of course, is the reason talent scouts look to the Playhouse for new faces and casting directors are almost

always found in the audience.

William Holden, seen by a talent scout while at the Playhouse, was signed to a movie contract and became a star after playing the title role in "Golden Boy," a part for which dozens of big-time actors and hundreds of newcomers competed.

Marilyn Maxwell was a singer in a band when she was first offered a screen test. "I took the test, went home and never heard from the studio again," she says. "That decided me. I quit my job, went to the Playhouse and studied dramatics. The next time I was 'discovered' and given a screen test, I was also given a contract—and a role with Robert Taylor in 'Stand by for Action.'"

Many Playhouse students were signed while they still were studying. Eleanor Parker is one of the few not discovered "in action." Eleanor was in the audience, watching, when a scout saw her, liked her and asked her to make a screen test. She clicked, however, because she had the training that made her not just another beautiful girl but a beauty with ability

beautiful girl but a beauty with ability. Florence Bates, Barbara Rush, K. T. Stevens, Victor Mature, Lloyd Nolan, Gig Young are among others discovered at Pasadena. And among the current crop of Playhouse students, there undoubtedly are some of the names that will be bright tomorrow. The Photoplay Scholarship Contest hopes to discover just such talent. Right now, one thousand young women selected from many thousand entries, have been asked to send in voice recordings of two of the scenes printed in Photoplay last month. Five to six hundred of these candidates will be auditioned later in August and three of these young women will make the trip to the Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. The still unknown winner will remain there for two intensive years of study. And though this girl is still a question mark and her talent is only just beginning to take shape, her dreams and hopes for the future may soon be fulfilled.





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Babylon 85, New York

Yes I want to make easy money. Please rush FREE Display Book and Catalogue with Two Sample Christmas Box Assortments on Approval today.

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(Continued from page 35) Judy grow up while I was doing likewise. It had been Judy and her first husband Dave Rose who had encouraged me to forget vaudeville and write songs. Dave had introduced my first song just before I had become another G.I. Joe. It was not until after I discarded khaki that I had started writing songs for the movies.

Judy and I met at lunch to discuss our European trek. We were both nervous over seeing each other for the first time in so many years, wondered if we'd hit it off. But after the first five minutes we were welving it up all over the place.

were yakking it up all over the place.

When it broke in the papers that I was to accompany Judy, my phone rang continually. Friends of hers calling to instruct me how to "handle" her—friends of mine, skeptical that I should take a chance with Garland, fearing she might not held up or blow up the whole thing.

not hold up or blow up the whole thing.

Before we knew it, the night before our departure was upon us and Ruth Waterbury, whose name should be familiar to all you readers, gave us a party. Here we nervously tried out our act before an audience of friends and such tough critics as Louella Parsons, Cobina Wright, Maggie Whiting, Jack Smith, Gertrude Neisen, Burt Lancaster and so on. They all seemed to like what they heard and this encouraged Judy.

Then came the day we sailed. Judy called me that morning with cracks that the gloomy weather seemed more suitable for a murder than a bon voyage.

The first big laugh of the sailing came almost at once when Judy entered her stateroom and, in sweeping through the door to her bedroom, tripped over a ledge and fell flat on her face—as a beginning to her publicized "falling-down" journey.

Reporters who boarded the ship at

Reporters who boarded the ship at Plymouth seemed shocked at the weight Judy had gained. Undoubtedly they had expected to see a frail, ailing individual. Judy has put on poundage, but for the first time in years she has regained her health. And isn't that of utmost importance? When Judy read the reporters comments the next day, she remarked, "From what I've read, I feel like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey's—" and roared with laughter.

As our tender moved from the ship, it seemed as if the crew and entire passenger list remaining aboard were on deck or hanging out of portholes to wave Judy farewell. Ships in the harbor flashed signals, spelling out her name. The *Ile* gave a long special blast on the horn, which we

were told was for Judy. She turned to me, saying, "Golly, can you believe all this? I can't."

Which brings me back to my first paragraph—opening night at the Palladium.
When stand-by call came, Judy and I

When stand-by call came, Judy and I walked arm in arm to the wings of the stage. Laughing, she said it felt as if we were walking "the last mile." And it did. We gave each other a kiss for luck and agreed if anything out of the ordinary happened, such as her forgetting a lyric or my hitting a clinker, we'd simply laugh it up and have fun. At that moment, the orchestra broke into the entrance music and I rushed on stage. Judy looked at me from the wings, terrified—and with a feeble "Oh, no." Then she walked on stage and it seemed as though the walls would come in with the applause.

Her performance went smoothly until she finished the fourth number. At this time, we were both supposed to exit. Suddenly the audience fell silent and looking toward the mike, I saw no Judy. However, right behind it, there was our girl—sitting flat on her you-know-what, stage center. I let out a howl as did she, walked over to her and helped her to her feet. The audience started yelling and laughing with us, with which Judy threw her arms around me, gave me a big smack.

It wasn't until Judy started to sing her final number, "Over the Rainbow," that I really realized what had happened. We were on at the Palladium. A baby spot

It wasn't until Judy started to sing her final number, "Over the Rainbow," that I really realized what had happened. We were on at the Palladium. A baby spot was on Judy—and she'd done it. They started to roar before she'd even sung the last lyric—and as the curtains folded in on the final words: "Why, oh why, can't I?" it was bedlam.

We were a bit bewildered by some of the newspaper reviews. They lauded Judy's performance, yet they commented on her weight, her gown, her vocal volume and, naturally, all mentioned her fall. But we knew, above all, she'd been a hit. By noon that day, her four weeks' engagement was sold out.

In summing up, I'd like to quote a remark Judy made as the curtains fell on the Palladium's final show. The audience's response had warmed her heart, and just before she had made her final curtain call she had grabbed my hand. "Not bad for a kid from Lancaster, California, hmm?" I say now, not bad for anyone, Judy, who is willing to knock herself out to please others, as you have done. The papers called this your comeback. I object. I don't think you've ever been away. The End



It's a small world: At a Club Churchill party in London, Judy Garland chats with old friend Hoagy Carmichael. Buddy Pepper, right, accompanied Judy to England

The Life He Saved

(Continued from page 40) Through you-I want everyone who needs help now or may need help in the future—to know that the sick and the heartsick can find Utopia in Menninger's—or in some other good sanitarium—just as I did."

Looking at my husky, vital guest I could hardly believe he had ever been on the verge of a complete breakdown. He had breezed in to see me straight from the tennis courts, wearing a sports shirt, a cap on the back of his head and looking as

brown as a berry.

What a different person he was from the man I had talked to in his studio dressingroom just a few weeks after his marriage to Liz Dailey hit the rocks for the second

and final time.

Then Dan literally had looked and acted like a man who had just gone through a crash. He had been too nervous to sit down. As we talked, he had paced the floor, clasping and unclasping his hands. His voice had been strained and jittery.

THAT was just a short five months ago. The other day, looking at him sipping a soft drink across the card table from me, I asked impulsively, "Dan, how did you happen to make up your mind to go to Menninger's? How did you have the courties the same did you have the courties the same did you have the courties." age to take such a drastic step?"

He answered without hesitation. "I suddenly took stock of myself," he said eagerly, "I realized I could not go on faced with the threat of a complete breakdown. I couldn't do it to my little boy, Dan, the third. I

couldn't do it to my studio.

"My days and nights—before I made up my mind—were a nightmare. Every morning when I woke up my troubles mounted and mounted."

"Then someone who had been at Men-ninger's—not Robert Walker, but a girl I know whose name I can't tell you because she's very well known-told me what had been done for her at this famous Clinic.

had been done for her at this famous Clinic. "So out of the blue, I called my agent, Al Melnick, who is also my close friend (Dan is now living with the Melnicks) and said, 'I want to go to Menninger's.' "Al didn't say, 'You'll be ruined. They'll think something is wrong with you mentally.' He said, 'Okay, boy. If you want to—that's it.' Other friends were not as understanding," Dan laughed. "Well, I never was out of my mind. If I had been I wouldn't have had the sense to want to get myself well again. get myself well again.
"I wish I could describe Menninger's to

you," he went on eagerly, "not just the appearance of the place—but the feeling there. It's near Topeka, Kansas—not a large place—in fact, they can only take sixty-five people at a time and they have a long

waiting list.
"It's the complete wholesomeness and normality of the place that first hits you. It's like a fraternity house. It has the warmth and intimacy of a friendly family—and yet, if you don't want to associate

with other people you do not have to."
For many years I have known of the Menninger Clinic and of the fine work being done by the famed psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Menninger, who heads it. His book, "The Human Mind," has been a best seller for a long time. But never before bed. for a long time. But never before had I talked with anyone who had been a patient there and I found myself hanging on

Dan's words.

"The word 'mental' is never mentioned there," he continued, "nor is anyone made to feel like a 'patient.' Not for a moment do you lose your identity. A banker is treated as a banker, an artist as an artist, an actor as an actor. Even down to the little things-your personality is respected. If you like chocolate ice cream-you get it.

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Or," he laughed again, "if you'll take yours vanilla—you get that, too.

"You may wear sports clothes, or dress clothes—it's up to you. Nothing is ever made to seem unusual!

"From the beginning they made it plain that I was to do the things I enjoyed doing. I like tennis, basketball and horseback riding. But most of all, I like to play the drums-did you know that? I used to feel guilty about that, sort of silly. But at Menninger's they made me feel this was not out of the ordinary at all. Someday, when I'm bored, I'm going to join an or-chestra and play the drums!"

He smiled, but he wasn't kidding. "That

wouldn't have been dignified in the old days—but in my new scheme of doing things I'm going to have the fun and the release of doing things I want to do just because I want to do them."

I suspected that a psychiatrist at Menninger's had given Dan that bit of advice.

As to the medical and psychiatric treatment he underwent at the Clinic—I knew he could not and would not talk about a subject that can only be discussed by experts, not amateurs, and is subject to change with the individual involved.

But Dan wants the world to know that people who need help should not be afraid to seek it. "I am telling you this because I know other people who are troubled as

I was can find solace and comfort and get back on their feet again," he said, quietly. Dan is one of the lucky ones who re-sponded very fast. He came along so beautifully that, at the end of three months, he asked for and received permission to return to Los Angeles and work out a divorce property settlement with Liz.

A great many people thought Dan looked and acted so well he should not go back. But he had received so much help, he wanted to go back and stay until he and his doctors were perfectly satisfied about his condition.

"They don't police you at Menninger's," he went on, "When I went back the second time I asked if I might enroll in the Wash-burn University and study writing and political philosophy.

"I went to school three days a weekloving every minute of it. Finally, they said to me, "There's nothing more we can do for you here. You'd better move on and make room for someone else." I tell you truthfully I was loath to leave."

He chuckled, "After I left, I even missed the ald mayies they need to be a long to the said may be a long to the said to the said

the old movies they used to show. You should have seen those pictures. I saw an old one of Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s-made before he spoke with a British accent!"

He was so glowingly healthy and his

sense of humor was so completely restored that I ventured to ask what he thought had brought about his breakdown in the first place. The crack-up of his

marriage, perhaps?
"No," he replied positively, "Oh, no.
You know, I really hadn't been myself since I came out of the Army. And yet, I tried to keep going, tied up in knots—never stopping to take stock of myself until I

was face to face with the breaking point.
"Even making a picture was drudgery and I love my work. I'm a born song-anddance man. I'm happiest when working.

"But it isn't fair to blame the condition I was in either on my work or on the end of my marriage to Liz. We were not happy together and we could not work out our marriage. But other people have weathered divorces without going to pieces. That's all in the past, anyway.
"Let's just say—and it's pretty close to

the truth—that I nearly cracked up because I was straining my nerves to the breaking point. I pushed myself beyond the point that I could go. But, luckily, I stopped in time-I stopped when I had the courage to admit to myself that I was ill.

Dan talked so sincerely that I can only

hope I have put it down on paper as graphically as he said it.
"People who are not of the theatre," he said, "fail to grasp the problem of an actor, an artist-whatever you wish to call us. They have little conception of the demands on our nerves and the tension under which we live and work. Actors-to be actors-are sensitive creatures. That's the way we are made."

"They are very nice creatures," I said, who give great happiness to other people

and to the world."

"And I, for one, intend to find and keep some happiness for myself now that I am well again," Dan told me. "My greatest happiness, of course, comes through my little boy. I won't have my son with me all the time. That is my real regret over the break-up of my marriage," he said, "but I will see him often.

"You ought to see that kid. He can do a split, a turn and any dance routine. He's only three-and-a-half and is a dead ringer for me-not saying that with conceit, either.

"Yes, I think he will probably grow up wanting to go on the stage and I won't block him. I'll give him all the help I can. There's lots of happiness in show business. It's just that some of us show people get off the trolley now and then.

Thank heavens—Dan Dailey is back on the trolley again. He is a fine man—and someday, somewhere, with someone, he is going to find that happiness and understanding he has sought for so long.

He is well and wise and strong again. And when love comes along again for him, he will value it all the more for the dark days of loneliness he has gone through. The \mathtt{End}

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Liz as a Bachelor Girl

(Continued from page 38) home one afternoon, and said, "Elizabeth, sing for Miss Hopper." (After which I said, "Elizabeth,

sing for Mr. Mayer.")

I know that Elizabeth has been severely criticized for moving into her own apartment, and not running home to Mamma, following her divorce from Nicky Hilton. I don't blame Elizabeth. I think it is high time she broke the umbilical cord. But I haven't approved of some of the things that young lady has been up to lately. I was all set to give her a verbal slugging. But when she said, "Just not nineteen happy, Hedda," in a voice loaded with emotion, I was trapped.

"Show me your apartment," I said. "Let me see how the world's most famous bachelor girl lives."

elor girl lives.

I once wrote in my column, "Liz Taylor has very little temperament and almost no side." I was as right as rain. Elizabeth has just about as much side as a barn swallow. Her apartment proves that. To begin with, it's a furnished apartment, second-story rear, with back staircase conveniently near by, in one of those brand new two-story apartments in Westwood. Modernistic both inside and out. The living-room is painted in soft sea green with darker wall-to-wall carpeting. A two-piece sectional sofa covered in gold-brown nubby material is separated with a two-layer end table. On the end table is a handsome gold clock, one of Elizabeth's wedding presents. Also on the end table are two pieces of wood with fancy metal tops in a slinking design. Elizabeth said she didn't have the slightest idea what they were, but she liked them.

ALSO in the living room are a pink-gray chair, a pink armchair, a modernistic desk and chair, and a very attractive end table of glass. I dragged out a chartreuse chair from one of the bedrooms, and Elizabeth agreed it helped to give the room something. The drapes, of a heavy white and gold check material, are always drawn. It's a room without a view. On the desk and the tables are cigarette boxes (Liz is a moderate smoker) and silver dishes full a moderate smoker) and suver disnes it in of peanuts and candies—of which she is very fond. When you're nineteen and weigh 112, that's all right.

As nothing in the room belongs to Elizabeth, except the gold clock and silver knickknacks, it doesn't reflect her at all.

"And you the daughter and the niece of international art dealers," I chided.

From a closet she hauled out a painting

of a girl by Angna Enters and paintings of a windmill and flowers by Benton Scott.

I helped her hang them.

"You're my first company, Hedda," she complained. "Most of my things are in storage at Bekins. The silver tea service storage at Bekins. The silver tea service in the dining-room is mine, and I have some of my own silver in that box in the corner. (Elizabeth was given a silver service for forty-five by Gorham for a wedding present because she posed for them.) I have some of my china, not much, in the kitchen cabinets, and," she added with a giggle, "I have cups without saucers. Before I have any more company I'll have to make a trip to the warehouse

to make a trip to the warehouse.

"I plan to do the whole place over in time," she continued. "I shall start with my bedroom. It's dusty rose and it's dreary. I keep my eyes closed until I get out of the room in the mornings so I won't have to see it. But everything costs so much. Right now I am on a strictly no-spending campaign. For the first time I realize the value of money. And I haven't got any of it. Well, not literally. But I soon will be broke. See that telephone pole?" She

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pulled back the gold and white drapes and pointed at as bleak a telephone pole as I have ever seen. "I get twenty-five dollars a month off the rent because of that pole," she said proudly. "I haggled with the landlady."

This was indeed a new Elizabeth. I have never known her to count the cost of anything. She has been working in pic-\$1,500 a week. But what with being on layoff (and she was also on layoff during her honeymoon) the bank balance presumably is getting low. She asked for no alimony when she divorced Nicky. When I asked her why she said, "I don't feel I

She said, "I had a nervous breakdown brought on by tension during 'Love Is Better Than Ever.' And I had to spend thousands of dollars on doctors' bills to be able to finish the picture. I even had to have a nurse with me on the set. And now," she added gloomily, "it probably never will be released because of Larry

Parks. He's my co-star, as you know."
"But you can't be broke," I insisted.
"What about that block of stock in the Waldorf Astoria your father-in-law gave you. You've still got that, haven't you?"

Elizabeth said she hadn't thought about it, she guessed she still had it.

URING our conversation Elizabeth paddled to the bedroom three times to answer the phone, whispered something I couldn't hear (undoubtedly "She's still here") and paddled back. I say "paddled" because she was barefooted. Something I've been lecturing her about for years. The minute she gets inside a house, theatre, restaurant, off come her shoes.

Elizabeth shares her five-room bachelor apartment with an attractive young girl named Peggy Rutledge. Peggy acts as her companion and secretary. The two girls seem to agree on everything except Elizabeth's passion for lavender—Peggy's trying to talk her out of having her bedroom done in lavender. Each girl has her own bedroom, one on each side of the living-room, which makes for privacy. They share a bathroom.

A maid named Irene comes in every other day to wash dishes, make beds, and

clean. There were no dirty dishes in the sink—Irene had just left.

"We cook our own breakfasts," said Elizabeth proudly. Peggy makes the coffee in a dime-store coffee pot. And Elizabeth makes the toast on a brand new toastersometimes if it's a late breakfast and she isn't planning to go out to lunch she splurges with bacon and eggs.

Judging by the bareness of the cabinets in the kitchen and the general emptiness

of the refrigerator (the spotlight was held by a jar of peanut butter braced by a couple of bottles of a soft drink) the girls never eat at home—except for breakfast. One of these days, Elizabeth assured me, she expects to do a spot of entertainingsomething she has never done in her life, except for a few kid parties. She fancies buffet dinners for six or eight. But right now she goes out to dinner every night. And the lucky man, of course, is Stanley Donen. Liz started going steady with Stanley when he was directing her in "Love Is Better Than Ever." When she was sick and in the hospital during the production, Stanley was the only one allowed to visit her. Which irked her mother considerably. When I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with Stanley she said, "No, I am not in love. We enjoy each other's company very much." A very cold statement for the mighty warm hand-holding I have seen.
Elizabeth adores previews almost as

much as she does ice cream sodas. She and Stanley attend most of the previews and premieres of the town. They like to dance, and they like to go riding along the ocean with the top down in Elizabeth's Cadillac. Stanley certainly is the man of the hour. Elizabeth's girl friends, with the excep-

tion of Barbara Thompson, are non-professional. Now that she's a bachelor girl, with no strings tied, she has discovered the fun of lunching leisurely with her pals. She is thinking about taking up tennis and golf this summer. But right now she's only thinking about it. Her favorite exercise is swimming, which she has been doing at Palm Springs. She is

devoted to her sun tan.

Elizabeth, I noticed, is a very untidy teenager. Her belongings are strewn around the room. The built-in wardrobe showed dresses sometimes on the hangers, and sometimes the hangers on the dresses. In sometimes the hangers on the dresses. In the bottom of the wardrobe was a confusion of shoes. A drawer filled with pastel shade sweaters was half open. "I know," said Elizabeth sadly, "you're going to say I'm not neat. And I'm not. But honestly I'm getting much better."

And why should she be! She's always had seenly sidking up for her at home and

shad people picking up for her at home and the studio. Too many people. Naturally she's untidy. Give her three months of being a bachelor girl. You'll see a change. Elizabeth's sewing is like her cooking.

Only in cases of necessity. "I can sew up a hem if it's absolutely necessary." But not

if she can find a safety pin, I bet.
Elizabeth has never cared much for books and there are no books in her apartment. Several magazines were on the coffee table with one of them turned down on an article titled, "Are Frenchmen Better Lovers than Americans?" When I

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teased her about this she said with a laugh, "Well, I wouldn't know, Hedda. I was in France only once. On my honeymoon.

Most teenagers wouldn't think of spending five minutes in an apartment that didn't have some sort of a recording machine. But Liz doesn't even have a portable one. When I asked her her favorite song (surely she and Stan must have "our song") she said she didn't have a favorite.

This is the first time Elizabeth has ever been on her own. I told her doting mother long ago that she should stop running her daughter's life. Elizabeth grew up physically several years ago. But she has never had a chance to grow up mentally. Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth and I are so close we think as one person." It was on the set of "Julia Misbehaves" in which picture Elizabeth got her first screen kiss. I thought then that a certain filly was

about ready to kick over the traces.
"I'm trying to reorganize myself," Elizabeth told me. "I don't want my life to be on an emotional plane any longer. So far it's been much too hysterical. I want to find out for myself what's right and what's wrong, and take full responsibility. I've been married and divorced, and I think it is time I knew the value of things.

"My first move in getting myself re-organized is this bachelor apartment. I love my mother dearly. I guess people think I am pretty snooty, moving out of my mother's home. But I think it is the

"I was certainly a mixed-up eighteen," she continued, dipping into the candy bowl. "Eighteen seemed to last forever. It got me in such a tension that even now I can't relax. For the last year I've been like a person trying to catch a train."

Elizabeth knew a month after her marriage that she had made a dreadful mistake. "I tried everything I could not to have

a break-up,' she told me. I know she tried hard. And denicd a marital rift as long as she could. I recall a telephone conversa-tion I had with her late last August when she was at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. Here is the verbatim record of our chat.

"Are you and Nicky separating? "No, where did you hear that?"

I said, "Rumors are flying everywhere,

on the air and in the papers."
"You can deny them," she said. "I am happy now."

"You mean you weren't happy, but are happy now?" I asked.

"I am especially happy now."
"But you were having trouble. I understand you were trying everything to keep your marriage from cracking up. Nicky was being a very bad boy, and that he seemed to think he was another Aly Khan and doing a lot of gambling in France." heard from a reliable source in Europe that

"Doesn't everyone?" she asked.
"I heard he gambled day and night and threw poker chips in your face."
"That's false. They don't play poker in

"I hear that you are so anxious to get home that you want to fly. But Nicky insisted upon driving. Did you know that you have a new Cadillac in your garage?"

"No. What color?" "Blue, like your eyes," I told her.
"It should be red."

"Why? Have you been crying?" "No, my eyes are just bloodshot."

understand that Nicky's friends wanted you to come back by boat and leave him in Europe."

That's not true, Hedda." "But you have quarreled?"

"Sure, that happens to every young couple. But we didn't have our misunderstandings in public and we are not separating. We don't take marriage that lightly. Every young couple has to make adjust-

When I called her on December 14, 1950, she did no hedging. "I will file suit for divorce when I complete my present picture," she said. "I am sorry that Nick and I have not been able to adjust our differences. After personal discussion we realize

ences. After personal discussion we realize there is no possibility of reconciliation." At the moment Elizabeth is going through a phase of being sensitive to public opinion. "I know I have been spoiled," she said. "But I think people are unfairly severe. There are too many untruths printed about me. I try not to read about myself any more. (I suspect she reads every line written.) It only makes me unhappy."

I told her, "You can avoid being hurt by bad publicity by not doing things that

get you in the headlines.

"I don't feel," claimed Elizabeth de-fensively, "that I did anything wrong. Most girls get engaged several times in their teens. A lot of girls marry in their teens. I feel I was being very normal. I didn't want to be in the limelight. I wanted just to be a girl."

"But you aren't just a girl," I said,
"But you aren't just a Honey, you're

"you're a movie star. trapped."

If Elizabeth had married Bill Pawley, I don't think she would be a bachelor girl today. Nicky and Elizabeth were babes in the woods. But Bill was an adult of twenty-nine, a real man of the world, and he simply adored Elizabeth. If Mamma hadn't interfered Liz might be a happy young matron today. Well, who knows. But one thing I do know. Elizabeth will not be a bachelor girl for long. Maybe until next May 6th when her divorce is final. Maybe not so long. There's always Mexico, perish the thought.

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The stirring account of a young girl who vacations alone to get even and finds a new

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Forever, Audie

(Continued from page 43) time I finally found the pilot, Audie had gone and how it was last summer before we really met when another air hostess and I speut our vacation in Hollywood.

Day-dreaming can be very dangerous—and disappointing. But as I knew Audie better, I liked him even more. His admirable qualities, I soon found, far out-weighed any with which I imaginatively had endowed him. So many people in Texas loved him and I began to understand why. He's the kindest, most gener-

ous person I've ever known.

"Now that I'm a married man, I'm going to have to start saving," he says very seriously now. But somehow I can't quite foresee this. Audie would rob his own penny jug any time to buy a gift for a friend. Typical of his thoughtful selection is the gold choker, the matching bracelet and earrings he had made up specially for me. The bracelet has a large gold ornament made in the shape of Texas and set with a diamond denoting Dallas's locale.

WAS impressed when I read about Audie, just out of the Army, buying his sister a home in Farmersville and taking his younger sisters and brother out of the orphanage to share it with her. More recently he bought them a car. And little four-year-old niece Charlene has the dis-tinction of owning the first sixteen-inch television set in Farmersville. And for some time he has been corresponding with a little boy in Austin, Texas, who is seriously ill. He's always sending him thingscowboy suits, guns, clothing. talks about anything he does. He never

Which reminds me, a few days before we were married, Audie was officially honored by Texas by having his portrait hung in the state capitol building in Austin. It was quite a ceremony, with the Governor and many notables present. Audie addressed the Senate and the House and was very well received-so a friend of his who was present told me. Audie's only comment was: "My mother always said I'd be hung someday, but I wish they could have

waited until after my wedding."

I really think he was glad that his "hanging" allowed him to escape the confusion of my wedding preparations. We were giving up our house too. And what with my getting married and packing and all the other hostesses packing and moving, it was pretty mad around there. That morning Audie walked in, gave a furtive look around and rushed out the door without even saying goodbye. I was ironing a skirt and didn't realize for a minute that he'd gone. When he reached the safety of a phone booth he called me. "Where on earth are you?" I asked. "I just couldn't stand

all that chatter and confusion," he said.
Since Audie had to report back to
Hollywood within a few days for "The
Cimarron Kid," our wedding arrangements

were hurried and quite informal.

A good friend of Audie's, S. H. Lynch, a Dallas businessman, gave a beautiful dinner for us at the "Cipango Club," topped off with a dessert course of individual Baked Alaska decorated with "Pam and Audie—Happy Years." We received so many letters and telegrams, none of which I valued more than the letter from Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Braniff (my former boss), expressing their happiness. They have a genuine investment in our marriage. I'll never forget how much I owe them. If my boss hadn't given me the free plane trip to Hollywood for my vacation-I would probably never have met Audie Murphy.

We were married at seven-thirty in the evening in the beautiful Cox Chapel of the Highland Park Methodist Church, with the Assistant Pastor, William Dickinson, who is also the Chaplain in Audie's 36th Division, officiating. Annabel Schiesher, an-other air hostess and my dear friend, wearing a toast-colored shantung suit with white accessories, was my attendant. "Skipper" James O. Cherry, city manager for Interstate Theatres and an old friend of Audie's, was best man.

Everything went beautifully, but for a moment there I was a little worried. The groom and best man had come out of their room, and my attendant and I had emerged from the other. We were all walking slowly towards the altar when I saw Audie suddenly hesitate. I couldn't imagine what had happened. Had he forgotten the ring? Was he thinking it over? Was he about to say, "Look, Little Squaw (his nickname for my Cherokee heritage), let's not rush this thing"? Then in a moment, he was moving forward again. His little niece Charlene, watching wide-eyed from the front pew, had recognized her uncle and waved two little gloved fingers at him and Audie had paused to wink at her.

I received one note from a girl warning me not to marry Audie. She'd clipped the letters out of a magazine and pasted them together so her handwriting wouldn't be revealed. "Pamela:" it read, "If you marry Audie, you will live in fear. I love him," and signed, "Tigress." But I was not to be discouraged even by "Tigress"—not after

six years of dreaming.

Most of our honeymoon we spent at Ray Woods's dude ranch, which always will have many sentimental memories for me.

For the present we're living in Audie's two-bedroom duplex in a bungalow court just off the Sunset Strip. It's very spacious and homey and charmingly furnished. I

couldn't handle a more pretentious place. In our bedroom closet is Audie's wedding gift to me. A set of three handsome leather travelling cases bearing the gold initials "P.A.M."—for Pamela Archer Murphy, my married monogram.

Also in the closet is an off-white raw silk suit with sequinned collar and cuffsmy wedding dress. Mutely evident, a flock of rice in one of my toast-colored slippers. Funny, I don't even remember them throwing rice at us. I was too excited to be con-

In a bureau drawer is a pair of gold cuff links in the form of tiny pearl-handled revolvers—my gift to the groom. "Shall I put them in my gun case? Or wait until I find a Western shirt with French cuffs?" Audie asked when I gave them to him, simulating a nuzzled expression. simulating a puzzled expression.

When Audie has a day off while working

on a picture, I like to give him his break-fast in bed. The first time he was a little shocked at the idea. The second morning he'd weakened. "You know I might get to like this." And confidentially, he does.

Audie's always coming in with some new equipment he's sure will be of help to me. The latest is the ultra in electric ovens in which I could cook a whole meal in one painless operation. "This will save you work," he says, "and we will have more

"It's lovely," I said. "But it will take me

forever to learn to work it.

We're studying house plans all along, and "designing" the ranch home we hope to build north of Los Angeles someday. Audie brought back some horns from Texas which we plan to mount over the "future" fireplace. Someday too, we dream about building another ranch back in Texas and raising Brangus cattle. (This is a cross breed of Brahma and Angus.) I don't care where I live—so long as it's

with Audie.

THE END

If You Want to be Charming

Continued from page 71) time you'll find omething with which to disagree—or gree. Never fear, your conversation will be animated and he'll find you interesting ecause you're truly interested.

Does Baby Leave You Bulging?

Recently, I received an all too typical complaint from a young mother who says having her second baby left her figure permanently" impaired. She says that hough she dieted and lost all the weight he had gained during pregnancy, her ummy bulges hopelessly and her bust— vell, in her words, "I just look matronly, hat's all.

I may not be an authority on this sub-ect but I've lived in Hollywood too long nd know too many young mothers who

ave had their babies and kept their figures,

o accept any such lament. Esther Williams and Jeanne Crain are he two recent screen mothers who came ack to work after their babies, more adiant and figure-beautiful than ever.
"Diet alone won't do it," Esther says.

Those post-maternity bulges are the reult of lack of muscle tone and nothing but xercises—the right exercises, done faithully every day—can faze them. Nearly very obstetrician recommends this simple outine which helped me back into shape. here are three basic steps and the trick tes at first, and for longer times as your trength returns."

1. Lie flat on your back on the floor and aise the right foot a few inches off the oor, keeping the leg stiff; lower it slowly. To the same with the left leg. Repeatight times. Each day or two endeavor to aise the leg higher and higher until it is

possible, without tiring, to raise each leg eight times to a perpendicular position. When this can be accomplished with ease, raise legs several inches off the floor, keeping them stiff and together, increasing each day until you can touch your toes to the floor directly over your head.

2. Lie flat on your back with arms folded across the chest. Raise your head off the pillow a few inches. Repeat eight times. Gradually increase the height to which the head is raised until you are able to rise to a sitting position with arms still folded.

3. Lie flat on your back and raise the

"The reason so many engagements are broken is because most girls want to get married." . . . June Havoc

hips off the floor a few inches; with the hips thus elevated contract the muscles across the lower abdomen. Now return to the lying posture. As time goes on, increase the height to which the hips are raised and the force with which the abdominal muscles are contracted.

There is nothing better for toning and restoring the muscles which control the contour of the breasts (or for developing a beautiful bust in the first place) than swim-

ming, particularly the breast stroke.

For those of you who are more comfortable on dry land, however, there is an exercise which John Robert Powers recommends to his models which, if you remember that "every day, no matter what" rule, is said to work wonders:

Cross your wrists and grasp the upper side of your forearms midway between

the elbows and the wrists. Now, raise your arms to the shoulder level. Grip hard and push your hands toward your elbows. (Don't let your hands slide upward!) Hold

for a count of five, release and repeat.

Jeanne Crain, too, warns that you have to do your exercises every day if you want

have your baby and beauty too.
"There's nothing more dull or boring than calisthenics, but—after a baby—nothing more essential. When you have to go back to work before a camera, as we do, you have a deadline and that helps.

Another thing that helped, for Jeanne, was combining the basic exercises with a physical workout every day.

"I have loved ballet since I studied it when I was in high school," she says. On the set of "Take Care of My Little Girl," the first picture Jeanne made after the birth of her new baby, she and Jean Peters and Betty Lynn persuaded Mitzi Gaynor, who is a professional ballet dancer, to put them through a fifteen-minute "warm up" at the bar every morning.

"Steam baths and massages are fun, too," she added, "but, unfortunately, useless if you skip your exercises. And Paul and I love to take long walks after the children are bedded down in the evening. There is nothing like walking to melt away any ugly bulges which pile up during preg-nancy on your hips and thighs."

It occurs to me, as I pass on all this good advice, that the mothers with new babies aren't the only ones who could profitably take a leaf from the exercise book of these two lovely stars.

Bulging—but too tired? Sagging—but too lazy?

Well, bulge ahead then, girls. But don't say I didn't tell you.

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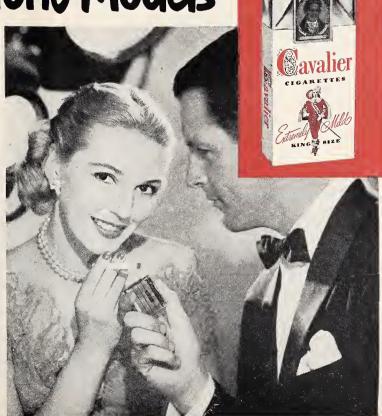
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Princess Abdicates

(Continued from page 51) He drives his motor cars at one hundred kilos an hour and sometimes his feet, not his hands, guide the steering wheel. He goes flying off in his airplane at midnight.

Lovely women he finds irresistible.

Money he spends like water. He is the most fascinating and charming of men. But as far as being married to him—my sym-

pathy goes to Rita.

Rita met Aly at the time she was being divorced from Orson Welles. She came to Cannes, I was convinced, because it was Orson's stamping ground. And he did visit her there for a few days. It was after he had left, and she was lonely, that I put

her next to Aly, at my dinner party.

The next thing I knew Aly had reserved a suite for Rita at the Hotel Reserve near Monte Carlo, so they might meet without publicity. It was an unbelievable apartment, draped in pink satin like the boudoir of a French princess.

No need to go over the courtship or the wedding on May 27th, 1949. Or the birth of Yasmin at Lausanne, Switzerland, on December 28th, 1949. All of these things, in their time, crowded other far more vital if less titillating events off the front pages. Just as Rita's return to America, now, two

years later, proceeded to do. Curious that Rita should have Jackson Leighter advising her. He used to manage Orson Welles with no great financial success to Orson, certainly. But then it well may be no one could accomplish that.

However, I do not think Leighter is managing Rita well at all. The wildly flowing hair and shirt-tails and old dungarees that marked the news pictures taken of her as she motored across the country to Lake Tahoe, where she sued for divorce, were ill-advised.

It was last summer at Longchamps that I saw the flaws in her marriage structure.

The year before at Longchamps, Aly's father, the Aga Khan and his wife, the Begum, had occupied a box on the other side of the stands from Rita and Aly. When the ovation Rita received drew all attention from the Aga and the Begum, a very beautiful woman, I thought the Begum had not liked it very well.

Last summer the Aga and his Begum had box directly beneath the box of Aly and Rita—where they could not be ignored. It is not the Aga Khan's way to interfere with his sons. Nevertheless, I do not think he was happy when Aly, his heir to the spiritual leadership of twelve million Moslems, married a movie star. The Aga ad-



Rita Hayworth and two children live in rented house, pending Nevada divorce





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mired Rita, but knew she must, as she did, cause a split among his people; the young adoring her, the reverent disapproving.

The Begum, I think, never liked Rita. Not that anything ever was said. But those of us who saw the two women together were conscious of a strained undercurrent.

Besides, the Begum, who knows very well how to get on with Orientals, looks after the Aga devotedly; runs his domestic establishment beautifully.

Rita expected Alv to look after her.

SOON enough, Aly gave up expecting Rita to run his house. "I will order, Baby Darling," he would tell her. And by the time they had been married a year had she been a guest she would have known as much about what was being served.

"I never could run a house, you know that," she told me one day, laughing. "No one I marry should try to make a housekeeper out of me."

Indeed I did know. She could not even

manage the little house she had with Orson. Dinner there, invariably one to two hours late, was likely to be uneatable. Such things were not important to her or to Orson—or to you when you were with them. For everyone had fun.

As the Princess Margarita Aly Khan,

Rita was out of her element. She had no understanding of a Moslem. And, soon enough, I think, the lack of money in the purse, even while she was surrounded by very evidence of great wealth, reminded

ner of the great money-maker she was. So with time flying, she began to think about returning to Hollywood.

I think the Aly did not give her much noney because he did not have it to give. The five million dollars which the Aga gave him before he married Rita was supposed to keep him as long as his father ived. An unbelievable fortune, until you ouy fabulous race horses; maintain great nouses all over the Continent, airplanes, hirteen motor cars-and when you are, in all ways, generous beyond belief.

I remember lunching with Aly at the

Chateau de l'Horizon last summer.

On tables, on chairs, were checks waitng for Aly's signature. He frowned at hem. "Expenses are frightful," he comblained. "They eat up one's life."
Rita was disturbed, too, about Aly's

ecklessness, not only with money, with everything. The rumors, before Yasnin was born, which linked his name with Katherine Dunham . . . More recent More recent rumors about him and Heidi Beer, wife of European band leader and Nancy Mas-

seroni, a Boston society divorcee.

"... Your wishes are my law," Aly wrote n reply to Rita's request for a divorce. That is Aly, the Continental gentleman.

"... Prince Aly Khon wishes Britanian.

. Prince Aly Khan wishes Princess Vasmin to spend specific periods of time with him after she is seven years old."
That is Aly, heir-apparent to the spiritual eadership of twelve million Moslems.
Rita, asking that Aly settle the same um—three million dollars—upon Princess

Tasmin that he settled upon his two sons by his former wife, Joan Yarde-Buller Fuinness, asked no money for herself.

It was inevitable that it all should end

his way. For it never was a marriage in he true sense. Marriage means a house ind maybe a garden, children, a man and a voman planning and sacrificing, if need be, o the unit of society they have created nay survive, and loving each other more

leeply, if less excitedly, in the process.

Should Rita find her way back to Orson, won't be surprised.

As for Aly, whom I always shall love, ne will, I am sure, go on, as he always has, iving right up to the hilt.

It just isn't in the cards for two such trangers to live happily forever after.

THE END

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Their Love Is Like This . . .

(Continued from page 53) and tossed her one that happened to be lying around.

Stories or no stories, both say they're not engaged. True, he'd given her a diamond ring. Not a solitaire, however, nor the kind you associate with engagements. More the dinner-ring type. And she was wearing it on her right hand.

It happened like this. "Behave Yourself" was in its final week. Farley had called a jeweler to order thank-you gifts for his co-workers. As usual, Shelley hovered. "Do you have any pretty rings for a girl?" she heard him inquire.

The script clerk! she thought. By her standards, he's a wild one with cash. "You can't do that. It costs too much—"

"Go away, woman. Leave me alone-" That afternoon came the jeweler with boxes. Farley showed her the ring. "Try it on Like it-

"Just beautiful, but I still think you're overdoing it-" She pulled the ring off to hand it back-

"Keep it-

"Keep it?! You mean it's for me-?" "End-of-the-picture present. For a good

Of course she was thrilled, of course she scampered around showing it off, and of course people jumped to their own con-

clusions. But-

"It's not an engagement ring," said Farley. "Shelley and I are very close. We're very close, and there's no one else for either of us right now. But we have no definite plans. I hate this are-you, aren'tyou routine, and I won't be cornered for the sake of a story. When, as and if we're ready, we'll say so."

SHELLEY was still more explicit. "Do you know two careers where two people have been happy? One's off on location, the other has to stay in Hollywood. Last fall I was all set to go to Europe with my aunt and uncle, and meet Farley there. Then came a chance to play Billie Dawn in 'Born Yesterday.' He was sore as heck, but I couldn't turn it down, I just couldn't. Not only for the part, but the money. Farley says money's for spending and life's for living. He saves up some dough, goes abroad and gets back with \$24 in the bank. Doesn't faze him at all.

"I wish I could be like that, but I'm not. I've come up the hard way, and it's left a bad scar. I worry about financial security. I've worked like mad for a career and it's just beginning and, frankly, it comes first with me. That's no good for marriage. For marriage you've got to be a wife first and an actress second. You've got to be able to say, 'I'd rather go with Farley, wherever he goes, than play a good part.' I can't say

The future is guesswork. All we know for the present is that Shelley is Farley's girl. When they started dating, people shrugged. "It'll flare up and die. They have nothing in common." They've been dating more and more steadily, and seem to have more in common than ever. Yet, if you knew them superficially, the skep-ticism was understandable. Farley's a sensitive young man, on the reticent side with all but his intimates. Shelley's an extrovert, tempestuous, uninhibited, built up by publicity as a kind of junior Mae West-a buildup she hates, by the way.

Obviously, they found each other attractive. But if this had been all, it would have flared up and died. The clue to their continuing closeness lies in the fact that what you hear of Shelley is only half the truth, and therefore misleading. What you see of her is only half the truth too. She looks younger, softer, more vulnerable than on the screen. That she's a pepperpot





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nobody will deny, least of all Shelley. She also has great warmth and sweetness. These qualities don't make for salty reportage. But they show in her eyes and in

the way she talks about Farley-

the way she talks about Farley—
"He understands when things go wrong with me. He realizes that when I pop off, it's because I'm frightened, I really get panicky, and this is my stupid way of self-defense. Through Farley, I'm growing more mature. 'Children fall apart,' he says. More mature. 'Children fall apart,' he says. 'Adults cope with things.' One day I barked at the director. Farley said quietly, 'I'm tired.' He wasn't tired. He said it to get us a ten-minute break, so I could pull myself together. He didn't preach at me either. Next day he just said, 'That's a nice fellow.' I knew what he meant. I sat down and wrote the director a note of

apology.

"It's easy to get romantic over someone like Farley, but love's more than romance. Whatever happens, I'll always love him for the kindness he's shown me, for his real concern over my welfare. One night I got dressed up and we went out to dinner. All day I'd been doing some pretty grueling scenes for "The Raging Tide." He asked me a question and ten minutes later I answered that question. 'Come on, I'm taking you home,' he said. 'The best thing anyone can get out of you right now is a medium shot.' That's typical of him. He takes care of me. It's a lovely feeling. Nobody's ever

★ "The real achievement is to be the last woman in a man's life-not the first."

done it before."

. . . FAITH DOMERGUE

Farley uses the same words. "Shelley's very independent in many ways. But underneath, there's a little-girl quality. She's the kind of person who needs to be taken care of. I'm the average normal male. I like that sort of dependency. It's a relationship I've never known before. I'm just happy," he grins, "that she doesn't think I'm her

he grins, "that she doesn't think I'm her father."

"Behave Yourself" was no accident. For a long time, they'd been crazy to do a picture together, preferably comedy. Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, who produced "Behave Yourself," sent Farley the script while Shelley was in New York. He liked it. "What about Shelley?" asked Wald. "I hear she's temperamental. Can you handle her?"

"She'd be great," said Farley, blandly ducking the last part. "If you can get her. And me."

There lay the rub. First Goldwyn said yes and Universal said no, then the other way round. For six weeks the deal teetered, with boy and girl egging their agent on (they have the same agent), breathing down their lawyer's neck (they have the same lawyer), falling blissful and ex-hausted into each other's arms when the thing was settled.

Dear hearts and gentle people warned Farley. "This will be the end of you and

Shelley. She'll blow up in your face."
"We have a director, remember?" he pointed out. "He's in charge. We both take orders from him."

"Behave Yourself," his first comedy, was a big challenge. He bought a tape recorder and rehearsed for two weeks before starting. Worked every night rehearsing the next day's stuff. He's hopeful but philosophical about his own contribution. "Good or bad, I've learned something about comedy. And that's progress."

"He's like Cary Grant," chirped Shelley.
"Only better."

"I should live so long," said Farley.

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They got along fine, their main trouble coming from doughnuts. Upset about a scene, Shelley'd head for her dressingroom and order doughnuts, which comfort the spirit and increase the flesh. Farley'd poke his head in. "You shouldn't eat that!"

"Okay, you eat half."
"I won't eat half."
"Then I'll get fat and spoil the picture, and it's your fault."

"There's no point in yelling," says Far-ley, "because Shelley can yell louder. So I find myself being adult and masterful. First I say in a loud voice, 'Shut up!' She doesn't hear me and goes right on talking. I let her finish. Then I speak my piece and walk away."

"Takes me home and goes home himself," the culprit chimes in. "Calm as an oyster. Won't let me argue, just refuses to discuss it. We have a good system, though," she adds cheerfully. "We take turns making up. If I apologize one time. Farley does it the next even though it's my fault, which it generally is. Then he buys me a clown. I collect clowns. If we didn't fight, I wouldn't have so many."

His coming of age is apparent in more than his relationship with Shelley. He's acquired independence and confidence in himself. He feels strongly about what's right and wrong for him to play and backed his own judgment by taking a sus-pension. Instead of brooding around Holly-wood, he went off and had himself a ball in Europe. As movie stars go, his salary was small. "But I don't believe in stashing money away for a rainy day. As far as I'm concerned, the rainy day's here. Who knows how long you'll be able to travel in Europe? The most expensive thing is the trip over, unless you stay at fancy hotels, which I didn't. I was a tourist. I lived like a tourist."

E returned for "Strangers on a Train." The next script they sent him featured another neurotic killer. "Uh-uh," said Farley, and stuck to his guns while the heavens crackled. For personal reasons, this wasn't easy. He feels an immense respect and affection for Samuel Goldwyn, who gave him his start at seventeen. But he's no longer seventeen, and a man of twentysix must make his own decisions. Net result: A new five-year contract at more money and a new understanding between himself and the boss. Farley retains the right to turn down parts he objects to. Goldwyn retains the right to suspend him.

He still has enormous enthusiasm, but it's channeled and tempered. He no longer thinks everything is great. His overriding ambition is to be a good actor. This creates another bond with Shelley, who feels the same way. They read plays aloud and devour technical books on the theatre. Inveterate movie-goers, they're capable of sitting through two double bills and hashing performances over till cockcrow. This they find infinitely more stimulating than night clubs. Contrary to popular conception, Shelley never went in much for the gay spots. Farley brushes them off. "When there's a good act, yes. Otherwise, they're for people who have nothing to say to each other."

He doesn't hobnob with million-dollar stars and generally runs from fancy func-tions. Though he's been around the glamour capital a long time, his innocence of certain swank procedures showed up in Paris, where he got a bid to a plush dinner party. For a moment he toyed with the idea of going. "Do you have a white tie?" they asked. "No, but I'll get one."

Arthur Laurents was with him. "You going to buy tails?"
"For what? I'm buying a white tie to wear with my dinner jacket."

"White tie means tails."

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"That's fine," said Farley, picking up the phone. "I'll stay home."

Most of his friends are older than he is —professional writers and musicians whose intelligence he respects. Like many people who've missed college, he exaggerates its importance. The fact that he's educated himself more thoroughly than lots of B.A.s doesn't register with Farley. There's so much more to learn. He learns by listening though he's now realizing

that his opinions also bear some weight.

They gather often at the home of Saul Chaplin, the musician. Both Chaplin and his wife play, and everyone sings. Everyone, that is, but Farley, who's restrained by force if necessary, and sits around looking wistful. They suspect him of singing under his breath, but a dirty look throws him. If they're feeling indulgent, hey'll let him take one note alone in 'Porgy and Bess.' That's his big solo. His warmest admirers (including his mother) will tell you that Farley sings like a frog. Shelley considers this harsh. "He's just off key all the time," she explains reasonably. To Farley, who loves music only second to acting, his vocal defects loom as a lesser tragedy. He's a frustrated song-and-dance man. "Someday," he threatens, "I'll ootz my way into a musical."

Partly because of the roles he's played, you think of him as intensely seriousminded. He can be as wacky as the next one, with an offbeat humor that he turns against himself. When there's nonsense afoot, he's semi-the-life-of-the-party. Does hilarious takeoffs on Granger, the man of doom. Or grabs Shelley, and they shove each other around in some nutty improvisation of the modern dance. As a ballroom dancer, he's been called a diamond in the rough. "Very rough," he stresses. What he lacks in skill, he makes up in exuberance. A friend considered the matter and put it this way. "He doesn't look the way he thinks, but try to keep him off the floor!" Even Shelley will go no further than to say, "He's brave."

To his friends, he's loyal almost to a fault and hotly defends the absent against criticism. Knifing infuriates him. Once he said to Shelley: "Don't sit around with people who dish. What they do to others, they'll do to you." By the same token, he finds it hard to forgive a friend who lets him down, being young enough for the deep hurts of disillusion. He's readier than not to like people. If he does, he'll go all out for you. If he doesn't, you'll know it by his formal civility. Loathing all forms of affectation, it was Shelley's inability to be anything but her honest self that first drew him toward her.

When he feels strongly, it's hard to budge him. But he's not bullheaded. Convince him that he's wrong, and he's ready to admit it. Far from being a moody youth, he's exceptionally sunny and good-humored. On those rare occasions when he lets fly, it's in privacy with a friend or two and over something important. Trifles don't ruffle him. On occasion he's thoughtless, but the price he pays isn't worth it. Working late one night, he forgot a dinner date. Clean forgot it and never even phoned. For weeks thereafter he prac-

tically wore a hair shirt.

Some of his friends, including Shelley, share his passion for paintings. In the pre-Granger days, Shelley bought such pictures as she could afford. "But who," she demands, "can keep up with that guy? Not me." And not most of his art-loving chums, who crawl out of the galleries deadbeat while Farley keeps prowling. He buys books on art and, oddly enough, understands them. He buys postcard reproductions and, oddly enough, studies them. He buys good prints of great pictures and

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hangs them in his apartment.

The apartment's new. He used to rent a small house and share a maid with Shelley—three times a week for each. Till it struck him as idiotic to come home on the odd days to littered ashtrays and dust. So he found himself an apartment with a view, a fireplace and daily maid service. There he threw his first big shindig— There he threw his first big shindig—partly a housewarming, partly in return for hospitality received, mostly for Betty Comden and Adolf Green, friends from New York. The only movie names present were Shelley and Richard Conte. "It was great," says the host, "and went on forever and a year from now I might talk myself into it again. My idea of a good party is into it again. My idea of a good party is eight or ten."

His energy is all but inexhaustible. It annoys Shelley that he can sleep five hours and be in great shape, while she needs nine. Their fights—and this is her open-hearted version-come mostly when she's inconsiderate of someone. He used to get mad when she was late, but gave that up like a sensible fellow as waste effort. Now he waits peacefully and reads a book. He can't keep out of a book or record shop. His car is still a Chevrolet, and his driving acceptable except when he terrifies backseat passengers by turning around for leisurely conversation. On the radio he listens only to music, and once in a while to "My Friend Irma." He's just bought a TV set—why, he doesn't know. "It mesmerizes you," is his feeble explanation.

UDY GARLAND'S his favorite singer JUDY GARLAND'S his favorite singer and, for his dough, the most exciting creature on the screen is Bette Davis. "I love her," he declares brazenly. He and Shelley met her at the Screen Writers Guild dinner. "Farley," spoke up the irrepressible blonde, "has a crush on you." "That's very flattering," smiled Bette: Between pleasure and embarrassment,

Farley spilled his drink.

What doughnuts do for Shelley, sports shirts do for him—soothe jangled nerves. Disturbed about something, Farley fares forth and buys a sports shirt. They can't compete with Der Bingle's, but as runners-up they'll serve. He wears them with jeans and such shoes as you'd swear could never be bought on land or sea. Where he digs them up is a mystery. Why he wears them is simple. "I like them,

he says, sticking out a proud foot.

Otherwise, his taste is excellent and he's influenced Shelley in the matter of clothes, which she takes less seriously than most women. Farley, however, thinks they're important to an actress. She used to concentrate on what she calls dressyup stuff. "But I had no good basic things. I'd just kind of run around in a pair of old slacks.

"Which few women can wear," said the boy friend, "and Shelley's not one.

"So I've changed to blouses and flared skirts. And I never wear hats because Farley doesn't like me in hats."

"A regular Pygmalion."

"A regular Simon Legree, but who's bicking?"

kicking?

They talk and act like people in love. But Farley won't be cornered for a story and Shelley won't subordinate her work to marriage. Therefore, since we have no choice, let's behave ourselves, leave them alone and see what happens.

This much is certain. Granger's a guy of gifts, and the greatest is for living. Lots of us just breathe. He's among the fortunate few, aware every waking moment that life, with its soaring peaks and bot-tomless chasms and all the flatlands between, is a boon bestowed just once on each of us. Whether he lives it with Shelley or another, he'll live it to the fullest.

THE END

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Encore!

(Continued from page 63) He thinks Madison, Wisconsin, the most beautiful city he's ever seen. He plays gin rummy "like mad" and his friends refer to him as "probably the luckiest and stupidest player in the

world." He sleeps in the raw.

He hates to go shopping with his wife.

He has no faith in fortune-tellers or astrologists. He would like to own a yacht someday and reads himself to sleep no matter how tired he is. His eyes are black.

He never wears a hat.

His mother calls him Freddy, he takes vitamins all day long, and believes good taste is more instinctive than cultivated.

He takes lukewarm showers, has never been served a traffic ticket and cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. He has a cocker spaniel named "Tenor."

He has an aversion to manual labor and his wife laments his "horrible taste" in neckties of wild, crazy patterns.

IIIS first job—at twenty-one—was moving pianos and one of his initial assignments was making a delivery to Philadel-phia's Academy of Music where the great Koussevitsky was to conduct a concert that evening. Standing in a room across the hall from the conductor's dressing-room, he gave forth with unbridled voice to "Vesti La Giubba" and at that moment lost his job. Koussevitsky demanded the identity of this singer and not long afterwards Mario Lanza was the conductor's guest at Berkshire, well on his way to becoming one of the world's great tenors.

He never carries a money-clip and his guiding philosophy has always been his father's admonition: "Think of the art and to hell with the money."

He is built like a weight-lifter and dislikes so-called modern furniture. He has no superstitions, dislikes cats and

declares that his mother has had the greatest influence on his life.

He has a canary and a parakeet, and is utterly without system or orderliness; he drops his clothes all over the house and

can never find anything. He is 5' 11½" tall.

Lanza means a flying lance, in Spanish. He served three years in the Army Air Force. He is an excited spectator at box-

ing and football matches.

He plays no tennis, no golf, has never been seasick and was born in a two-story brick house with marble steps: "You know, there are whole rows of them, like you see in Baltimore and Philadelphia."

He married Betty Hicks, sister of an Army pal, April 13, 1945. He cannot remember telephone numbers and every time he calls his own home he asks his manager what the number is.

He is very fond of soft drinks. He used to be a chain smoker—averaged two and half packs a day, plus two or three cigars and "maybe a pipe in be-tween." But during the filming of "Toast of New Orleans," he abandoned smoking altogether, deciding it was bad for his voice. He made his Grand Opera debut at New Orleans in "Madame Butterfly."

He always remains seated at a stage performance, never going out between the acts. He has a passion for pizza.

He likes his steaks medium rare but prefers the outside cut of roast beef. He was offered many scholarships as a result of nis athletic prowess at school.

He likes flying but never does it because t affects his ears and he is unable to sing or days afterward. He is "crazy" about aviar; at one sitting he ate \$200-worth, paid for by Harry Zellzer, concert impresario of Chicago.

He hates double-breasted suits.







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He likes to play poker and often catches cold in the East but has yet to get one in California. His beard is very heavy, so he has to shave often.

He adopted his mother's maiden name for professional purposes. He was born on January 31, and his grandfather's was the one dissenting voice—"Let them rave about Mario's voice. His muscles must be put to work. .." And that's how he went to work moving pianos.

He carries no good luck charm, rides horseback fairly, hopes someday to build a home in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air and eagerly looks forward to seeing Italy for the first time next October.

His breakfast, when not dieting, consists of a steak and three eggs, sunny side up. When he's on a diet he takes only black coffee, Italian style, for breakfast.

He has never gone in for winter sports, speaks Spanish, Italian and, of course, English. His daughter Colleen was born December 9, 1948; Elissa, December 3, 1950.

He prefers mild climates, hates winters and is an excellent swimmer though he cannot go in the water due to an ear condition for which he was discharged from the Army. He is a devoted John Garfield and Tyrone Power fan.

He has a complete disregard of time, is constantly postponing things and thinks women in general look terrible in slacks.

His father was born in Naples and his mother in Abruzzi, Italy. He thinks operas on the screen can be made popular "only if originals are written for the movies or old ones modernized so people can understand them.'

He likes wine and German beer. He possesses a wonderful collection of watches that have been presented to him, but he

never wears one.

He carries his money in every pocket except the customary trousers pocket. He doesn't play checkers, plans to learn chess, and sentimentally displays on the wall of his studio dressing-room the telegram: "The greatest success imaginable on bringing the life of Caruso, your most admired idol, to the world. Your ambitions since childhood are now being realized. May God bless you and keep you well. (signed) Mom and Pop."

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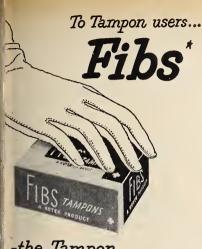
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a story but has the unhappy faculty of always spoiling the end.

He is a claustrophobe and hates small rooms: "I want tremendous rooms and I'm always opening windows."

He wants someday to own a dairy farm in California's Imperial Valley, and has always been dominated by a determination "to be best or nothing." "Whatever it

tion "to be best or nothing." "Whatever it was—I just had to make it."

He likes delicatessens, particularly kosher salami, and he works three and four times a week under voice coach Giacomo Spadoni, the great Caruso's former coach who is now account that the coach who is now account to the coach accoun coach, who is now seventy-three.

He first learned to milk a cow in 1945 at Nyack, New York, while visiting the farm of Robert Weede, Metropolitan Opera star. His father is a disabled veteran of the first World War and one of its most decorated

He plays no musical instruments, did learn the piano as a child but failed to keep it up. He collects china and jade pixies, having about fifty.

He is extremely nervous and "on edge" just before a performance, he understands but doesn't speak French too well and as a boy was very popular with girls.

He doesn't like to drive.

His favorite non-operatic melody is "They Didn't Believe Me." He is one-

* "There's one thing about flops. You learn more from them than you learn from successes."

. . . TALLULAH BANKHEAD

fourth Spanish on his mother's side and this coupled with his adopted name makes him a constant subject of argument among Spanish-speaking peoples who claim him for their own. He enjoys bull-fights in Mexico when on a concert tour.

He owns one of the largest collections of Caruso records, begun by his grandfather. He is very fond of shirts and underwear

in silk.

He dreams someday of going to France— "just to see Paris," and his wife deplores his habit of inviting people without letting her know or unexpectedly announcing that "they are going out that night" without advance notice.

He enjoys hillbilly singing. "But it has to be good." He admires most about his wife her "lively, unfailing spirit," and he loves to sing at parties of close friends but quickly freezes up if he suspects that he was invited only to sing.

He maintains a completely equipped home gymnasium where he goes in for weight-lifting and boxing. He trains hard to combat a natural tendency to be lazy.

He likes listening to newscasts and classical music while driving, has been a soloist with the Boston and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestras, and is passionately fond of horseracing, always betting them "on the nose.

His idea of living is sitting at the head of the table with fifty or sixty guests at dinner, and as a boy he devoted more time to listening to music than he did to reading.

He named his first daughter Colleen because he is the only member of his family not to marry an Italian; his wife being Irish he used to greet her with, "How's my little colleen tonight?"

He played semi-professional baseball and football upon graduation from high school.

Mario Lanza never ceases to remember his father's axiom oft told him in Italian: "Who goes slowly, goes wholely and goes

THE END



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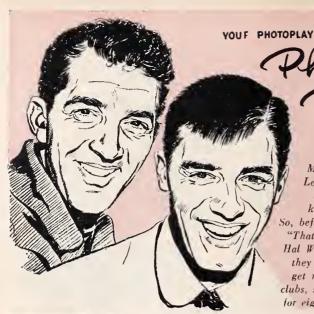


Photo-Plays-

For years Dean
Martin and Jerry
Lewis dreamed of
a vacation—and
kept on working.
So, before they started
"That's My Boy" for
Hal Wallis-Paramount,
they planned to forget radio, TV, night
clubs, studios and loaf
for eight glorious days



Dean swore he'd spend his vacation in bed. But wife Jean had other ideas. For eight days he lived in levis—building a back-yard barbecue!



Jerry planned to float blissfully in his swimming pool all day. But as wife Patti pointed out—it was just the time to paint the fence around their acreage! "Oh, . . .



... my aching back," groaned Dean when he met Jerry at the studio eight days later. "Spots!" moaned Jerry. "I've got spots before my eyes—paint spots!" But ...



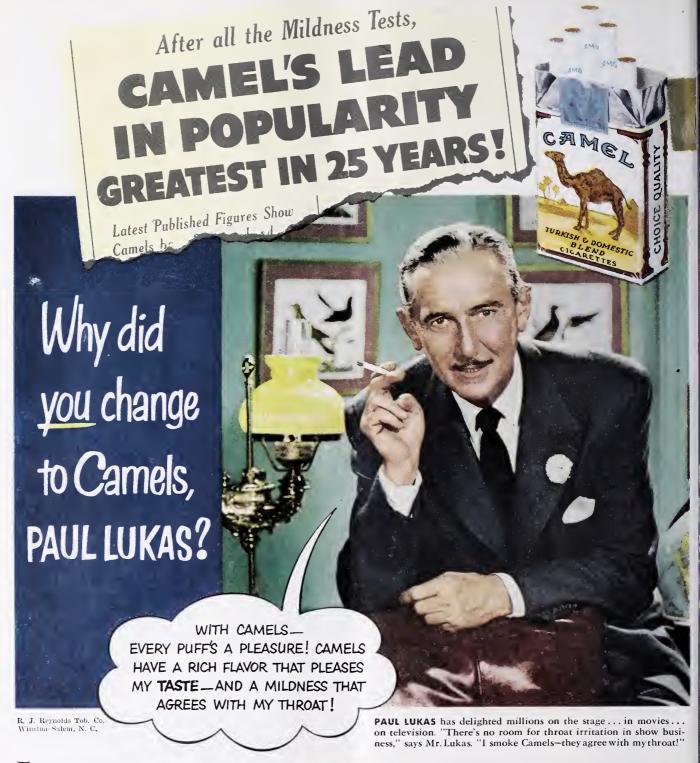
... fate—and the studio—had a surprise for them. The script for the day's shooting called for Dean—to act his role in bed! "Don't wake me," sighed Dean. But ...



... Jerry wasn't listening. He was playing his part—in a bubble bath! "Enjoy your vacation?" someone asked. Chorused the boys, "We're having a wonderful time!"



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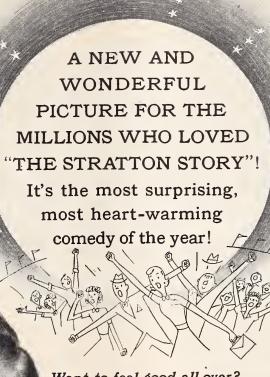
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you'll love it all!

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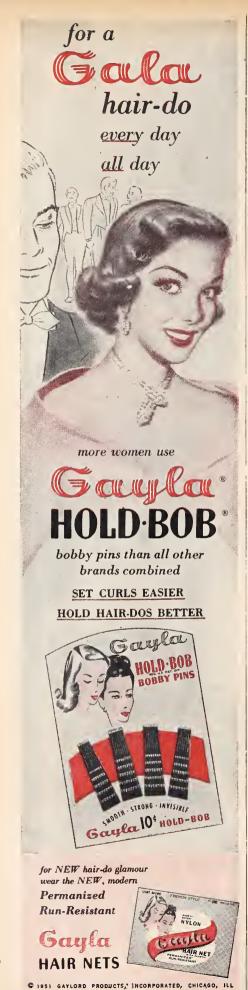
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JANET LEIGH

LEWIS STONE BRUCE BENNETT

Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY and GEORGE WELLS
Based on a story by Richard Conlin

Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN AN M-G-M PICTURE



READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

Farley Granger gives me a pain. Who does he think he is? In all of the articles I have read about him, he tells all of the virtues a girl must have to become his wife. That makes me sick. Does he ever think that a girl with all that would probably never think of marrying him?

Joan Morris Portland, Me.

After the manliness of Stewart Granger in "King Solomon's Mines" (which shook the entire feminine population more profoundly than an atom bomb), what does Hollywood do but cast him in an all-time-low floperoo called "Soldiers Three"! When they take a handsome man like Stewart Granger and cast him in a role where he has to depend on silly grimaces, popping eyes, twitching eyebrows and plain mugging to get laughs, then they would do anything. After this, I wouldn't be surprised to see Mario Lanza, with a wig, play Camille or Frank Sinatra, with his usual poor performance, play a musi-cal version of "Hamlet."

How tragic that M-G-M has dealt Stewart Granger such a blow and how glad Kipling must be that he is dead!

ELEANOR R. WALLACE

Havertown, Pa.

I've just read Barbara Stanwyck's article, "Look Ahead!" and all I have to say is, "If I can look as good as Stanwyck does, I'll be glad to be forty."

MARGARET STEIN,

Ecorse, Mich.

Why are Hollywood gossip-mongers making Liz Taylor out to be such a bad girl? I believe with so many others that she is just emotionally immature and when she finds herself she will make some man a fine wife.

> ANITA J. PRATT Liverpool, N. Y.

Shapes and Figures:

If Vera-Ellen fits the description Liza Wilson gave of her in the May issue of Photoplay, oh brother! My height is the same as hers. I weigh nine pounds more, my waistline is 4" larger, my hips 3" larger, my bust 1" larger—and my friends call me "Skinny."

CLAUDINE K. Pell City, Ala.

(We gave the following measurements for Vera-Ellen: height, 5'4½"; weight 108-111; bust 33"; hips 32"; waist 20" Are your friends kidding?)

In the July issue 1 was infuriated to see that Betty Grable has again obtained the distinction of having the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. It is my opinion that Betty Grable's legs are overrated. They are entirely too skinny. Anyone who isn't half-blind could see that Ava Gard-ner possesses the most beautiful gams in Hollywood or, for that matter, anywhere

CARROLL KING. Charlotte, N. C.

Casting:

How about matching Elizabeth Taylor and John Derek in a movie? Since she is supposed to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and he the handsomest man, they ought to be a real hit together.

LINDA LILES. Temple, Tex.

Lately all I ever see is Betty Grable with Dan Dailey and Doris Day with Gordon MacRae. Why don't their studios team them up with their old co-stars, such as Dan Dailey with Anne Baxter, who were wonderful in "Ticket to Tomahawk" and June Haver with Gordon MacRae, who were likewise in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady."

Jo Woods, Biloxi, Miss.

Question Box:

Would you please give me the name and some information about the person who played Frank Lovejoy's son in "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I."

SHIRLEY BLASENAK Norwood, Mass.



(His name is Ron Hagerthy. Un-married; born in Aberdeen, So. Dak., 19 years ago; 5'10"; 160 lbs.; brown eyes and dark brown hair, which gets a henna rinse for his role in "Starlift," his next for Warners.)

In "Valentino" were Lila and Joan real people? If so, what happened to them? If not, who were the women prominent in Valentino's life?

HELENA ADDAMS, New Bedford, Mass.

(Lila and Joan were fictional and with no real life counterparts. Natacha Rambova, divorced by Rudy a few months before his death, and Pola Negri, to whom he was engaged at the time of his death, were the great loves of his life.)

Who is that little boy who sang with Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" in the "Ave Maria" scene? He was wonderful, if that was really his voice.

BETTY GETTLER

Oreland, Pa.

(That was Michael Collins, son of a Los Angeles attorney and that was his voice you heard.)

How about some information about the young man who played in "Sealed Cargo" with Dana Andrews. His name was Steve.

JANE AVONA, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(That was Skippy Homeier, former boy star. He is now 6'1", 158 lbs, has blond hair, green eyes. Born in Chicago 10/5/30.)



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Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

What should I do? your problems

answered by

DEAR MISS COLBERT: I am twenty-three and I have been married five years. Our boy is three. We make a nice little family and would be ideally happy if it weren't for a meddling

mother-in-law.

The trouble is, she is really, truly good, generous to a fault. She is always baking a cake or a pie and sending them over to our house. She frequently makes little suits for my son; once a month she invites us over for dinner. It is these dinners that ruin me. She spends all the time squeezing my mind. She wants to know what time I put the boy to bed. When I say "eight," she says it should be six. She thinks he should be fed spinach, which he loathes, and prunes, which he can't stand. When I try to explain that even children have tastes, she says it is a matter of training.

When I wear a new dress, she asks whether my husband has a new shirt and says families should share alike. Yet, when I had to have an operation, she volunteered to loan us a small amount of money to tide us over. She lives by a set of ideas that were fine for her day, but which seem old-fashioned to me. And I think I could stand anything if she wouldn't telephone me three or four times a week

for a report of all our activities.

So far I have never said one cross word to her; but sometimes I think I will burst. Althea Van N.

Two things should come to your rescue in this situation: absolute honesty and a sense of humor. The next time you visit your mother-in-law, you should make a special effort to remember every question she asks, every suggestion she makes. When you return home, you should write out these questions and suggestions. Being brutally honest with yourself, you should ask whether you have a right to be irked. You should think over her conversation to find out whether some of her ideas have real merit. At twenty-three it is easy to regard anyone over thirty as eccentric.

You may find that some of your mother-in-law's ideas would help you do your think she did a good job in rearing your husband, you might take some of her notions about rearing your son seriously. Once you have tried to be fair, you should try to find humor in the situation. Try to be objective and think of your motherin-law as an interesting character in a novel and I believe you will bring a fresh and tolerant attitude to your difficulty, don't you?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a sophomore in high school, and I am having a very unhappy time. You see, we have two sororities in our school, and anybody who is anybody has been invited to join by the end of the freshman year. I was not invited. I have a cousin the same age as I am, and she has joined. When I sort of hinted that perhaps she would do something for me, she just laughed and said I wouldn't fit in. I don't think there is anything wrong with me. I am just average. I have straight brown hair, and plain blue eyes. People are always telling me I remind them of Cousin Nellie, or the girl next door. I just don't make an impression as me.

Claudette Colbert

What can I do to get the girls to like me and consider me for membership?

Why don't you look around at your fellow students and select those who, you think, would be good sorority material. Speak to a few and arrange a meeting. Form your own sorority. Decide upon a secret name and a secret password.

I remember that when I was in school some of the girls belonged to an organization, the badge of which was a small, ivory elephant worn on a black velvet ribbon around the wrist. I was terribly impressed. (I wasn't asked to join, in-

cidentally.)

All through life you will find that peo-ple join together in little groups. It is one of the natural inclinations of humankind and is known as an exhibition of the herd instinct. Don't let it bother you. If you are included, fine. If you aren't, form your own little group. As you grow older, you will find that no one individual group has a corner on fun, comradeship, or secret ritual.

What others have done, you can do.

Perhaps better.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and I am very fond of a boy named George. We aren't engaged, but we do go steady and eventually we might get married. However, we have one problem to straighten.

George had a rough boyhood. His father was a drunkard. One night about a year ago, George's father came home, tight, and got into an argument with George's mother. Mr. G. finally grabbed his wife and was going to strike her, so George stepped be-tween them. Mr. G. knocked George out. Mrs. G. came running to our house, so my mother and I took George to the hospital. The doctor had to take stitches in the back of his head, but there was no skull fracture, just a slight concussion.

Since that happened Mr. G. has become a member of "Alcoholics Anonymous" and is the best father in the world. He has been wonderful to me and has bought me a shortie coat and a dress. George says he will never forgive his father. It makes George angry because I say that I think his father has reformed and that he should be forgiven. He hinted at one time that

Mr. G. bought my affection with gifts. This is silly, of course. However, I would like to bring about a reconciliation between George and his father. Whenever I discuss this with George, he says that I am meddling. I'm sure there is some way to bring these two together, but how?

Mariane E.

(Continued on page 8)







with RAYMOND MASSEY . KIERON MOORE and a cast of many thousands! Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK . Directed by HENRY KING Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE



(Continued from page 6) I'm convinced, from your letter, that you are sincere in your eagerness to be of help in adjusting this situation.

However, I feel that this whole problem is outside your province. You aren't go-ing to change George's mind about his father by arguing with George. You must assume that he is quite as much a thinking individual as you are, and that he has a right to his own viewpoint, particularly where his own family relationships are concerned. I'm afraid nothing said to George could alter this attitude at this time. Only time and his father's continued good behavior will accomplish that. If you value George's comradeship, you had better withdraw at once from all particibetter witnurum ...
pation in the conflict.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was drafted out of high school into the Army. A lot of men in my barracks make fun of me because I don't smoke, drink, gamble, or chase after women. I don't want to gamble because I want to send my money home to the bank, then when I get out of service I will be able to go to college. Also, I like to help my family a little bit. I have a nice girl friend at home who writes to me almost every day. I want to be as decent a boy as she is a girl.

How can I get along pleasantly with these older men yet keep away from doing what they want me to do. They tease me until I think I can't stand it and pester me to come on and be a man.

PFC John A.

What you are going through is part of growing up. Now is a fine time to learn to resist people who want you to do things that you don't want to do. Obviously you have been given a fine set of principles by your parents; also, it seems to me that your own instincts are clean and decent. Be content to remain as you are.

I gather that your fellow soldiers attempt to make you feel inferior or less manly than they, simply because you don't share their tastes. This is silly. You have as much right to spend your leisure doing things that interest you, as they have to follow their inclinations.

You will learn in your military tactics course that the best defense is always a strong offense. That being the case, take the line that you are right about leisure hour activities and the other element is all wrong and you'll get along fine. Especially if you are good-natured about it. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married only six months. Five weeks after we were married my husband was laid off and couldn't find a job for six weeks. I had kept my job when we were married. Before we were married my husband came to meet me every night after work. However, as soon as he went to work the second time, he would meet me only about twice a week.

When he was out of work he did our shopping and he used to tell me about all the women who made passes at him. Now there is a girl in his office who is a widow, and he is always telling me about the com-pliments this girl pays him and how easy it would be for him to step out with her.

This makes me miserable and jealous.
Adele J.

There is an old "personality" law which makes it impossible for us to love another person deeply until we like our-selves. We must feel that we are worthy of love before we can love and expect to be loved. Your husband's ego suffered a wound when he lost his job. Probably he began to wonder if you weren't disgusted with him; it is likely that he was a little disgusted with himself. In order to make himself seem important and to keep you interested, he had to tell you about his potential success as a Don Juan.

When he tells you about compliments he has received, it would be smart policy for you to agree with the compliments. Tell him that he is attractive and that any girl should notice it. Praise him. Assure him that you love him and that you know he's going to be a business success. Give him the confidence he must have, if he is going to give you the love you covet.

And be gay about it. A weepy, jealous wife adds to a man's subconscious conviction that he is not a complete success. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was in my teens, my mother proposed my name for membership in her club, which consists mostly of older women. I joined to please my mother. Now I am holding a minor office which would ordinarily lead to holding more important offices. I have been married for five months and my husband has been wonderful about the fact that I have to attend club meetings once a week. However, I would rather stay at home with my husband, or do something with a group of his friends. Tentatively I have mentioned this to my mother, but she has said that this one evening is her only chance to be with me and for us to confide in one another. I don't "confide" and what she says to me is simply gossip which bores me.

I want to give up this club now. You see, holding more important office would mean that I would have to devote two evenings a week to the club during the

How can I explain this to my mother so that she won't be too disappointed? Evita N.

Although you haven't said so, I have the feeling that you are an only child and that your mother is clinging to you. If this is the case, you might make arrangements to have dinner with her twice a month, or to have luncheon and go shopping several times each month. If

she is lonely, you should be as companionable as possible.

However, now-meaning today-would be as good a time as any to explain that your mother's club holds little interest for you and that you wish to tender your resignation from office and from the club. Think up some nice little excuse, such as taking a course at a school, or joining a younger group, or baby-sitting while a friend makes regular trips to her doctor, so that your mother will have a reasonable story to tell her friends.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.





Ringside seat: Mrs. Tony Curtis (Janet Leigh) shows wedding ring to director Don Weiss, Don O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds



Burt Lancaster and producer Harold Hecht have more than a working interest in "Ten Tall Men." They're producing it together

INSIDE

They're Saying That: His studio feels his marriage to Janet Leigh may affect the popularity of Tony Curtis and wish he had taken front office advice and waited . . . Stewart Granger is the original worry-wart and if he isn't unhappy because another actor has a larger dressing-room he is unhappy because another actor seems to be getting more close-ups with better dialogue . . . Steve Cochran, the rugged individualist, is now too big a name to take chances of jeopardizing his career with his current design for living . . . Jeff Chandler insists on keeping his graying hair uncovered because he believes his fans find it very attractive.

Impressions: Doris Day's inimitable way of cocking her head like a cocker spaniel when something puzzles her . . . Cesar Romero's unpublicized devotion during the prolonged illness of his father who passed away recently . . . Peter Lawford's studied indifference as he dances with Mrs. Gary Cooper . . . Lana Turner's magnificent tolerance in face of another ridiculous rumor that threatens her personal happiness . . . Ruth Roman's dark sparkling eyes and plunging necklines, which are the best double-features turned out in Hollywood!

Torrid Two: Quixotic, impulsive, unpredictable Hedy Lamarr's sudden, unexpected marriage to the internationally known Ted Stauffer climaxes the famous beauty's fourth attempt to find "peace" and "happiness." Hollywood, to put it mildly, gasped and grinned over



Margaret O'Brien shows off her first grownup hair-do while lunching at Chasen's with her mother

cal york's gossip of hollywood

STUFF



 He's in the Army now: Sally Forrest says goodbye to Vic Damone on "Rich. Young and Pretty" set, his last film



• If the shoe fits: Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams and Red Skelton go Western for roles in Technicolor "Texas Carnival"

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



I realize that it may be disillusioning to tell you this about the great Lanza, but Mario snores . . . Marilyn

Monroe, whom the boys go to the movies to see, has been known to go to the movies alone . . . Movie cashiers don't seem as pretty as they used to . . . I often wonder if many movie producers would have accepted "South Pacific" if it had been presented as a scenario. I doubt it . . . Lana Turner's broken toe was decorated with a bandage covered with cherry-colored sequins. I swear on the production code it's true . . . Monica Lewis has the equipment to make the largest sweater appear snug . . . Only in the movies

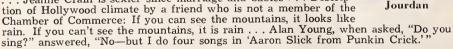
Sidney Skolsky

to make the largest sweater appear snug... Only in the movies can a group of strangers get together and, at the drop of a chord, harmonize perfectly any song written... When a scene of Corinne Calvet's was deleted from a picture by the Breen office, her only comment was, "Don't they want the people to know I'm a girl?"... I still get a thrill standing on the Sunset Strip and looking down on the lights of Hollywood... Much as I like Jane Russell, I wouldn't want to be alone on a desert island with her.

Farley Granger often cooks for Shelley Winters, so you know who wears the pants, as the expression has it, in that combination . . . Movie ushers never want to seat me in the section of the theatre I prefer, but always take me where they would sit . . . Howard Duff told me he wants to play in a Western. "An actor can't go wrong in a Western," said Duff. "You make them while you're young and watch them on television when you're old" . . . I often think Martin and Lewis have more fun doing their act than even their audience has watching it, which may be their secret weapon. I still believe Jerry should tone down the mugging, though.

Jean Peters was doing a sexy scene for "Anne of the Indies" wearing a transparent nightgown. The make-up man interrupted the scene because Jean's

nose was shiny. "If anyone notices Jean's nose in this scene," cracked Louis Jourdan, "the picture won't make a nickel!"...
Marlene Dietrich goes to the movies and behaves as if she weren't in the movies . . . Despite the article Hedy Lamarr wrote about In the movies . . . Despite the article Hedy Lamarr wrote about the curse of beauty, her beauty was no handicap in acquiring another husband . . . I thought you might like to know how much extras in pictures get paid. A day's minimum salary is \$15.56. A dress extra gets \$22.23 a day. If the extra is given lines to speak, even if it's only "Yes, sir," the salary is \$55 a day . . Maureen O'Hara will turn in the acting gem of the season if she convinces audiences she is a boy in a sequence in "Tale of Araby" . . Jeanne Crain is sexier since marriage and babies . . . Description of Hollywood climate by a friend who is not a member of the



Greg Bautzer, the Hollywood lawyer, attracts more actresses than any movie hero... Doris Day has this advice for ambitious newcomers: "Take it easy and don't try so hard. Success will come when it's ready"... Charades is a game invented by Hollywood people so they can avoid knowing each other at parties...

A starlet whose pekinese had a misalliance with a mongrel wanted to know the name of "an unethical veterinarian" . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, after being greeted by a stranger, remarked, "I know people I don't even know"... I have yet to see a private eye in the movies who didn't wear a trench coat. So far as I'm concerned, there has never been a face on celluloid as interesting as Garbo's . . . If this be treason, make the most of it, but Rita Hayworth is not my idea of a princess—and I like

her personally . . . Denise Darcel clicked with fewer lines than any other actress and yet, as Tom Jenk remarked, "Her role was



any other actress and yet, as Tom Jenk remarked, "Her role was stacked"... An independent producer was so poor that he couldn't afford to buy "prop" money for one of his pictures and had to use the real thing... I might reconsider and go on that desert island with Jane Russell after all... Tony Curtis has no inhibitions. If you want to know anything about him, all you have to do is ask him... Dick Powell asked M-G-M for permission to borrow his wife, June Allyson, for a picture he intends producing. In this town a husband doesn't have much to say about what his wife can and 12 can't do. That's Hollywood for you!

INSIDE

this union. For romance, intrigue and adventure, the combined real-life experience of this tempestuous twosome would outfiction fiction! During his precarious past life, Hedy's tall, blond forty-two-year-old husband was a soothing source to several sighing Hollywood ladies. His marriage to Faith Domergue ended in 1947. Once, during an Atlantic crossing, Rita Hayworth, who was traveling first class, and Ted, who wasn't, knew each other. Various Hollywoodians attempted to untangle the network of red tape that once pre-vented Ted's entering this country. Hedy says, and it's happened before, that this time she is retiring to devote her life to the fascinating fellow she originally met down Mexico way. Vive la romance!

Tender Tootsies: Cal swears he'll never touch another one! Emerging from the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel, we saw Elizabeth Taylor, just before she left for England, talking over a phone in the lobby. So help us, we also saw that she was standing there barefooted! A bit of super-sleuthing and we were convinced that lovely Liz hadn't lost her lovely head. It seems that along with Jeanne Crain, Barbara Stanwyck and Ava Gardner, Elizabeth had been selected to present an award at the Screen Directors Guild anaward at the Seteen Briectors dulid annual banquet. Detained at the studio, the famous beauty arranged to change her clothes in a hotel room. The phone call came in just as she was dashing through the lobby and had removed her shoes from those tired, aching feet. It could have happened to anyone.

Hollywood Headlines: Clark Gable has every reason to feel discouraged if it's true that "Across the Wide Missouri" is so inferior it may never be released... All Hollywood sympathizes with Tony Curtis, who was called home from a personal appearance tour when the father he worships was stricken with a heart attack... Now that Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw have a new home, all they're shopping for is six rooms of furniture and a baby . . . According to an inside source, the dove of peace is no longer the pet bird in the Rory Calhoun household.



Jennifer Jones, back from entertaining troops in Korea, attends UCLA music festival with husband David Selznick

STUFF

Cal Wishes: That someone would introduce Scott Brady to Marilyn Monroe, who he thinks is the greatest discovery since the wall telephone . . . That John Hodiak's public could hear his hysterical rendition of "Little Red Riding Hood" in Ukranian! . . That handsome Bob Wagner, who is really going places and accomplishing things, would stop acting as if the Beverly Gourmet (where he was discovered) keeps open in his honor . . . That Marlon Brando (who recoils against going Hollywood) wouldn't drive around in that yellow convertible looking as if he just had a mayonnaise massage! . . . That producers could see the avalanche of fan mail Gig Young receives monthly . . . That more young actors had the enthusiasm of Bill Campbell (Spencer Tracy's plugging got him an M-G-M contract) who organized Ricardo Montalban, Phyllis Kirk and others into a weekly group who see old movies and discuss acting.

Farewell Frolic: There wasn't time for the Van Johnsons to call on all their friends to say goodbye. "Why not invite them here and tell 'em all at once," he grinned. Evie thought it was an excellent idea. An excellent party it was! When Cal took inventory he discovered there were exactly three eligible bachelors (Peter Lawford, Cesar Romero and writer Cy Howard) and at least two extra girls for each. Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra, close Hollywood friends these days, arrived together and left, unescorted. While in Rome making "When in Rome," Van Johnson gets a lucky break. Arranged by Ann Sothern, he will meet Father Willis Egan, the humorous, kindly, warm and intelligent brother of Richard Egan, who is studying at the Gregorian College. "Just copy Father Egan," mused Ann to Van, "and your role of the priest will be perfect!"

Many Hoppy Returns: Proud parents now have one more reason for being grateful to "Hopalong Cassidy." Recently, the famous Western star opened his own "Hoppy Land" and he was right there to greet the kids who swarmed the place. It's situated on Washington Bou-



The Gene Nelsons, at the Ice Capades. Gene doubles as singer as well as dancer in star-studded film, "Starlift"

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Tyrone Power

With so many stars hopping back and forth from Filmville to Manhattan, from Hollywood to Europe, the fashion-minded gabbers wanted to know what the traveling gals bought. We can tell you a few style gasps. Judy Garland was never a gal who cared too much about clothes. But Judy sure splurged on creations by Pierre Balmain and Christian Dior. One is a breathtaking gown of gossamer black lace mounted over ivory tulle and satin. The strapless bodice of lace seems to be "painted on' skirt is over many layers of ivory tulle, with its satin skirt beneath all that . . . Arlene Dahl picked up some divine duds in Paris. One was an anklelength dancing dress of black lace, very full skirted and tight-bodiced with a long black lace stole, brightened with splashes of bright blue sequins. . . There's no doubt the most popular evening style with the movie glamour gals is the bouffant lookwith bodices as decollete as "the law will allow." A dress Janet Leigh bought in New York has a skirt consisting of six layers of pastel marquisette, each a different color-mauve, pink, pale chartreuse, baby blue, gray and lavender—creating a truly rain-bow-like over-all effect. The almost no-bodice is of pale gray marquisette and this dreamy thing makes that gorgeous blonde even more so.

The mess jacket and ruffled-front evening shirt (see cut) that's startling the natives, is worn by Tyrone Power for a definite purpose. "When we were robbed in Europe," he explains, "they even

took my shirt studs. I don't want to buy new ones because I don't want to worry about losing them again"... And one more male fashion note: Errol Flynn showed up at a cocktail party wearing red plaid wool trousers!

Of all the big movie premieres of the month, there's no doubt that "Caruso" took the cake. It brought a host of celebrities from both the film and musical worlds and all acclaimed Mario Lanza, who is getting the full bobby-sox treatment a la Sinatra in Hollywood. Deborah Kerr, who's expecting, was there in a black gown topped by a three-tiered stole of silver fox. Joan Evans looked so pretty in her floor-length satin formal of pale blue. The tight bodice was cut very low and, even though strapless, was dented into a deep V center front. Mario's wife was stunning in white satin with a long white ermine cape. The Keefe Brasselles, Leslie Caron with Bill Campbell, Debbie Reynolds with Jeff Richards, the Johnny Greens, the Artur Rubinsteins, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, the Marshall Thompsons, Monica Lewis on the arm of Arthur Loew Jr. (who used to beau Janet Leigh), the Howard Keels and Pier Angeli with another Metro newcomer, Richard Anderson, were just some at the premiere who cavorted at the late spots afterwards.

Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson were in Hollywood for just two days but, with all the things and people they had to attend to, managed to give a lovely cocktail soirce in the new outdoor addition to the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Faye, in a short dinner dress of dead-white lace over bright blue, was more dressed up than most and looked radiant. She spread her charm to over a hundred guests among whom were Ann Sheridan with Steve Hannagan, Hedy Lamarr (in sports clothes) with Ted Stauffer, Jane Wyman (in a black street dress and tiny white mink stole) with Milo Anderson, Dan Dailey, stag. Later at the Cocoanut Grove, where Lena Horne was "standing 'em in the aisles" with her songs and beauty (and her Dior-Fath-Loper gowns) we saw Peggy Dow in a good looking white halter-dress of silk jersey that had a softly gathered skirt and a gold contour belt. Her sandals were of gold kid. But the gadget that particularly struck us as eye-catching was a wide, rigid gold bracelet monogrammed with her initials in little brilliants—worn above the elbow.

Walter Florell, who always comes up with the quite new or quite mad in hats—and other things—has invented something lovely. It's a long-stemmed artificial rose that can be worn on the head (as a wreath-type hat) or twined about the throat as a necklace; or twined around the arm even more times as a bracelet. It can even be worn as a belt—and very effectively, too, most especially on a simple black one- or two-piece dress.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

WHISPERING ABOUT



Ann Sheridan, Steve Hannagan

BY HERB STEIN

The story the columnists missed on Errol Flynn playing host one evening to his wife Pat Wymore and his two ex-wives, Lili Damita and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes. Happened Flynn was birthday-partying for his and Lili's son when Nora and Dick Haymes blew in to see her sprouts—and they all had a merry time after the kiddies were tucked in. . . . The merry-go-round of Joan Crawford having quiet dinners at her home with Jeff Chandler, who dates Anne Sheridan at the night spots and big

parties. But Chandler is lonely when Steve Hannagan is here, admitted he wasn't with Annie during a recent Hannagan Hollywood visit, because, "I can't be—the top man's in town" . . . Alan Ladd selling the pups of his prize Boxer to chums at fifty dollars a crack—worth a mint more.

Doris Day planning a disk jockey radio show to be taped from her home . . . Dan Dailey acting as a non-professional "psychiatrist" for pals who crave the help he got at the Menninger clinic but who can't afford it . . . Marion Marshall, who went through a long-term contract at Twentieth without making a dent, crashing through for Paramount in "That's My Boy" and "The Stooge"—a new star . . . Linda Darnell's top man: Agent Charlie Feldman, who's romped with the town's best.

The slick chick teaming of Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter in "Two Weeks with Love," which has brought three successive pictures in a row for the couple to make before 1952 checks in . . . The "denial" that John Agar had proposed to another girl who turned him down before he took off for a Nevada splicing with Loretta Barnett. They were all at John's mother's home for dinner before the wedding dash . . . Ellen Drew's marriage to heavily loaded socialite Bill Walker, which will probably halt her picture-making.

Eve Arden's report, following a tour of Army camps, that the boys aren't nearly so interested in pin-up art as they are in pictures of "back home"—but it doesn't stack up with the swarm of G.I. requests for pin-up stuff at the studios . . . Charlie Laughton going right from the role of a deranged, bloodthirsty French nobleman in U-I's horror picture, "The Door," to recording an album of Christmas carols for kiddies! . . . Liz Scott, who's torn between columnist Herb Caen and United Artists prexy Arthur Krim . . . Angela Greene says her home is done in Louis XIV and Louis XVI—and the nursery in Hopalong Cassidy I.

INSIDE

levard outside of Culver City. Like gay midway "Hoppy Land" has every thing to delight the heart of a child There's a miniature train, games, slides all kinds of contraptions for the kids tride—and they're safe. Hoppy himsel supervises everything—especially the hodogs and other edibles. "Hoppy Land" a delightful place where any child need but a dime or two to enjoy himself. I keeps the kids off the streets. It keep them happy. Cal wishes Bill Boyd "Cas sidy" the happiness he's brought to out town.

A Little from Lots: In the old day an important picture like "Old Soldier Never Die" rated three-months' camer work. Twentieth Century-Fox has give it a fourteen-day schedule! . . . Charlto Heston, who learned to ride bareback fchis role in "War Bonnet," is so used teating his dinner off the mantel, he can break himself of the habit! . . Direct Walter Lang proved his genius all ove again, in persuading Susan Hayward t give up that huge head of hair for he role in "With a Song in My Heart Now, even sexy Susan loves it! . . Jimmy Stewart, who took a cut i salary because he really wanted the small clown role in "The Greatest Sho on Earth," never once removes h make-up in the picture. Studio scuttle butt has it that James still wraps up th production. This, we could have told 'en

Heart Song: They talked about notling personal, but because Cal knows the depth of their feeling for each other, I could appreciate the quiet evening spewith Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardne Along with such good friends as the James Masons and the Paul Clemense we dined at La Rue's. Front pages a over the country had just chronicled the news that Nancy Sinatra had decided the divorce her famous husband. Franspoke glowingly of the music from "The King and I." There were no unkir



Sonja Henie, lovely in white lace and emeralds, chats with Gordon MacRae at fabulous party she and husband Winthrop Gardiner gave before they left for New York. Dinner was served in the garden

Irene McEvoy and Kirk Douglas were among gues who listened to the romantic Hawaiian music ar watched native girls do graceful hula danc

STUFF

words in him. And the whole evening, too, glamorous Ava, whose heart and mind must have been all but consumed with conflicting emotions, was warm and considerate of everyone's wel-are. She was also exhausted—too exnausted to eat after a long hard day on the set with Clark Gable in "Lone Star." the set with Clark Gable in "Lone Star."
I just want a glass of milk and some offee beans," she smiled at the surrised waiter, "they really are wonderful or giving energy." Ava wasn't kidding. For the balance of the evening she sat here nibbling from the jar of coffee peans in front of her. "Guess how many here are," Frank mused, "and you win a iur-lined brown derby!" We wished we sould have guessed how much happiness he future holds for them.

Happy Warrior: No, the Bob Hopes aren't facing bankruptcy. Mr. Ski-Snoot lidn't follow the wrong pony, or lose his shimmy shirt on Wall Street. But it is rue that Hope and all the little Hoperuls are living in an inexpensive fiveroom frame house. Here's how it
happened. Just before he took off for
Korea, the Lemon Drop Kiddo (plug!)
hought the lot in back of his estate. A ittle house on the lot went with the deal. His own magnificent manse was undergoing alterations, so the Hopes had to nove out during the process. Need we so on? Actually, he loves living in the ittle house, which will be moved away

ater.
"There's something about six in a pathtub that's so cozy!" burbles Bobby.

Short and Sour: Rock Hudson's dates with beautiful belles like Ann Sheridan, trengthen the rumor that Vera-Ellen won't be walking down the aisle with im . . . June Allyson's rumored retirenent is causing front office silver threads mongst the gold . . Mild-mannered Doris Day would like to take the person who's spreading those "separation" stories and dunk him in her Bendix!

IMPERTINENT

INVIDIRATEDAM

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P Hollywood Correspondent

Peace reigned generally around the often warring households of Hollywood last spring, but not in the Bel-Air battle-ground of the Victor Matures. The beautiful hunk of man and his beautiful blonde wife were dug into their trenches again. At that time Mrs. M. denied they were separated for keeps and added, "We had a little argument, that's all." They'd had one skirmish before in which Vic was shot down in flammer in a divorce guit in No. flames in a divorce suit, in November 1949. They called a truce the next February, though, and peace held again.



The Victor Matures

After the smoke had cleared from this latest tactical maneuver, I hotfooted over to the "Las Vegas Story" set at RKO to find out who won. The broad-shouldered actor, who usually has 5,890 well-chosen words to say in any communique to the press, was practically silent this time. After some hemming and much hawing, he admitted that

"Sure, I admit I was wrong," he finally said. "The woman in this case has been right in every instance. I've been wrong so consistently. This is great," he laughed. "I can see some future lawyer holding out this interview to me and saying, 'Here,

see, he admits he was wrong.'
"Gee, seriously, Honey, it's hard to say anything. I don't want to hurt her. I really don't want to talk about it. Oh, I'm no gem, I admit that. We had some type of argument which is pretty par for the course. If anything's printed in the gossip columns that you've had an argument with your wife, though, people know it."

Does Mature mind the gold-fish bowl of Movieland?

"Some of my greatest friends are gossip columnists," he shrugged. "It's their job

or some of my greatest friends are gossip columnists, he shrugged. It's their job to report what they feel is going on in town. But it still doesn't help, if you've had an argument, to have Joe, Pete and Harry know it. We just had a simple little problem that comes up in everyday life. My wife really is very charming, great sense of humor, you know, all that. . . ."

I wanted to know what he thought about couples airing their disputes instead of bettling them up for future covaleries.

bottling them up for future serious explosions.
"I'm no authority on that," he said firmly. "If I give you any advice it's liable to

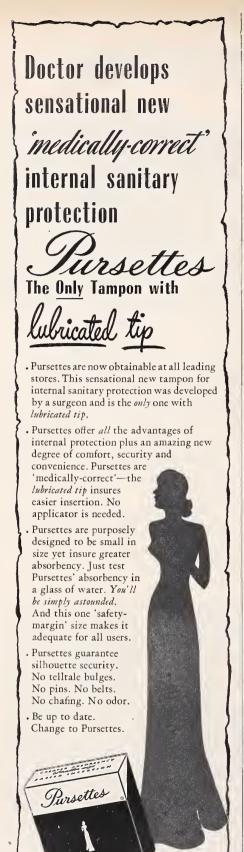
upset the whole universe."



Even Jane Powell, expecting her baby when this picture was taken, couldn't stay away from the party. Chatting with her is actor Phil Reed



Sitting in a corner, but far from blue, were those new friends, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra. Barbara's reported reconciliation with Bob is still a rumor. Nancy recently agreed to divorce Frankie



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Sheilah Graham, columnist and Photoplay writer, introduced Piper Laurie, Tol Curtis to TV audiences on her NBC-TV program, "Sheilah Graham's Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

People, Places, Things: This really was party month for Cal and one of the nicest was held in Zachary Scott's bachelor apartment. Guests crowded the small quarters, but typical of the charming host, everyone was made comfortable with individual folding tables and the best curried food in town. Daughter Waverly and her friend Kitty Murray were the most dignified, well-poised sixteen-year-olds Cal has ever seen. They too were fascinated by Anne Baxter's amusing story of the exhibitors' luncheon at Twentieth.

at Twentieth.

"Expecting" momentarily, Anne tried to remain inconspicuous in a secluded corner. However, an exhibitor sought her out and inquired solicitously: "And what is your next production, Miss Baxter?" Anne played it straight. "Oh it's a Hodiak production," she dead-panned. "I'll look forward to seeing it," the

exhibitor said seriously. "And so will I Anne managed to mutter!

Non-Alcoholics Anonymous: It's morning ritual in the Mark Stevense household. While daddy shaves all drinks his orange juice, his son has small glass too and watches. "Cheers says big Mark to little Mark, as the clink glasses. Now the scene changes the schoolroom. It's mid-morning all milk-drinking time for the kiddies. Su denly Mark Richard Stevens leaps to he feet, faces the class and with glass u held, yells—"Cheers!"

Stork Stuff: Jane Russell, celebrath her birthday at Sportsman's Lodg thought the phone call was anoth friendly congratulation. Instead, she r turned to the table looking as if she h just taken a terrific swig of stardus Word had just reached her that the bal she and Bob Waterfield (after eig (Continued on page 19)



Between the acts: Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran and Director Felix Feist kibi about how the next scene should be played on set of "Tomorrow is Another Day

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*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

OROTHY LAMOUR'S son, five-yearold Ridge, wore a cowboy suit to a movie. On his way home in the family car he wrestled a boot off and lifted out his foot. "What's the matter?" asked Dottie.

"I gotta empty the popcorn out," ex-

plained Ridge.

Sign on the rear of a ribbon-bedecked honeymoon auto:

"Till Draft Us Do Part."

Hypochondriac: A person who winters in California and then worries because he's pale underneath his tan.

Hollywood producer to a young starlet he had just met for the first time: "Tell me all about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number.

Overheard: "Why don't they let you play Francis the mule?'

Susan Peters read her young son, Tim, a book about animals and then decided to test his new knowledge. She asked: "Tell me, Tim, about some things that are very dangerous to get near to and have horns." "Automobiles," Tim immediately an-

swered.

Eve Arden on her wisecracking film

"I was a flop till I was flip."

Marquee sign: "Pardon My Sarong."-"It Ain't Hay."

Maureen O'Hara masquerades as a boy in U-I's "Flame of Araby." When movie producers ask Maureen to impersonate a male, they're overlooking a thing or two.

RKO inserted a page ad in a magazine asking for applicants for roles in a new movie. One gagsteress sent in her picture

and wrote:
"I'm not beautiful, but I could certainly be the first female Humphrey Bogart.'

Walter O'Keefe's theory:

"A wife is someone who helps her husband through troubles, trials and aggravation that he never would have gotten into if he hadn't married her in the first

Frank Fontaine after the wedding of a

Hollywood ham:

"They should be very happy together.
They're both so in love with him."

Definition of anatomy: What everyone has but looks better on Jane Russell.

Young autograph hound, after getting Howard Duff's scrawl:

"Gosh, he's the most illegible bachelor in Hollywood.

Did you hear about the couple who co-starred in one of those interplanetary science-fiction thrillers. Asked if they were planning to be married, they chorused: "No comet."

INSIDE STUFF

years of marriage) plan to adopt had just come into the world. They'll name the lucky little lady Tracey . . . Even more welcome than last year's Oscar, is Mercedes McCambridge's announcement that she and director Fletcher Markle will celebrate the new year with a new baby. Mercy has a son by a former marriage, who's equally happy . . . Valentino really has a good reason for dancing a mad tango. Tony Dexter hopes it will be a boy.

It Happened in Hollywood: Ray Miland, lunching with his good friend, director Walter Lang, in the Twentieth Commissary, couldn't believe his eyes. Across from him at another table sat young Sue Weber, the daughter of his wife's brother.

"Oh, I wanted to surprise you," exclaimed the disappointed young lovely. 'Bob Wagner is rehearsing with me and f my test is good, they're going to sign ne to a contract. Right now I feel so oolish trying to act."

Poor Ray, who's watched Sue grow up rom the cradle, could only groan—"Me, oo!"

... Mangos, spiced watermelon, crystallized ginger and endless tropical tasties for June Haver, with an unknown escort; the John Dereks; Richard Egan with Ann Sothern; Gene Nelson and his lovely wife Miriam—all hula-happy, all loving it

Opening Night: The nurses at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica are grateful that Red Skelton only has one appendix! No, he wasn't a bad patient when they rushed him in for an emergency operation. To the contrary, he kept the nurses in such stitches, he almost popped his own. Just when they thought he was out cold, Red raised himself on the operating table. "After you get your opening," he wisecracked, "make sure that I get mine next month at the Palladium."

Talent Scout: It can happen here, but take it from an old-timer, it doesn't happen often. "I want you to meet a wonderful girl," enthused Ruth Roman. "She's going to be a big star and you might as well start writing wonderful things about her now." We were on the set of "Starlift," the picture that revolves itself around the Travis Air Base and Hospital. Ruth was right. Janice Rule (She first appeared with Joan Crawford in "Goodbye, My Fancy") is a beautiful lass of nineteen, mellowed and mature beyond her years. She's still a bit bewildered by Hollywood and her first experience before the camera, but she can't miss. "When the local wolves ask for my telephone number," laughed Janice, "I tell them I live with my agent. You should see the expression on their faces!" P.S. Her agent is Lillie Messenger, one of the best gal agents in the business.

Did You Know That: Scott Brady, who couldn't live under more modest circumstances, surprised Hollywood by filing a petition of bankruptcy to the tune of debts totaling \$34,220.11—with assets listed less than a thousand . . . John Barrymore Jr. isn't making his permanent



ays' Outing: Patrick and Dennis Ir. were all eyes when mother Peggy took them set of "Golden Girl" in which daddy, Dennis co-stars with Mitzi Gaynor, left



New finer MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



HA! THE KIDS HAVE SPILLED CRACKER CRUMBS! I'LL GRIND 'EM INTO HER RUG BEFORE MOM VACUUMS!



FOILED AGAIN! HERE COMES HER BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER TO RESCUE HER RUG FROM THAT MESSY CRACKER DUST!



I DON'T NEED TO "BEAR DOWN" WITH A BISSELL."
THE "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION ADJUSTS
ITSELF TO ANY RUG TEXTURE—GETS THE DIRT
QUICK, EVEN WITH THE HANDLE HELD LOW!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!

GET A"BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

•Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

INSIDE STUFF



Rings on her fingers, wedding bells in their hearts. Sally Forrest, Milo Frank, ring shopping, expect to be newlyweds when you read this

home with Aunt Ethel, as publicized. While shooting on his current production, the youngster registered at the Chateau Marmont where his director could keep an interested eye on him . . . Ann Blyth pressed good-luck shamrocks in Ireland and brought them back to her friends in Hollywood . . . Alan Ladd paying a personal call on every member of the Warner publicity department, introduced himself (?) and said: "If you need me, call me." Hollywood hams who want to get away from the pain of it all, please note! . . . Patricia Neal, who refused to take a salary cut at Warners, is back on the lot—back to visit Gary Cooper, who still works there . . . Since John Lund took the front office by the horns and secured his release from Paramount, he's had wonderful offers from three other studios.

Show Business: Hectically happy, Sally Forrest and Milo Frank dropped by for a cocktail. "Here, we wanted to give you yours in person," they exclaimed as they handed Cal an engraved invitation to their August wedding. Even disheartening change of plans failed to dampen their spirits.

their spirits.

"Milo had already booked passage and made reservations for us at the Royal Hawaiian," sighed Sally, "then the studio put me in 'Skirts Ahoy' and it's such a wonderful part we just had to postpone our honeymoon."

Grinned Milo, "We couldn't postpone the readiling honeymoon."

Grinned Milo, "We couldn't postpone the wedding, however. Sally has to make an honest man of me because I have already made the down payment on our house!"

Names and News: Thieves who broke into the Laguna Beach home of Bette Davis, won't have a second opportunity. Bette's back from making a picture in England and all she can say is—"God Bless America!" . . . The reported permission of Joan Fontaine's father, for his daughter to marry Aly Khan, even embarrassed Hollywood. Joan and sister Olivia were never exactly cozy with

papa, who is almost a stranger to them. The Fontaine-Khan reunion in Paris was important to headline-happy reporters only . . . Minor surgery on Betty Hutton's vocal chords silenced her for a week. "It was tougher than learning to hang by my knees from a trapeze," whispered the blonde bombshell . . . For a change, Errol Flynn is doing the suing. The suit is based on an alleged altercation between the star and a Nassau hotel owner . . . At the last minute Mrs. Dan Dailey changed her mind, dropped her California divorce action and got it in Las Vegas. Now that she's free, her friends expect her to marry oilman Bob Neal . . . Bing Crosby, the world's wealthiest "bum" (a Vancouver hotel clerk refused him admission upon his return from a fishing trip. No one would have recognized the bearded groaner) anxiously stood by when young Gary Crosby underwent shoulder surgery, the result of a football injury . . . Investigation proceeding for Betty Grable, a reported victim of an oil promotion swindle.

Beverly Hills Beach-Head: While they're waiting to welcome the stork, the Tyrone Powerses add welcome color to the local scene. A photograph of Linda in a French newspaper recently arrived in town. She was posed standing next to a nude-to-the-waist statue of herself which she presented to her famous husband. Currently Ty's on suspension at Twentieth Century-Fox—for the first time in fifteen years. He didn't want to play the lead in "Lydia Bailey" and he's so right. In this case, too many costume pictures are too many!

Lady in the Dark: Cal's decided some legends live forever. At one of Producer Charles K. Feldman's private showings of "A Streetcar Named Desire," just before the film rolled the projectionist had a request to lower the lights. "There's a lady outside who doesn't like to enter brightly-lit rooms," was the explanation. The lady was—Garbo!

(Continued on page 22)



"My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother"





"First work the creamy lather well in. Lux has Active lather that cleanses thoroughly but ever so gently. Rinse with warm water, then splash freely with cold. Pat dry with a towel.



"Now my skin feels softer, smoother!" Why don't you take Claudette Colbert's tip? Try this gentle care screen stars recommend. You'll agree—it's easy to be Lux-lovely!





I dreamed I was an artist in my

marden form bra

I'm dabbling in dreams...with the whole world at my doorstep! The critics come to look at my work, and then stay to look at me! They say I've a genius for line, an absolute mastery of form. Could it be they mean my Maidenform figure? also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75 Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture* in white satin; There is a maidenform for every type of figure! •Reg. U S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20)
Musical Moppet: Doris Day no longer
wonders how her son Terry is going to
make his living! "First he wanted to be
a fireman," she laughs, "then he decided that he either wanted to run a shoe-shine stand-or be a millionaire. However, last week when my accompanist came over to try out some new songs, Terry came in from the next room and asked him to play softer. When I wanted to know why, my son explained that he was making a new musical arrangement of 'Swanee River' and he couldn't concentrate!" When Doris, who is a very happy Mrs. Marty Melcher these days, wanted to know what was wrong with the old "Swanee River," Terry replied: "I think I can make it better!"

Here to Stay: Although he has had more play offers than any other young actor in town, Arthur Kennedy has finally made up his mind to remain in Holly-wood for good. Sold his Connecticut home and moved his family back to California. Arthur may be abandoning New York, but he isn't giving up live theatre. He has organized a theatrical group of his own to put on plays for friends and invited guests. If the idea clicks, Arthur intends to play to public audiences. And, knowing the boy as we do, we're willing to bet his project will be the answer to top-notch live theatre in Hollywood that everyone is clamoring for-but does so little about.

Bright Star: Faye Emerson, at her gay cocktail party, entered the race to vie with other glamour gals in dreaming up new ways to decorate chignons. Faye's "bun" was encircled with a silver bracelet-like thing, studded with tiny fake gems-tres chic. Like everyone else who succumbs to the personal warmth of the TV queen, Cal was thrilled over her great personal progress. "When you knew me at Warners," Faye confided, "I was lost. After those bad B pictures, I couldn't get a job. When I went into television, I didn't have a hundred dollars to my name." Today she has a chic apartment on Park Avenue and her weekly salary is 'way up in the thousands.



Fun on the side: Dick Wesson, Paul Picerni gag on set of "Force of Arms"



Make it a good one.

If you are fond of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don't let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss... or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and extra-careful precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect

Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution against halitosis because it sweetens and freshens the breath . . . not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

So, when you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

... Before any date ... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... it's breath-taking!

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day !"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again . . .



But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion ...



It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST? To soften, a lotion or cream

should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above ...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world STILL IOc TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Brief Reviews

(F) ALONG THE CREAT DIVIDE—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Berenan's life in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Agar. (June) and the stope of the property o

(F) KON-TIKI—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO: Documentary films of actual 4,300-mile sea voyage aken by raft by Thor Heyerdahl and five companons. Not for the easily sea-sick (July)
(F) LAST OUTPOST, THE—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: Still another Civil War era Western with Yankees, rehels and Injuns shootin' it up. With Romald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming, (July)
(F) LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount: Are consequently with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in July and the consequently and the sea of the consequently and the consequently and the sea of the consequently and the sea of the consequently after to raise \$10,000 owed to Fred Clark Marilyn Maxwell; the doll in Boh's life. (June)

Artish import with plenty of suspense revolving round trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the under of Patricia Wayne. Lill Palmer, Mrs. Harson offsereen, plays his faithful wife. (Aug.)

A. Barry Nelson is forced to prove his own dentity after he return home one night to find a looble in possession of his wife, his home and his log. (Fin MAN WITH MY FACE, THE—Gardner-LA.: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his own dentity after he return home one night to find a looble in possession of his wife, his home and his log. (Fin MEW MEXICO—Alan). (A.: A seenically eautiful Western with Lew Ayres as a Union capain, who, after attempting to defend maltreated ndians, is forced to track them down. With Marilyn daxwell. (July). MDORAA AND THE FLYING (Axwell, Un). MDORAA AND THE FLYING (Axwell, Un).



going thataway! Dean Stockell is in Joel McCrea's "Cattle Drive"





Tragedy in the tenements of New Orleans: Kim Hunter, Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando in screen version of hit play

VVV (A) A Streetcar Named Desire (Warners)

N occasion Hollywood rises to heights of artistic achievement, sometimes even pulling itself right out of the old box-office appeal. In "Streetcar," a long stretch of feverish morbidity, there are no concessions made to happy endings. The story deals with the moral and mental degradation of two Southern girls at the hands of a brutish Polish-American. And right here let me say Marlon Brando wins our personal Oscar for his playing of Stanley Kowalski. Kim Hunter, his wife, held captive by sheer physical attraction, gives a performance that for shading and fine line-drawing cannot be surpassed. Showier, of course, is the role of Kim's sister Blanche who arrives at her sister's home an emotionally shaken woman in need of love and understanding but who, instead, is literally trampled into insanity by the boorish Kowalski. Vivien Leigh gives to the role of Blanche that wonderful, fragile, pitiful appeal that chalks up another difficult-to-surpass characterization. Karl Malden is excellent as Blanche's suitor. Rudy Bond, Nick Dennis, and Peg Hillias complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Brutal but fascinating.

Program Notes: Vivien Leigh starred in the London stage production of "Streetcar" for nine months before coming to Hollywood for the movie version. Laurence Olivier, her husband, made a picture in movietown at the same time. Weary from long weeks of work before the camera, the pair boarded a freighter for a long, restful ride back to England . . . Brando announced he was through, professionally, for 1951. Dissatisfied with his speaking voice (perfect, however, for the role of Kowalski) Brando planned to study diction and voice at the Actors Studio, headed by Elia Kazan, who directed this film . . . Five years had elapsed since Kim Hunter had made a film in Hollywood. Kim played her same role in the stage version . . . Another member of the original stage cast is Karl Malden who has made several successful movies in the past year . . . Miss Leigh and a few members of the cast made a location jaunt to New Orleans to film scenes in and around that streetcar named Desire which has since been replaced by a bus of the same name.

SHADOW

VV OUTSTANDING



TweedleDum and TweedleDee step out of "Looking Glass" sequel to appear with Alice in Disney's amazing Wonderland

(F) Alice in Wonderland (Disney-RKO)

THE mythical magic of Disney is again displayed in the beautifully colored cartooned exploits of Alice in her wonderful Wonderland. All the characters so dearly loved by children and adults as well, are faithfully reproduced—the White Rabbit that causes Alice to plunge down the hole to Wonderland, the Walrus and the Carpenter who so ungraciously dine upon the baby oysters, TweedleDum and TweedleDee (borrowed from the "Looking Glass" sequel), the Cheshire Cat, the Caterpillar, the King and Queen of Hearts with their ridiculous croquet game and trial. Especially comical is the tea party with the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse. The scenic backgrounds are exquisitely detailed and embellished with several objects new to the original story. The music, soothing and lullaby-ish, is still not up to the "Snow White" score but Alice proves to be every little girl's dream of the heroine she loves to read about.

Your Reviewer Says: Fantastical fantasy of beauty and fun.

Program Notes: For well over a year the Disney artists labored over their drawing boards penciling and coloring the characters of Alice. The research and story plan had previously occupied another year and the voice dubbing required many, many months of work. The voice of Alice was supplied by Kathy Beaumont. The famous comic Ed Wynn talked for the Mad Hatter and Richard Haydn for the Caterpillar. Sterling Holloway gave voice to the Cheshire Cat, Jerry Colonna to the March Hare and Pat O'Malley to both the Walrus and the Tweedle Twins, Dee and Dum. Bill Thompson chatted for the White Rabbit, Heather Angel for Alice's grown-up sister, James MacDonald for the Dormouse and the fearsome off-with-their-heads threats were shouted by Verna Felton as the Queen of Hearts. The AEIOU song that accompanied the Caterpillar scene was the cleverest of all.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 80. For Best Pictures of the Month and

BY SARA HAMILTON

F-FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A-FOR ADULTS



Love vs. ambition: Monty Clift, Shelley Winters in a new version of famous drama and novel, "An American Tragedy"

(A) A Place in the Sun (Paramount)

THE finest human interest story to come out of Hollywood in many a day! Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters illumine their roles with an intensity of emotion, constantly in character, that never lets down to the fateful end. Beautifully adapted and modernized, the story tells of the poor cousin of a wealthy and social family, condescendingly placed in the family factory and then forgotten. Too late they remember. His hunger for love and companionship has led him into an intimacy with a factory girl and the tragic consequences ruthlessly snatch him from his new world and his consuming love for Elizabeth Taylor. This role belongs to Montgomery Clift and none other. He's that good. Without make-up, without tricks or forceful efforts. Shelley Winters manages to make of Alice Tripp, the factory girl, a pathetic figure that cannot be overshadowed by the youth and beauty of Elizabeth Taylor.

Your Reviewer Says: It will bankrupt the emotions.

Program Notes: The Lake Tahoe country in the High Sierras was covered with unexpected snow the day they were scheduled to shoot outdoor summer scenes. So, before Elizabeth Taylor could cavort about the lake in a bathing suit, the crew carefully hosed away the snow from trees and landscape within camera range . . . The girls' wardrobes touched two extremes. Shelley's costliest outfit ran around four dollars. One of Elizabeth's party gowns cost one hundred times that amount. Clift, who boasts two suits in real life, felt overdressed with a wardrobe consisting of a gray tweed and blue serge, poorly cut, a tuxed and a sports coat with slacks. He preferred his factory outfit of T-shirt and worn leather jacket which he wears most of the time off screen . . . Shelley had her blonde hair dyed a lusterless brown for her role.



Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Jeffrey Hunter in spinetingling tale of men who waged war in the ocean's depths

VV 1/2 (A) The Frogmen (20th Century-Fox)

ROGMEN were members of the Navy's daring Underwater Demolition Teams during World War II and the history of their exploits, revealed here for the first time, is something we urge you not to miss. The hazardous, daring bravery of these men is wrapped up in the so familiar story of the unpopular officer who, through his own bravery, becomes a hero to his men, but for all that, none of the power or spine-tingling suspense is lost. In the all-male cast, Richard Widmark is every inch the unyielding Lt. Commander whose matter-of-fact manner irks chief petty officer Dana Andrews and the crew, including Jeffrey Hunter, Warren Stevens, Harvey Lembeck, Henry Slate and other stalwart lads. Gary Merrill plays the ship's officer who understands Widmark's personality problems. But surpassing the story by far are the scenes of these daring men in action.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: A seasick, water-logged and travel-weary group of men ploughed the treacherous waters off Cape Hatteras and wondered why, in heaven's name, they ever wanted to be actors in the first place. From seven weeks' shooting in the waters off Norfolk, Virginia, and thence to Key West, Florida, and on to Bovini Bay off the Virgin Islands, this group of men spent over half their time submerged in the briny deep. More than eightyfive members of the movie company became victims of cold, in-fluenza or near pneumonia from overexposure. In fact, so much sea-going prompted Dana Andrews to sell his own fifty-foot cutter upon his return home, keeping the less-expensive-to-run ketch . . . Gary Merrill recovered from his heavy cold in time to fly to London with his wife, Bette Davis, with whom he co-stars in the British film, "Another Man's Poison." The Richard Widmarks plan to meet Bette and Gary later on in Rome ... Jeffrey Hunter was recruited from a college play at UCLA for the role that kept him flat on his back with a supposed spinal injury throughout most of the action. thereby escaping most of the dunkings.



Look Lovelier in 10 Days with Doctor's Home Facial money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations ... no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream - greaseless, medicated Noxzema-you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

*externally-caused blemishes

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning-Apply Nox-zema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for a protective powder base.

Evening - "Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it skin looks! How red've feels! See how you've washed away make-up-without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly mas-sage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.-your money back.

> At any drug or cosmetic counter 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus

√½ (F) Mark of the Renegade

ERE we go again, folks, to 1825, with Ricardo Montalban, a Mexican patriot banished from his country, and wearing on his forehead the branded letter "R" for renegade. Joining a band of pirates, Montalban comes to California, then a province of Mexico, is taken captive by rascally Gilbert Roland. Our renegade is ordered by Roland to kill off the fiance of the beautiful Cyd Charisse and marry her himself, a task not at all repellent to Montalban but without murder, please now. You see, Roland figures that with his vassal married to Cyd, her powerful father Antonio Moreno will come under his dominion. But before the villain's plans can be accomplished there are duels, fiestas, broken heads and a surprise ending.

Your Reviewer Says: "R" for romantic.

Program Notes: Ricardo Montalban is right at home in his role of the handsome Mexican mainly because he is one. And, after a Technicolor glimpse of the actor in his colorful outfits, the fans may insist he play nothing else . . . Cyd Charisse, who is Mrs. Tony Martin in private life, spent most of her time between scenes telephoning home about their new son, Tony Jr. This was Cyd's first role since the baby's arrival cast spellbound with his reminiscences. "There aren't any real lovers in the movies any more," he insisted. "Male stars just talk about it; they don't do anything about it." (Hi ya, Gable, hello Peck, good morning, Fl......)

(F) Happy Go Lovely (RKO)

M ADE in England with David Niven, Cesar Romero and Vera-Ellen to give it that Hollywood flavor, this Technicolor movie is a happy little thing almost overcome at times with too much of the old mistaken identity theme but always rescued from complete involvement by the clever dancing of Vera-Ellen, the slap-dash of Cesar Romero as an American theatrical producer of the shoe-string variety and David Niven as a Scottish greeting-card tycoon.

Your Reviewer Says: It tries so hard to please.

Program Notes: Vera-Ellen is newest candidate for Queen of Technicolor. With the exception of "Love Happy," her pictures have all been tinted. M-G-M signed her to a contract after "Words and Music" but let her go to London for the independent "Happy Go Lovely" since her next for them, "Belle of New York," wasn't ready for completion. Vera jumped at the opportunity to have a European vacation—and get paid for it to boot . . . This picture was a homecoming for British-born David Niven, who showed Cesar Romero—making his first London movie-all around Piccadilly.

$VV^{\frac{1}{2}}$ (A) Kind Lady (M-G-M)

SHOCKING tale, so plausible and likely Ito happen, the customer is torn between outrage, anxiety and admiration for the ingenuity of storyteller and story actors. Occasionally there are moments when one wishes everyone concerned would get on wishes everyone concerned would get on with the story, but on the whole it's un-usual and clever. Maurice Evans is the charming but evil ringleader in a plot to take over the home of Ethel Barrymore, a "kind lady," living alone with one maid, Doris Lloyd. Evans uses his wife, Betsy Blair, as foil to obtain entrance and, once in, brings in Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury, a pair of schemers, who pose as cook and butler. They almost succeed in convincing everyone of Miss Barrymore's insanity, keeping her out of sight while they sell her beautiful furnishings. Evans and Miss Barrymore are marvelous, Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: An aristocrat among movies.

Program Notes: Two of the greatest theatrical stars, Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, talked away the many pauses beween scenes. Mr. Evans was humbly deferntial to the star who began her career many seasons before his debut. The conversation at times was so good both Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury did as much listening in as they could . . . Keenan was jubilant ver his part, having waited a long time for a meaty, dramatic role . . . Angela Lansury's husband, Peter Shaw, who gave up its acting career to join a decorating and urniture designing company, paid many sists to the set to take in the authentic beauty of the furniture . . . Mr. Evans, who nade his first appearance before a camera n "Kind Lady," was so impressed with the Iramatic ability of Betsy Blair, he signed ter for a role in his New York production of "Richard II."

✓ (F) Whistle at Eaton Falls, The (Columbia)

IF YOU'RE interested in a lecture on labor problems, this picture is made to rder. But if you're looking forward to an ntertaining evening after a hard day at vork—you might find this just a little leavy. Produced in semi-documentary tyle against authentic backgrounds, it tells if the townspeople of Eaton Falls, New lampshire, who gauge their daily routine y the whistle perched on top of Doubleday lastics Company—the town's sole support. Then Mr. Doubleday is killed in an air rash, his widow (Dorothy Gish) appoints mion leader Lloyd Bridges president of he company, hoping this move will bring bout harmony between the union and nanagement. Things reach a climax when loyd discovers he must make the very nove against which he had once fought ooth and nail in order to save the comany from disaster and the town from ankruptcy. Aside from Miss Gish, Bridges of Carpenter, Louis deRochemont uses a ast of New York stage players and native lew Hampshire-ites to add to the realism.

our Reviewer Says: If you're serious-

rogram Notes: Eaton Falls is a fictional own—but its physical counterpart was the own of Dover, New Hampshire—and it was bere that crew and cast worked. The townseeple who worked as extras in the mob cenes were paid \$7.50 a day plus \$1.25 or lunch—and they didn't even have to beome members of the Screen Extras Guild. The Rev. Robert Dunn of St. John's piscopal Clurch, however, did have to join creen Actors Guild, since this was his secnd film. He also was a rector in "Lost loundaries" . . . "Ev'ry Other Day" which arleton Carpenter sings, is his own composion . . . Anne Francis, who had appeared in undreds of radio and TV shows, was signed a Twentieth contract when she returned to lew York. She was whisked out to Hollyood, given the lead in "Lydia Bailey," and is tfor the big build-up. Diana Douglas, who lays Lloyd Bridges's wife, is the ex-Mrs. Tirk Douglas.

1/2 (A) Two of a Kind (Columbia)

HAT a scheme! And what an upset applecart awaited the best laid plans f Alexander Knox, Lizabeth Scott and Edund O'Brien when the aged millionaire,



Back to school or back to business, you'll look like a queen in a "Perma·lift", grand new Girdle. This tummy smoothing, hip rounding, little bit of daintiness is—oh—so blissfully easy to wear. Most important too it is styled in three lengths—Short, Average and Tall—so you can be sure, whatever your size, it will stay put always. See

your favorite corsetiere as soon as you can. The Girdle just \$5.95, matching Pantie \$6.95, in Snowy White.

You'll also love the dream designed "Perma lift" Bra to match. Styled with the famous Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups, you're gently, firmly supported from below. Wear it, wash it—the uplift is guaranteed to last the life of the garment—\$2.

*"Perma-lift"-product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago . New York . Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that there really is a difference in cleansing creams. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings...lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today - 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Griff Barnett, outsmarted them all. The shady deal, thought up by Knox and Lizabeth, called for O'Brien to pose as the long-lost son of Barnett and his wife, Virginia Brissac. When the deal called for O'Brien to lose part of a finger as an identity mark, O'Brien didn't hesitate to lose it—the hard way, too. Ouch, please! Pretty Terry Moore was used as the dupe to drag O'Brien into the Barnett household. But Lizabeth got him. Knox got the gate. We got the jitters.

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty but novel.

Program Notes: It wasn't enough that the O'Briens moved into their new home—bag, baggage and children—while in production, but Eddie had to maintain a 1,000-calorie diet all through the picture to keep down his weight . . . The happiest member of the cast was Terry Moore when the cast moved to Balboa and Laguna Beach for seaside location scenes. Terry, who loves to swim, spent half her time in the Pacific . . . Lizabeth Scott reveled in the beautiful clothes whipped up for her by Jean Louis. Liz claims Crawford, Shearer and Dietrich became box office sensations by setting the styles, so why shouldn't she?

√½ (A) Sirocco (Columbia)

THE year—1925. The place—Damascus. The action—gun running, knavery, bravery, rascality and stolen love. And in the midst of these unsavory shenanigans we find Humphrey Bogart running guns and ammunition through the French occupation troops to Onslow Stevens, head of an army composed of Syrian citizenry.

Designed as a sort of poor relation "Casablanca," the story has some of the same atmosphere but little of its charm. But the cast is strong, sure and solid; Bogart a strong, sure and solid hero-heel. The action is rapid-paced and nasty, so on the whole the movie emerges pretty good fare. Marta Toren is beautiful as the girl who throws over Lee Cobb for Bogey, and gets no thanks for it. Cobb, of course, is wonderful. Zero Mostel as a rascally Armenian, Everett Sloane as a French General and Nick Dennis as Bogey's henchman, revolve in and around the political and amorous intrigue.

Your Reviewer Says: Double dealing all over the blooming place.

Program Notes: "The houest way to play a heel," Humphrey Bogart tells us, "is to show all sides of his character. The good as well as the bad." With this in mind, Bogey began his fourth in a series of his Santana Productions. He carefully hand-picked his own cast. Lee J. Cobb left the cast of the Broadway hit "Death of a Salesman" to play Colonel Feroud. Marta Toren, a graduate of the Swedish Royal Academy, was chosen not only for her ability but for the Oriental lift to her dark expressive eyes... The city of Damascus rose almost overnight on the Columbia Ranch in the Sandrer of the Swedish Royal Academy, was chosen not only for her ability but for the Oriental lift to her dark expressive eyes... The city of Damascus rose almost overnight on the Columbia Ranch in the Sandrer of the Swedish Royal Ranch in the Sandrer of the Swedisher Robert Peterson knows very well the catacombs under Damascus were not discovered prior to the time of this story, so please don't write and scold him about it. Poetic license, you know.

√½ (F) Warpath (Paramount)

A ROUGH and vigorous Western which takes place in the years following the Civil War. Edmond O'Brien is searching for the three bandits responsible for his fiancee's death. At last he recognizes one and a gun duel ensues. But before the bandit dies he confides that one of his outlaw partners is now a member of the (Continued on page 98)

Announcing

THE WINNERS

The results are in—the prizes
are ready for the lucky leaders in
our Hollywood Travel Contest

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the three winners of the "Win A Hollywood Holiday" Contest. Each finalist and her favorite traveling companion soon will be Hollywood bound as Photoplay's guests.

Mrs. Mary Priestley of Chicago, Illinois, wins the trip of her dreams on the Happiness Three Nations Tour which includes, besides exciting Los Angeles excursions, trips to the Grand Canyon; Catalina Island; San Diego; Tia Juana in Mexico; San Francisco; Seattle; Portland; and Victoria, Lake Louise and Banff in Canada.

Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, wins Photoplay's exciting Hollywood trip on the Sante Fe Railroad's streamliner, The Super Chief, returning via the Grand Canyon.

Mrs. Margaret Allen of Nashville, Tennessee, will take the open highway route through Indian country, returning via her choice of scenic routes on a luxurious SuperCoach Greyhound Bus.

Reservations will be made for all winners and their companions at a famous Hollywood hotel. While they are in Hollywood, they will meet the stars, appear on a radio or TV show, tour a motion picture studio and take sightseeing trips arranged by the famous Tanner Company.

All three winners also will receive a complete vacation wardrobe selected by Photoplay's fashion editor; sportswear by Korday; dresses by Doris Dodson and Minx Modes; swim suits by Sea Nymph, Brilliant and Sea Goddess; jewelry by Deltah; blouses by Nancy Tucker; Holeproof hosiery; Lady Berkleigh pajamas; Accent shoes; Honeybug slippers; Honeydeb playshoes; Miller Girl lingerie; slips by Barbizon, Martha Maid, United Mills and Powers Model; brassieres by Maidenform and Exquisite Form; girdles by Playtex; foundations by Formfit.

The entries containing the last line to the jingle poured into the Photoplay offices by the thousands. A special staff handling this mail alone spent weeks reading the lines, making the selections.

To the winners go our wishes for the happiest of Hollywood holidays.



You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.



*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

ODO-RO-DO
CREAM OF SPRAY

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

SEND FOR.

Recrets of
Repulsarity

written under the direction of
Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now – prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular \$1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling) ... see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date hook, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

Find Tips Like These In This Amazing Book:

12 questions to osk yourself about your chorm

How to be your real self

How to talk to a dote

Some tricks for forgetting self-consciousness

NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. C-1 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity."

(Offer good while supply lasts)

of Popularity

Name		
Address		
City	State	

At 72, Ethel Barrymore looks back on fifty years of stardom



Queen Ethel

• She was only fifteen, but as she stood there behind the footlights a voice inside her repeated again and again: "This is the greatest moment of my life." Today, at seventy-two, Ethel Barrymore looks back on the greatest moments the theatre has ever known. She was an actress for seven years when Fate cast her to play in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." On opening night, by final curtain time Broadway had proclaimed her a star. The Barrymores—she and her illustrious brothers, Lionel and John—created a constellation that emblazoned theatrical skies. "The Secret of Convict Lake" marks Ethel Barrymore's fiftieth anniversary as a

"The Secret of Convict Lake" marks Ethel Barrymore's fiftieth anniversary as a star. Since "retiring" from M-G-M, playing the grand old matriarch of a mountain community is her first role under her new free-lance regime. "The beginning of picking-the-plum-parts of my career," she

refers to it with amusement.

Ethel Barrymore today is a handsome woman with clear blue eyes and a voice that fills the room with velvet. During the baseball season she defies you to pry her away from the radio. She knows the names of every congressman in the country; no matter where she goes or who is with her, when it's time to listen to the newscasts—she listens!

"Work hard and use your head" is advice she could give, but she believes that everyone must learn through his own experience. In every stage of her career Ethel Barrymore has considered herself a perfectionist. There was that time when a reporter asked her to name her all-time favorite scene.

her to name her all-time favorite scene.
"There are no favorites," she snapped humorously. "All of them could have been better!"



Ethel Barrymore begins new career as free-lancer in "The Secret of Convict Lake" with Gene Tierney, Glenn Ford

TALENT-on

the march

In sixty-four of the largest cities throughout the nation, audition boards are listening to eager contestants. Photoplay's Pasadena Playhouse Contest is reaching its exciting climax

HE auditions of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are now under way. As you read this hundreds of young actresses in sixty-four cities throughout the nation are appearing before local boards of theatrical experts for the semi-finals of the most exhaustive talent search ever conducted by a magazine.

Those who have come so far in the competition for the two-year study prize to the Pasadena Playhouse already have proven their talent to be of considerable worth. Through letters and applications, voice recordings and pictures, those standing at the three-quarter mark may well be proud of themselves. Come September, the three finalists chosen from these auditions will visit the Pasadena Playhouse as the guests of Photoplay. (Continued on page 86)



Where Photoplay's prize winner will be looking for letters from home, school notices, etc. All students have mailboxes in the Playhouse



Playhouse entrance: Up these steps, come September, will walk the three finalists for the audition that will give one the grand prize

Are you in the know?



Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?

Exer-circling Hoofing Flot footwear

Whether you're fairway-trotter or hiking fan - don't expect mere mileage to unfatten ankles. Better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and still) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on calendar-circling days the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



Three guesses what's in this refrigerator?

Apple pan dawdy An angara sweater A sweet treat

Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If your sweater's a fuzz shedder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler," overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. And here's another tip: At certain times, you needn't be befuzzled as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try all 3 (different sizes, for different days) - instead of just guessing whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one strictly perfect for you!



To revive that vacation-time romance, try -

- A lang distance coll
- A torchy letter
- A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note - about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder." So too, when your calendar reminds you it's that day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special safety center and soft, moisture-resistant edges give you extra protection. What's more, Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!



At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated —

Beside the other

On the oisle

Forthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where -won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals-then your squire. See? You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. Just mention "Kotex" at your favorite store. You'll find that magic word props your poise - because you know those flat pressed ends mean "curtains" for telltale outlines!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



How to prepare for "certain" days?

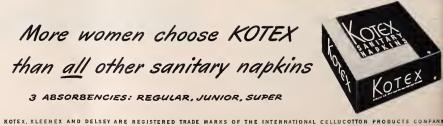
- Circle your colendor Perk up your wordrobe
- Buy o new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic-this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two-for a change?)

Have you tried Delsey?

^^^^

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)



Linda Darnell knows what she's talking about.

RECENTLY I've given serious thought to this question. When you start out on an entirely new life, you can't help thinking about the past—the mistakes that colored it, the lessons that made it full. And while you're thinking—in your own particular kind of lone-liness—all the things that once confused you seem to fall into focus.

The happiest time in my life, I know now, was when I was eighteen. I had left home, was on my own. Earlier, I'd been confused and full of fear. I guess the freedom I felt was the big thing; the right, at last, to make my own decisions.

I was sure I loved Peverell Marley. I was dating other men but somehow I knew Pev would be the man I eventually would marry. . .

I'd been advised not to marry him. Most of my friends were convinced it was wrong because Pev was considerably older than I. Even he thought the difference in our years was too great. However, advice and sound ideas somehow fall by the wayside when love is involved.

I had had a life of disappointments and hurts; been forced to assume all kinds of responsibilities, yet never had sufficient experience (Cont'd on page 79) When she was nineteen she married

a man twenty years her

senior



Pev and Linda at third birthday party for adopted daughter Lola, lower right. Linda, currently in "The Guy Who Came Back," retained custody of Lola "Girls marry older men for a feeling of protection—then find it is difficult for older men to share the interests of their wives." Below, Linda with ex-husband Pev Marley



should young girls marry older men?

By LINDA DARNELL

"Sing for the people," they told Caruso, when the Met's Diamond Horseshoe sat on its upper-crust hands, but the galleries went wild. He took their counsel to heart. Though the toughest diamond was soon reduced to pulp, he continued to lift the glory of his voice to the people.

Now another voice sings for them and, times being what they are, sings for more millions than the great Enrico ever dreamed of. As Caruso, the name of Mario Lanza works magic, packs the half-empty theatres of an ailing industry, sends box-office records toppling to bite the dust. Here and abroad he's taken the public by storm in such a triumph as leaves Hollywood stripped of adjectives, pop-eyed and gasping.

At this writing his Caruso album heads the best-sellers. Along with "Be My Love" and "The Loveliest Night of the Year," his "Vesti la Giubba" ranks among the top ten. Opera was a word to scare short-hairs with, till this laughing-eyed young man produced a miracle. Singing the incomparable melodies as they were meant to be sung, he's brought mass audiences shouting to their feet and landed opera on the hit parade.

He's broken all patterns and shattered all precedents. But we're going to leave statistics to others and tell the story as we heard it from the four people who know it best. One is a quiet gracious lady with Mario's liquid eyes, who looks as though she might be his older sister. One is a man who came out of the Argonne totally disabled, but kept his humor and his love of life. One is a girl, her spirit as sunny as her face, whose brother was Mario's best friend in the service. The fourth is Lanza himself.

It's the kind of thing that can't happen but does—a wonder tale both simple and fabulous, and steeped in the warmth of those who lived it. So, without more preamble, here is the story of Mario—

As His Parents Began It

Sixteen-year-old Maria Lanza married Antonio Cocozza, recently home from the wars. They named their only

This is the kind of thing that can't happen but does—a wonder tale steeped in the warmth of the four people who lived it—and tell it By IDA ZEITLIN Photoplay Feature Attractiv

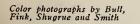






LANZA STORY









When he was a little boy, here with Uncle Robert Lanza, the family lived with Grandpop, who ran a grocery business

MARIO LANZA STORY





Mario at six months and when he was two. "Not spoiled," says Pop, "but to us he was everything"

child Alfredo Arnaldo, and Maria thanked heaven that he wasn't a girl. Antonio had been gassed at Verdun, his spine bayoneted, his right arm mangled by dumdums. "If it's a girl, call her Verdun," his mother pleaded, and the young people promised. She died a month before the baby was born, which made the promise sacred. Maria drew a breath of relief when they said, "It's a boy—"

Alfredo, of course, didn't stick in South Philadelphia. "Is Al in?" his (Continued on page 89)

Mario, at fifteen, shone in sports, practiced weightlifting in his room







Four years ago Mario, above with wife Betty, was little known as a concert and recording artist



Today, he is hailed as Hollywood's greatest singing sensation. Above, at triumphant "Caruso" premiere



His parents also shared premiere triumph. Says Mario, "I watched Mom and Pop. For me, it was their evening"



Copyright Look Magazine

Mario, baby Elissa and Betty, at home. They have another daughter, Colleen. Naturally gay and good humored, "sourpusses" depress Mario, so when Betty hires help, she looks for cheerfulness first, efficiency second



room . . . blintzes and angel cake . . . dreams come true

> Tony is in "The Prince Who Was a Thief" Janet's in "Angels in the Outfield"

Love on a Ferris wheel . . . popcorn and Puccini
. . engagement for laughter . . . steel and
quicksilver . . . romance, with an option

Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"



IF they hadn't said no

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

It's the parts they didn't play that are giving some stars a headache!

Maybe Monty Clift thinks twice since he turned down "Sunset Boulevard." Bill Holden, in making it, was nominated for an Oscar. Below, with Gloria Swanson



Judy Garland backed out with a breakdown and Betty Hutton grabbed the Photoplay Gold Medal as the most popular actress of the year in the musical "Annie Get Your Gun"



Liz Taylor would have had a different "Father of the Bride" and Spencer Tracy might not have won that Gold Medal Citation if Paul Douglas hadn't decided against being a parent

LAUDETTE COLBERT was chosen first for the part in "All About Eve" that brought Bette Davis back to high favor. . . .

"I'm the guy," says Paul Douglas, "who turned down 'Father of the Bride." . . .

Judy Garland—and June Allyson before her—were set for "Royal Wedding" which finally proved a royal flush for little Jane Powell....

So it goes! Sometimes illness, an accident or a baby is responsible for such changes in casting. But just as often a star decides a role isn't all it should be, or a picture never will be box office, and this gives another star a chance, even an Oscar.

Claudette wanted to play Margo in "All About Eve." But she slipped into her sunken living-room and cracked a vertebra in her spine. Whereupon Bette not only got the best role of her career but also her best husband to date—Gary Merrill, who worked with her in this picture and who loves to take his work home with him.

On the other hand Paul Douglas said "No! No!" violently and voluntarily—to 'Father of the Bride," which brought Spencer Tracy an Academy Award nomination . . to the role of (Continued on page 74)





twenty minutes past five

BY DIANE SCOTT

 June Haver, who had been drowsing against the seat of the luxurious fifty-passenger plane, was suddenly awake. Very awake. She knew, too well, that uneven sound.

Once, enroute from Rome to London for the Command Performance, for one hour and a half her plane had flown on one motor, then limped on into Nice. Another time, as she flew over the Alps toward Rome, one of the motors of the ship conked out-then started up again.

Was this the ominous third time?

She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes past five in the evening. Within a few hours the plane, with its star cargo-June herself, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, Patricia Neal, John Derek, Wendell Corey, Lizabeth Scott, Joan Fontaine and Evelyn Keyes-was due to land at Montevideo, Uruguay, where the stars were to represent the United States at the Film Festival.

Twenty minutes earlier the plane (Continued on page 77)

eyes were on the tall white figure on the mount - with outstretched arms, waiting Color portrait by Six

Rio de Janeiro and everyone's

Now they were flying over

Only the ticking of her watch broke the silence. June Haver and the others

braced themselves...but prayers travel faster than a plane



Many things are being said about her. But only

the woman who watched her grow up can understand what is

happening to Hollywood's most bewildering young star

PEOPLE think there has been a breach between Elizabeth and me. There has never been a breach and there never will be.

My husband and I have been away from home since last March. I had a persistent virus and needed the Florida sun, and then as our children—Elizabeth in her own apartment, Howard in the Army—had no immediate need of us, we came on to New York.

Wherever Elizabeth and I are—in Florida, in New York—she telephones to me and I to her. In New York I did miss Elizabeth. We've always had so much fun together shopping there; in London, too, and Paris. Liz loves shopping, is so eager about it, so enthusiastic. We had so many laughs together—and never any strain of the mother-daughter relationship.

Which reminds me of a letter Elizabeth sent me, from Paris, while she was on her honeymoon!

"Now, I realize how much I miss you, Mother," she wrote. "When you are with someone all the time, I guess you just don't know. Mother, I miss you all day long. Paris doesn't seem the same without you. I miss shopping with you. Miss our hot chocolate "klatsches" at Rumpelmayers. Miss the laughs we always had. Miss home, too. Miss sitting on the red couch at home watching TV. Miss Howard and his friends, coming and going. And the gaiety of our house." And at the end of the letter she wrote: "Mother, remember (Continued on page 73)



BY SARA TAYLOR

Turn to the next pages for a preview of the love scenes all Hollywood is talking about—
Liz Taylor and Monty Clift in "A Place in the Sun"

SPECIAL! Three great love scenes, clipped





The lake shimmers in the moonlight. "How long will you be gone?" asks Liz, desolately. Monty's





Her eyes search his face. "Do you feel the same way?" Suddenly they are in each other's arms, lost in their first kiss

NOT for a long time has the screen shown love scenes like these. When "A Place in the Sun" was shown to the press—as pictures are before release—the scenes between Monty Clift and Liz Taylor became the talk of Hollywood. Mood music, played off-stage, inspired these two stars

to give what many rate their greatest performances. To bring readers a preview of these much discussed love scenes, Photoplay's editors had the picture run off in the Paramount projection room and chose these "frames" which were cut from the film itself.





arms tighten around her. "I don't know, darling . . . I don't know"

Love—and Kisses







"Every time you leave me for a minute," says Liz, "it's like goodbye"



Marriage, he's discovered, isn't a fifty-fifty proposition. With Janie,



it's ten per cent wonder and ninety per cent wonderful

was there



A kiss for the bride: "When you find the right girl," says Dale, "why wait?"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

He met her on Saturday
and proposed on Thursday.
But their romance wasn't
as sudden as it sounds

DALE, take thee, Jacqueline—" Dale Robertson bent his dark head to look into the shining hazel eyes of the girl beside him.

Romantic proof, these two, that love can come at first sight. Five days after they met they were engaged. As the groom drawled, "When you find the right girl—the girl who has everything you've ever hoped for—why wait? She's a dandy. A real winner!"

They were introduced at a dinner party at the home of Producer Andre Hakin the month before. Jacqueline, the daughter of Faire Binney, a star of the silent screen, and just embarking on an acting career, had appeared in "Friendly Island" at Dale's studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. He once had visited the set where she was working, but he didn't remember her, since she had been made up as a native girl at the time. But at the dinner party it was different. "The others talked French," Dale says. "We talked horses." (Continued on page 87)



esther williams -

R.F.D.

By LYLE WHEELER
Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



Esther used fine old indoor shutters for lower half of livingroom windows, offset vibrant furniture colors with white walls

The sign says "Gage," and you look to the left, down what appears to be a winding country road. Past towering, gnarled oaks, through ferns and a splash of flowers, you catch a glimpse of yellow. Down the road a few yards you can see the big, yellow farmhouse, the new home of Esther Williams and Ben Gage.

What a place for the children. What a wonderful spot for Esther and Ben. It seems as remote as though they were miles from neighbors, because of the hills in back and the large oaks framing their property. Esther had the driveway changed, to enter at one corner, then saunter at an angle, across the front to a clearing, among another group of oaks. Hence the country road feeling, the quiet and seclusion.

Their house, of yellow siding with white trim, has no fripperies, no gewgaws. It's quietly dignified, beautifully proportioned in a timeless design.

Good design is never dated. If you can withstand the fads of the moment and concentrate on fundamentals, your home will give you lasting pleasure. This is true, whether you're (Continued on page 101)

Attic became master bedroom. Closet, right, holds dog's bed, is called "Angie's apartment"



Kidney-shaped swimming pool, framed by tall oaks, is on a higher level than the house

She fell in love with the kitchen—but every room in the big yellow farmhouse is worth a trip to the Gages' country home



Cosy corner for dining, in huge kitchen. Raised fireplace is used as a barbecue. Esther is in "Texas Carnival"

Photographs by de Gennaro





Tony met second wife Marjorie on Broadway, fell in love with her in Denmark and married her in Nebraska!

During the three years Tony worked at home, secretly studying to be Valentino, neighbors suspected him of being a gangster!

double life

By RUTH WATERBURY

Walter Reinhold Alfred Frederick

Fleishmann, alias Walter

Craig, alias Tony Dexter, will

appear next in "The Brigand"

Ornitz

THERE was nothing about the exterior of the average little house in the average little San Fernando Valley street to indicate that within it lived one of the most phenomenal discoveries of all Hollywood history—a young actor now called Anthony Dexter, who prefers to be known as Walter Craig, though his real name is Walter Reinhold Alfred Frederick Fleishmann.

For three years Tony's neighbors here in the Valley couldn't understand him. He didn't seem to work. He played tango records all day long. A different kind of chap would have explained that he was going to be in a very special picture. But not Tony. He minded his business and left it up to the neighbors to do the same. Even when his wife came to him and said she'd heard around the neighborhood that he was suspected of being a gangster, he merely grinned and didn't explain. He kept his word to Edward Small who had asked him to discuss his preparation for the Valentino role with no one.

Let me digress for one second. After meeting Tony, I went to a small movie house on Hollywood Boulevard to see him on screen as Valentino. The reason I hadn't seen this picture before was that I'd been so sentimental over my personal (Continued on page 84)

He stepped into another man's shoes—and a legend lived again.

But not until you know the real Tony Dexter can you appreciate his amazing masquerade









Left, studio suite which Jeff calls home. Howard bunks in his suite next door, moved in when he started work on "The Lady from Texas" because driving bothered leg he . . .

bachelors' quarters

When Jeff Chandler and Howard Duff
wind up an evening of fun—
they go straight to work! For to

these stars, their studio dressing-rooms are home, sweet home



A couple of bachelors on the prowl—for some new reading material. Drugstore near studio had plenty to offer. Below, right, studio cop checks them in for the night!











... fractured in an accident. Jeff, unable to find apartment when he separated from wife, came to live at studio for duration of "Flame of Araby." The boys visit back and forth, breakfast at commissary, work out together in studio gym



Solid comfort! A handy phone, his little red book and Howard's set—to make plans for weekend



Who's bored? Not Howard and Jeff. They spend many an evening over the chessboard, have a late dinner at the Villa Nova and often take in a neighborhood movie. Both boys have to be up early for work, so make few "girl" dates during the week



Davis lived at Warners for weeks at a time when she was working, rather than take the long drive to Laguna where she then lived—had a little house on the lot, in fact, charmingly furnished. Also when Jeff and Howard moved on the Universal-International lot, Dan Dailey, who had no house to go to when he came back from Menninger Clinic, was already in residence at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

Photographs by Don Ornitz





Two views of Cyd Charisse to prove what a difference a chignon makes! For a feminine effect and to soften the jawline, Cyd tucks flowers, jewels or bows behind the ear. She's bringing back the "spit curls" of yesteryear, calls them "beau-catchers"

Apger

Pat Wymore, with her casual, fluffy bob, takes on sophistication with a braided chignon. To broaden the line, Pat wears it in two pieces, gives it young appeal with colorful flowers and bows





be a

Manged woman by Vicky Riley

Use your head, if you want to

be different. Try these Hollywood

twists with a chignon





THE beauties of Hollywood all use hair pieces to give themselves different personalities. They all love to be casual, windblown beauties by day and jeweled, or flowered, or bow-trimmed beauties by cocktail or dinner time. And, definitely, the girls on these pages disprove the notion that you have to have one certain type of face to wear a chignon.

This much is true: You have to have (Continued on page 72)

Jane Greer uses a chignon
to dramatize her classic
profile, adds intrigue
with eye-catching earrings. Last Christmas, she
greeted the season with tiny
Christmas balls tucked into her chignon

Peggy Dow pulls back
her long hair, adds a
matching chignon—
and presto, she's a new
person! Only girls with
firm young jawlines can
wear a chignon pulled
back tightly like Peggy's.
She cares for her chignon
as she does her own hair,
anchors it to the back
of a chair after each
shampoo, then dries
it with a hair dryer









be charming

You're Telling Me!

There comes a day, I think, when all charm and beauty editors should go on a diet -- and eat their own words.

a diet -- and eat their own words.

I'm just as guilty as all the other "experts" of preaching that there is no excuse, none whatever, of ever, ever, ever, sticking your head outside your boudoir when you look less than your loveliest.

Good grooming becomes as automatic as breathing if you budget your time properly, chorus the how-to-do-it girls.

I've said it myself.

But you readers have been talking back to me in your candid letters and telling me that this is utter nonsense, that there are emergencies in every woman's life when she is caught with her worst foot forward and if she wants to be charming she had better learn to make the best of it and have fun even when she looks far less than her best.

A career girl puts it this way: "I often go on dates directly from my office. I know all the tricks. I buy uncrushable, un-sit-out-able basic dresses, and I have a collection of gay accessories to doll them up when I have a big evening ahead. I keep a drawer full of clean-up preparations in my desk and usually have time to make use of them. But now and then my boss gives me a slew of work at the very last minute, and I find (Continued on page 82)



Carrying a weighty problem on your lower hips?

Do this often and you'll lighten your load!





Stay this way for fifteen minutes a day and you'll whittle away the waste below the waistline



PHOTOPBACK TO SCHOOL HIONS





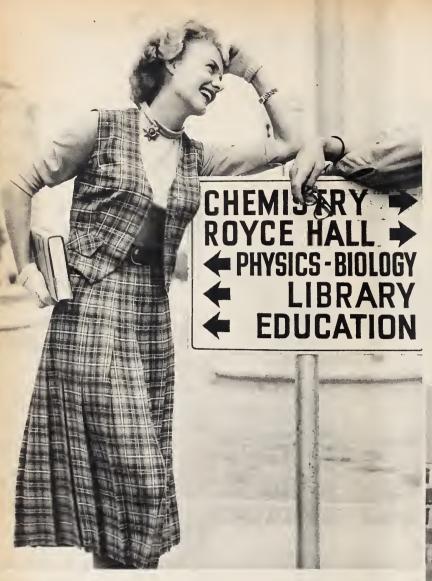
Photogrophed by Dirone on Princeton campus

Exciting news for girls in school or out are these clothes inspired by Hal Wallis's "That's My
Boy," starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and modeled by Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall,
leading co-eds in the picture. Up-to-the-minute in style, fabric and color, this wardrobe has feminine
appeal and is designed especially for girls who know the value of accessory changes

- Separates make the suit worn by Polly, above left. Boxy jacket is straight and short. Three-quarter raglan sleeves feature the popular, deep cuffs. Slim skirt follows the straight line, with low slit pleat in back. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Korday in pin-check worsted, red or green with navy, sizes 10-18. Jacket, \$14.95. Skirt, \$8.95. Velvet jockey cap by Dani, bag by Roger Van S.
- Marion, above right, heads for the road—and reveals the back interest of her diagonal tweed coat, with its new controlled fullness. Equally smart is the front, with jet buttons parading almost to the hem. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Irvana, 8-18, in rust with black, gold with gray, red with navy, green with brown. Around \$65.00. Debway hat, Crescendoe gloves

For stores carrying foshions on these pages see page 81

For campus, city or country: Youthful all-wool tweed suit worn by Marion, left. In earth brown with russet, the skirt has new modified flare. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Donnybrook, \$45.00, 10-18. Also in green with red, gray with gold, gray with purple. Matching hat by Dani, scarf by Sally Gee, pin by Bill Agnew



Go to the head of the class in this one.

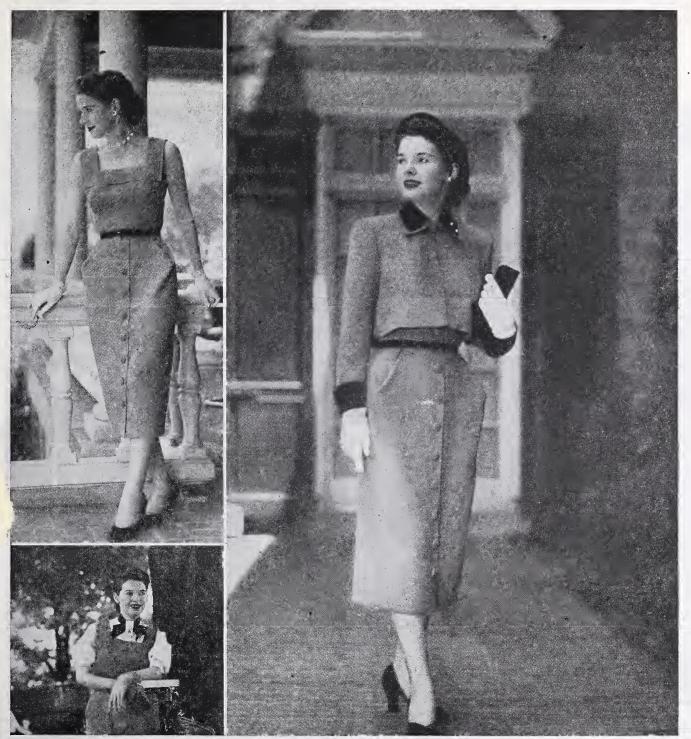
Modeled by Marion Marshall, these mix-matching se arates are just as smart off the campus. In purple or red ground plaid of crease-resistant rayon, the trim, four-button vest is teamed with an all-around pleated skirt. Ve around \$6.00. Skirt, around \$9.00. The neck blouse, with three-quarter sleeves, in black, gold, gray, purple and other color around \$8.00. All 10-18. A Jeanne Barrie fash by Rockland. Garay belt, Wear Right gloves

Photographed by Engstead on the campus at UCLA

All set for school or informal dates is
the charming shirtmaker dress, right, with three-quarter
dolman sleeves, unpressed pleated front
and concealed hip pockets. Tiny detachable white pique collar adds piquancy
to Black Watch plaid of dress. A Jeanne
Barrie fashion by Dan Keller, in a Lankenau
rayon fabric, 10-18. And you can balance
your school or business budget at the price—
a mere \$17.95. Just right pin by Bill Agnew

PHOTO SCHOOL BACK TO SCHOOL





Photographed by Dirone at the Charter Club, Princeton University

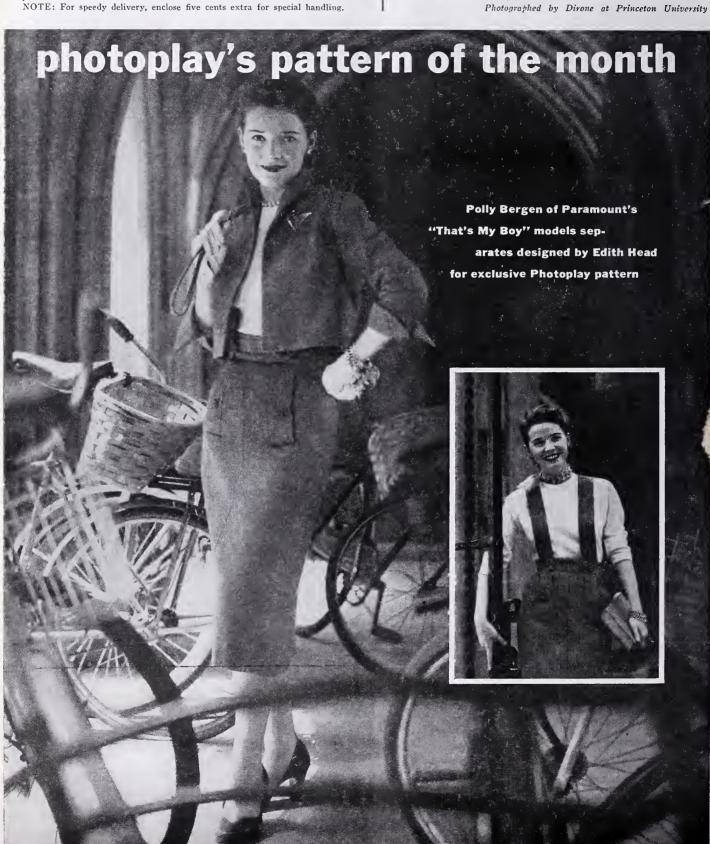
• A perfect week-ender is the gray rayon flannel suit dress worn by Polly Bergen.

Swing-back jacket has detachable velvet collar, cuffs. For dating, wear the sheath dress alone, above left, with rhinestone jewelry. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Suzy Perette, in charcoal gray rayon flannel with black velvet or brown with brown. Around \$23.00, 10-18.

For casual occasions, add the sheer white cotton blouse, lower left, with detachable bow. A Jeanne Barrie fashion by Dorothy Korby, around \$6.00, 30-36. Trim Tred shoes, Garay bag

For stores carrying the fashions on these pages, see page 81.

 ◆ Teamwork in design and fabric: A Hollywood inspiration for girls on a budget is this suspender suit, which is just as smart without the straight bolero-type jacket. Skirt, with detachable suspenders, has its own blouse, can be teamed with others. We made the suit in a leading fall fabric—Botany gray flannel—which blends with any occasion, the blouse in challis
Photographed by Dirone at Princeton University.





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here comes the graduate

Crew cut, football

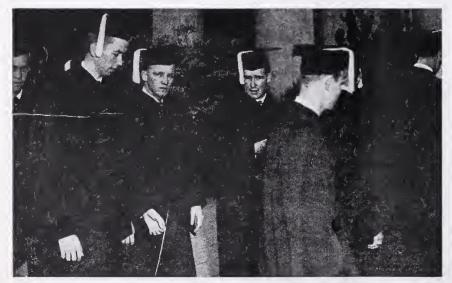
stride, his cap

set at a jaunty angle—Bing

and Dixie's boy, Gary



Bing Crosby watched the ceremonies from the auditorium but he waited outsit to congratulate his boy. Gary's graduation gift was a cream-colored Mercury



Gary, third from left, isn't sure what he wants to be—yet. "You've got to be good for show business." He'll study next four years at Stanford

"T OOK for a feathered panama," Gary had said to me. "That'll be Dad." In the crowd of 1,200 dads, mothers and grandparents jamming into the auditorium for Bellarmine's graduation exercises, a guy like Bing who never would pull rank might well be hard to find. I caught him sitting quietly in the twelfth row, third from the aisle. He was sporting a terrific tan and his dress-up dark blues. His pheasantfeathered chapeau was idling on his knee. Beside him sat Dixie, attractive and chic in a velvet-collared checked suit, white broadtail jacket and perky white hat. The whole Crosby clan was there, in fact. On Bing's right sat his youngest, Lin. The two blond heads across the auditorium belonged to the twins, Philip and Dennis, who'd ridden down in the new cream-colored Mercury sedanette, Gary's graduation gift



steps up to receive diploma, handake from Rev. Thomas P. Cosgrave

om his mother and dad.

Today belonged to the 134 grads oving in a procession. Today was ary's, the husky blond with the foot-ill stride, giving a swift side glance see if his folks had checked in.

Yet, in a way, it was Bing's day, too. e'd won his sheepskin in show busiss, but this was the first chorus of other Crosby dream, father and citin. One that hailed back to another aduation day. Exactly thirty-one ars ago this day the parental audience Gonzaga had been favored with a eech, "The Purpose of Education," livered by one Harry Lillis Crosby. ng had fired away about education epping a guy for the goal aheadving him tolerance, understanding, lowledge—and equipping him better play the game. He was on his my to being a (Continued on page 97)







Guess the Price

Not \$5 . . . not \$3.50 . . . just an amazing \$1.50 for this new Stardust dream bra! Note the expensive 4 section stitched cup for balanced uplift. Elastic insert for fit-ease. Luscious rayon satin, guaranteed 1 year. A, B or C cups.

> Never SO much for \$4.50



STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1.

Be a Changed Woman

(Continued from page 61) clean, flawless features and a firm jawline to wear a chignon tucked back as severely as Peggy Dow wears hers. But equally, you can soften the line, as Pat Wymore or Cyd Charisse here illustrate, by adding flowers or jewels

Also, a chignon doesn't have to be either a big, round bun at the nape of the neckwhich is the shape Joan Crawford most often uses—or a figure eight, such as Dietrich affects. Pat Wymore, as you can see on these pages, wears her chignon parted into two pieces, which in her case broadens the line of it. Her chignon is braided, but Gene Tierney wears hers with even greater distinction. She fastens it on so that it looks like upswept hair. That is, a row of soft, flattering curls, very fluffy ones, hit about the center back of her head, though not quite to the crown. Below these, and actually below the chignon line, Gene frequently fastens flowers.

One night at a party, I saw chic Gene wearing artificial flowers, the leaves of which were tipped with glittering rhinestones. The effect was simply wonderful.

O, IF you want to indulge yourself in this charming bit of beauty caprice, you've got to make several decisions. The first is: Which chignon to buy—an inexpensive one, to test out how much you like it, or an expensive one because you expect to use it frequently, and will care for it so that you will keep it indefinitely. If you decide on the latter, you don't need to worry in case you should change the color of your hair. You can dye a chignon or false bangs exactly as you do your hair.

Next, decide upon the type of chignon you want. They do come already made up, in round shapes, or buns or twists. But actually it is smartest to buy a long switch. Then you can braid it or twist it or fluff-curl it in the manner you choose.

On this matter of money for a chignon: Very moderately priced hair pieces are on the market—but usually they either aren't made of hair or they are the cheapest grade of hair. You must realize, if you buy them, they just won't last.

The real hairpieces, contrariwise, are very expensive—thirty to forty dollars and up. However, a girl like Gene Tierney feels she would rather give up one extra dress a year than give up her extra curls. Joan Crawford argues that hair pieces not only save her hours at the hairdressers' but also many a hairdresser's fee. With her back-yard pool, Joan swims almost daily. Since the flawless bathing cap is yet to be developed, it means her own hair isn't always perfect but you may be sure Miss Crawford is never seen with a lock out of place, even if she has been in a swan dive five seconds previously. This quick change is achieved by her having the bangs for the front of her hairdress and her chignon for the back, always ready.

You see, you take care of bangs or a chignon as you do your own hair. That is, you shampoo it, and set it in pin curls to dry. Peggy Dow dries hers under her regular hair dryer, by putting it on the back of a chair, anchored down with hair pins, and a net over it.

For a girl with very thin hair, a la Sonja Henie, small, individual curls that can be fastened at the temples or just over the ears, or wherever some extra hair is needed, are the greatest blessing.

Of course, you do have to know how to fasten all hair pieces on so that they can't move the slightest bit, let alone come off. The trick is easy. Say you are fastening a chignon to your own short hair at the

back of your neck. You start by making three tiny braids of your own back hair, one which will be in the center of the chignon's finished width on your head, the others at what will be the two outer ends of the finished chignon. These very small braids are fastened with little rubber bands so that they won't unbraid. To secure the chignon, you actually put the hairpins through it, and then into these braids. The beigning about the parties of the control of t braids. The hairpins should be set in a criss-cross. Some girls, Maureen O'Hara, for instance, put a criss-cross of invisible hairpins across the braid under the chignon, then pin the chignon pins into these underneath pins.

Experiment and see which method is best for you, but the same rule follows for bangs, anchored to the top of the head and sides, or for individual pin curls, like Sonja's. You moor flowers or bows or other ornaments to your chignon by the same method. Last Christmas Jane Greer was the cutest sight ever, with small Christmas-tree balls, in reds and blues, pinned into her chignon, and then matched with earrings she'd made up the same way.

The real fun of hairpieces is that, since they are off your head, you can sit around and work out designs with them to your heart's delight, then put them on, see how they look, and make yourself into any type you wish. Cyd Charisse, as you can see on these pages, is bringing back what used to be called "spit curls" and which now have the name of beau-catchers.

Note of warning: Chignons do not go with sloppy clothes, for simple occasions or for work. Also, for the very mature, they are not always advisable—though Grandma Marlene Deitrich does all right with them.

Further warning: The cheapest of these hair pieces are not really cheap and they don't mean you can get by with no hair work. You must keep them as nea and tidy as you would always keep you own hair, but they have the great, gr advantage that you can tidy them up old time—and let them dry or get t curls set when you are some place else

You will, of course, in attaching ba. hide the hairpins with flowers or jewor ribbon. Showing hairpins on chignons doesn't matter-even the dumbest man knows that hair doesn't grow upwards. Another advantage of the chignon comes in right there-they are neater than any

real hair-on-the-head upsweep.

And they are fun. That's their great point. It's absolutely true that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so why not make yourself beautiful to people at all times? It's up to you whether or not you confess how you achieve this beauty-but this is for positive: Flawlessly groomed hair can win a girl more popularity than any other similar investment, so why not have some store-bought locks as well as the home-grown variety to cover all

quick-date emergencies?

Peggy Dow is in "Bright Victory"; Jane Greer next in "Friendly Island"; Cyd Charisse is in "The North Country"; Pat Wymore has featured role in "Starlift."

THE END

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A Mother's View of Liz

(Intinued from page 47) the quotation 'Father of the Bride,' which goes: Ason's a son till he gets him a wife; a lighter's a daughter all her life.' Now I that line is true."

he has never discussed her unhappiness h us—never let us know anything ut it, not even a word in the letters wrote us while she was on her honeyon. Nor when she returned. She ited to "protect" us, she said, she didn't it anyone to think we had "interfered." urrently Elizabeth is undergoing, I k-at least as far as her home and ents are concerned—a kind of weaning cess. In taking her apartment, she is ving to herself that she is an adult. It ll a part of growing up, another phase Elizabeth's wanting to express herself. ether she ever will come home I don't We wish she would, of course. We that anyone as young and lovely as should have the protection of a home. if she doesn't, we won't worry about We know, none better, what a fine wonderful character she has. We we that wherever she is, she'll be all t. We trust Elizabeth.

house, of course, is filled with memries of her. More than memories, actu-

She's never taken away her collecof miniature horses, and most of her ies are still here, old sweaters and blue s and cotton shirts and riding breeches jodhpurs, also tennis and badminton ets, swimming suits, perfume bottles, tets, the litter, the whole untidy litter was "Liz"! Her room, by the way, is as it was when she made "National et," I always wanted by et," I always wanted her to do it over she never had time. So there is it— white chintzes and little flowers!

's always been very untidy! Ever she was a little girl I've tried to her to be neat, to hang her clothes put her hats on the shelf, not on or; her shoes on the floor, not on irs-with the net result that her oked to the day she left it, as t had been stirred, vigorously, ant tablespoon!

w, remembering this, I know that d it to do over again, I would never er: "Please, dear, don't leave every-on the floor!" It didn't do any good. , perhaps, made her want to get away. other thing, she never was on time. I suspect, must have made Nicky us, precipitated quarrels, for although as untidy as she is—all of their genon seem to be, it's uncanny-never g ready, always being late drove him

, I'm sure! ien Elizabeth was at home, before she ied, she used to have the radio going ing, noon and night. Bing, mostly, symphonies. Then she would be on elephone-most of her spare time was on the telephone—with girls and boys For all the sense they made they thave been talking in a foreign lan-

e, but going on for hours. much as anything, I think, I miss times Elizabeth and I sat sewing her. She is very clever at sewing, at ging a neckline, fitting a dress in id the waist. Oh, how she loves and has from the time she was a

little thing. . .

art from sewing, what Elizabeth can't ound the house includes almost anyyou could mention. Outdoors is her al element, always has been. Ever she was very small she was up early, f doors. The dustpan and brush, the t and the stove are mysteries with she never coped. Or almost never. used to love to pop corn. And make

fudge. And one time she made some icebox cookies which didn't, unfortunately, "ice." And she had one favorite dish which And she had one favorite dish which she loved to make at home—sliced tomatoes and capers fried in fresh bacon grease. This was her one and only "dish."

Elizabeth as a teenager is a happy memory. Even after she was in pictures, we had no teen-age problems, no arguments about anything. She always had her dates around the house; and so when they took her out and we told them what time to bring her home, they didn't resent it at all. They felt part of the family, sharing the "family" responsibility for Elizabeth. She lived a country kind of life, early to bed, early to rise. She had never known night-club life. She didn't like it. I think, perhaps, even on her honeymoon she didn't

"If I could wave a wand and make them young again." . . . These are well-worn words which come to the lips of every mother. . . . They come to mine. If I had to a very gain Flight the world. it to do over again, Elizabeth would not be in pictures. I would not allow it. I think she has had so many heartaches she might not have had if she'd been just a girl at home. But as is the way, I think, with parents of our generation, we always listened to both of our children and when Elizabeth wanted to be in pictures and begged so hard, although we did not want it, we gave in, mistakenly.

BEAUTY, I believe, can be a great drawback. A handicap. If you are beautiful it brings a lot of wrong thinking down on you. People think you are spoiled, lack brains, are vain, are superficial. You are

also constantly on exhibition.

Elizabeth never has liked this exhibition. Once, in Paris, when she was about thirteen, we were shopping and a crowd of people gathered round, came close up to Elizabeth, poked at her with their fingers as at a china doll. And all the while Elizabeth stood there, at bay, cornered, miserable. After we got away she said: "I wonder if people who come close to you like that have the same feelings that you have? I don't believe they have or they would know how they embarrass you."

Elizabeth has always been beautiful. When she was a very tiny little baby, she was, I thought, divinely beautiful. Other people, however, thought her "plain," with her long, straight black hair, big blue eyes. I think they didn't quite know how to take a baby that looked like that because then, as now, there was a spiritual, a Madonna quality about Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, too, knows beauty can be a handicap. I've heard her say more than once: "Oh, I'll be so glad when people stop writing about how 'beautiful' I am and start writing, instead—I hope—of how well I can act.'

Perhaps now, after "A Place in the Sun. people will say just that, for there can be no doubt that in this picture Elizabeth does the best, the most mature acting of her young career—although of all her pictures "National Velvet" remains, I must admit, my favorite. Our favorite, her father's and mine. (Eb. Note: Liz will further prove her versatility by going from the light comedy, "Love Is Better Than Ever." to the dramatic spectacle, "Ivanhoe.") That was the real Elizabeth, sensitive one sweet the sensitive of the sensit tive and sweet-our Elizabeth.

Now she is nineteen, maturing in her work as well as in her personal life. Per-haps when she attains this maturity, all the unhappiness she has had, all the heart-aches, will have been worth while, will enrich her.

THE END



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STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1



If They Hadn't Said No

(Continued from page 43) Willie Stork in "All the King's Men" which brought Brod Crawford an Oscar . . . and thirdly, to the role of Harry Brock in "Born Yesterday" which also did well for Brod, having been one of the box-office smashes of the year.

I wonder, too, if Claire Trevor doesn't rue the day she turned down the mother role to Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride." Joan Bennett certainly has reason to be glad she grabbed it.

YOU should hear the story of "Mrs. Miniver" the way L. B. Mayer tells it. As you may know, L. B. originally wanted the then queen of the Metro lot, Norma Shearer, to play Jan Struther's best-selling heroine.

"What! Me play the mother of grown-up children!" Miss Shearer is supposed to have shouted at the startled executive.

So he called in the red-headed threat to the throne, Greer Garson.

"But d'ye think she wanted to do it?" laughs L. B. when he tells the story, which is always at intimate parties. "She shouted! I shouted! She said 'No.' I said 'Yes.' She said she'd be darned if she'd do it. I said she'd be darned if she didn't."
The world shook at Metro that day but, as you know, Greer did it. And zoomed to undreamed-of box-office heights (even married one of those grown-up children, Richard Ney). While Norma elected to commit screen hara-kiri with "Her Cardboard Lover."

"That's nothing," says George Raft, wryly reminiscing. "I could have made "The Maltese Falcon.' But I just didn't think it had a chance. So they roped in a guy who at that time wept regularly on my shoulder about how no one in Hollywood would give him anything better than second or third tough guys." Humphrey Bogart is his name. He came to Hollywood to be the heavy to Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest." But they couldn't see him at all until Mr. Raft's refusal opened the way for him.

Ingrid Bergman fought like ten Marines to star in the huge failure "Arch of Triumph" but said "No" in Swedish and English to "The Farmer's Daughter" which won Loretta Young a well-deserved Oscar.

Speaking again of "Royal Wedding," June Allyson went into the song and dance numbers with Fred Astaire. Came the flapping of those beautiful stork wings and June, the mother-to-be, made way for Judy Garland who had to drop out because of illness. Then it went to Jane Powell, who was able to duck the stork's calling card until the picture was almost finished.

Judy's breakdowns have proven bonanzas for two other stars, also . . . Betty Hutton, who considers "Annie Get Your Gun," for which she won Photoplay's Gold Medal, her best movie. And Ginger Rogers, who wasn't doing much with her career when she was rushed in to substi-

tateer when she was rushed in to substitute for the ailing Judy with Fred Astaire in "The Barkleys of Broadway."

And Mr. Astaire. He actually had retired from the screen when Gene Kelly fell off the roof for a number in "Living in a Big Way." But then producer Arthur Freed, with Gene using his eloquence too, persuaded Fred to come back in Gene's stead in "Easter Parade." And when the critics threw their hats and bonnets into the air even Fred realized that his re-tirement was ridiculous.

Ann Blyth now is so well established on the screen it's hard to believe that another young girl's demand for more money put Ann where she is today. When "Mildred Pierce" was about to do what you would not do, as the ads later said, Cara Williams was up for the role of Joan Crawford's daughter. If only Cara had been content with less she might be the star today.

Joan Crawford, incidentally, almost hemmed and hawed too long over "Mil-dred." At one time Annie Sheridan was due to take over the role that won Joan her Academy Award and a new career at \$100,000 a picture.

Montgomery Clift, who should have said "No" to "The Heiress," said it instead to "Sunset_Boulevard," which did great

things for Bill Holden. A month or two ago Sam Goldwyn sent his top press agent to talk Farley Granger —his star on loan-out to RKO—out of marrying Shelley Winters. Maybe the press agent succeeded. Maybe he didn't. But it is all reminiscent of the Goldwyn But it is all reminiscent of the Goldwyn fury years ago when his then prize restar, Cathy O'Donnell, married Rowyler, the brother of William Wordshop turned furious, too, at Sam's trusion into her private life. So called it a day. That's how young Evans got her break, stepping into anna McCoy" and all the other proceeding the control of the control

It isn't only the stars who r roles and pictures, the producers Kirk Douglas had a terrible time vincing Stanley Kramer he was right "Champion"—the success which Kramer up as a producer. And Jack War ner was most unhappy when Jane Wymar was cast in "Johnny Belinda," tops at the box office, which won Janie an Oscar and Photoplay's Gold Medal.

All of which goes to prove you never can tell. And as long as this holds true there will be a magic door that will oper for lucky newcomers. Which is fine with me. How about you?

NOT IN YOUR LIFE . . .

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I Love Janie

(Continued from page 50) changes it regularly, like a woman. But, despite the fact that I don't always know what's going on in back of those blue eyes of hers, I wouldn't want it any other way.

One of the nice things about Janie as a woman is that she seems perfectly willing to accept me as a member of the opposite to accept me as a member of the opposite sex. She doesn't try to fit me into her own female mold. If I leave the top off the toothpaste tube and it sloshes down into her manicure set she doesn't rail and rant. Or if she finds my pajama bottoms draped over the shower door she usually takes it in stride. Not that she doesn't try to reform me. "Honey," she'll say, "you know that wicker gadget in the bathroom? You know what it is?"

"No, what?"

"No, what?"

"It's a hamper. We use it for soiled clothes. When you take off your socks at night that's where they go."

"Oh? I'll try to remember."

Usually that's as far as it goes. She has used her feminine mandate. But never to the project where both of us would feel

the point where both of us would feel uncomfortable.

There are times when Janie is fairly predictable. And life flows along without too many rough spots. Then again things get all jammed up. Like the incident

* "It's really not difficult to meet expenses these days. You meet them every time you turn around."

... ESTHER WILLIAMS

we now refer to as The Calendula Affair. When we first moved into our new house the garden was in a sadly rundown condition. And Janie turned the whole thing over to me with a wave of her little pink hand. "That's your department," she said, giving me one of those you're-so-big-and-strong-you-can-do-anything looks. "I'll bet you'll make this yard a riot of color before we know it."

So I went to work. I turned over a lot of earth. Then, as I'd never done much gardening, I talked things over with Waldo

"Waldo," I said, "what's good to plant right about now? With lots of color." Waldo thought sweet peas would be nice,

and maybe some calendulas.

Well, the way the California sun works I figured I'd just have to put the seed in the ground and then step back quick to get out of the way. And it happened almost as fast as that. One day the garden was just a lot of rich black earth, and the next day—or so it seemed—there was the first day—or so it seemed—there was the riot of color that Janie had ordered. Nice going, Geary, I told myself happily. You and your old green thumb.

But my beautiful wife took a dimmer

view of what Mother Nature and I had wrought. "The sweet peas are pretty," she did admit. "But those others over there . . . I don't like them at all."

"What do you mean you don't like them?"

Lasked quietly often I dimbed don't."

I asked quietly after I climbed down off the roof. "I thought the calendulas turned out fine."

"Calendulas? Is that what they are? In Oregon we used to call them marigolds.

They grow wild right in the fields."

"That's fine," I said. "That's just fine.
But you might have told me before I worked up all these big calluses."

"I would have," Janie said sweetly, "but

you didn't ask me."

And that bit of feminine logic brought our discussion to an end. But, as I say,

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there are always lots of good days, too.
Coming home to Janie is something I like to do. I sell insurance and I always meet interesting people. Nevertheless I look forward to the evenings when I can be with my wife in our own home.

We have a Siamese cat named Demitasse and a year-old German Shepherd pup we call Paperboy. And last April first I gave Janie a duck for her birthday. She

promptly named him Mister Webb.

Demi regards Mister Webb with a rather blue-blooded aloofness, but Paper always gets into the spirit of things and immediately sets out to reduce him to pillow stuffing. But Mister Webb is well able to take care of himself. With loud duck cries and a furious beating of wings he repels every attack. Then he settles himself smugly and waits for more. Before long Paper is completely subdued and Mister Webb is free to go searching for small insects in comparative peace.

When I arrived home one evening Janie "Ursula had a good day today. said. When I let her out of her pen she waddled around in a very ladylike manner."
"Ursula? Who's Ursula?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Mister Webb is a she."

"He is?"

"Yes. The man who delivers the dog food's brother was here today and he ...
"Who? Say that again."

"Now, Honey, don't go on saying 'who' like that. The man couldn't deliver the dog food today and so his brother came instead. And he told me Mister Webb is a girl. He knows all about ducks and he was very interested."

"Really? Seems to me that sort of information would only be interesting to an-

other duck

"Mmm. I thought so, too. But anyway that's what the man said. So of course we can't call her Mister Webb any more. And I decided on Ursula. Do you like it?"

"Yes. I've always wanted to know someone named Ursula. I think it suits

"So do I," said Janie happily.

NE of the many things I love about Janie is her temperament. Or I should say her lack of it. For she is not given to piques and tantrums. She is emotional, yes, and occasionally she becomes aroused to an outburst of fury. But it is honest anger, and it dies as quickly as it flares up. She does not sulk nor hold a grudge.

A sure sign of anger in our house is the use of our given names. If she uses "Geary" when she speaks to me I can be sure that all is not well and act accordingly. And if I call her "Janie" she knows she had better prepare herself for a minor crisis. But if happy harmony exists, and it 'most always does, our usual form of address is "Honey."

If you had seen Janie this spring you would have known that she was a woman. She had that special glow that is usually reserved for expectant mothers. And she wore a sort of smock that is supposed to

hide the fact that she has put on a little weight-but doesn't.

Actually she only gained about fifteen pounds, and that is exactly what the doctor ordered. But she wasn't very big to start with and so you could notice that Mrs. Steffen and her husband are going to have a family. And if there was ever a more truly wonderful reason for being married to a woman I can't think of it.

For the first few months after we learned Janie was to have a baby she was quite ill. She was making the picture "Rich, Young and Pretty" and they had to send her home from the studio many times so that she could get some extra rest in bed. Then about the end of her fourth month she began to feel much better. And after

that she felt and looked wonderful.

Just as soon as Janie felt better and could eat normally she began to put on weight. That was perfectly natural, but Doctor Bill Caldwell wanted to keep her comparatively slim. He said that was better for both her and the baby. So he put her on a diet and told her to cut out starches and very rich foods. That took all of Janie's self control for she has an excellent appetite for sweets and pastries.

Janie really didn't mind at all that she was getting fatter around the middle. She was proud of having the baby and she wanted to look like an expectant mother. She could hardly wait to order her first maternity blouse. And she put it on just as soon as she had added a few inches.

The one thing she worried about was that her face was getting too fat. She used to look in the mirror and moodily observe: "I seem to be getting all jowly. Do I look just horrible, Honey?" Actually she was getting more beautiful by the hour, but at times she needed to be reassured.

It was a red letter day when Janie felt her first signs of life. Moments after it happened my office phone was ringing insistently, and then she was sputtering into my ear: "Sweet Pea just kicked me! Oh, Honey! Isn't it all too wonderful?"

Then and there our baby had become a person who needed to be called something more that "It." With her woman's wisdom Janie had selected Sweet Pea as being a suitable temporary name for a small and very young individual of either sex. (By the time you read this, of course, we will know whether the Steffens have a boy or girl.) The next step was for me to experience one of those kicks. But this was not so easily managed. Even at such an early age, Sweet Pea was exhibiting a fine independence of will and would not kick on command.

If I hovered in the immediate vicinity

nothing ever happened. But just let me get settled at my desk with some papers and Janie would exclaim: "There! That was a big one! Just feel that one!" Then I would spring up and hurtle across the room and arrive just as things became quiet again.

I only hope I'll be around with Janie when he (or she) makes his appearance. As a lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve, I'm due at Camp Cook for two weeks' duty this summer. But if dates synchronize, as they should, I'll have welcomed little Sweet Pea before then.

As the days go by I find myself becoming more and more excited. And, oddly, Janie seems to grow more serene and calm. It is only at rare intervals that she indulges in feminine misgivings. Such as the recent occasion when we were visited by our friends the Marshall Thompsons and Janie was audibly brooding that the baby might

be something less than beautiful.
"But how could that be?" chided Marshall. "How could a baby have such a handsome mother and father and not be

beautiful?

"Oh, it's quite possible," said Janie. "He could have all of our worst features."

'Which ones, for example?' "Well, he might have a sort of long flat head like Geary. And maybe a funny ski

nose like me. It could happen, you know.' It was later that night, just before we went to bed. I kissed Janie and I said: "I hope she's a girl. And I hope she has

a beautiful nose . . . just like yours."

Janie cried a little. Then she said huskily: "And if he's a boy I want him to look just like you.

"Even with my old flat head?"
"Yes," she said and she smiled. "Even
Good-night, Flat Head."

It's moments like this that make me glad I married a woman. And especially glad that her name is Janie Powell.

THE END

Twenty Minutes Past Five

(Continued from page 45) had been checked and refueled at Rio de Janiero. Aloft again, over the picturesque harbor, June's eyes had gone eagerly to the highest peak of the Corcovado Mountain. There the 100-foot statue of the Redeemer stood with arms outstretched, embracing the heavens, blessing all below.

"If only we could spend some time here," she and the other stars aboard had lamented. "Even one night. . . ."

As their plane had circled the Corcovado, June had taken movies of the statue. Usually it is not permitted to photograph the coastline of Rio. But June had explained that the movies were not for commercial use; just to be shown to schools and to youth groups like the C.Y.O. So the captain had agreed. "You'll get a better view from the cockpit," he'd said. "I'll dip the wings so you can get a good shot. I'll

tell you when."
"Now!" he'd directed. As the plane had circled behind the inspiring figure of the Redeemer, June had shot over His shoulder to film the scene He looks down upon. They had come around, too, so she could get a front view of the beautiful mosaic statue with long flowing hair and robes of purest white. Somehow, as they had headed over the sea and mountains, June had felt strangely comforted and reassured by this inspiring symbol of His love and strength, all embracing from the sky....

The stewardess came down the aisle. "We have to turn around, have to go back," she was saying. Up front the red light went "Please Fasten Your Safety Belts.

Someone said-was it Wendell Corey's typical American humor in the face of tragedy—"It looks as if we'd have 'One Night in Rio.'" Then everyone was quiet

with his own thoughts—and prayers.

June Haver reached in her purse for her rosary, prayed silently, "Not my will, but Thine be done..." Over and over.

Evelyn Keyes tightened her seat belt. Patricia Neal's knuckles turned white around her St. Christopher's medal. Lizabeth Scott sat silent as though in deep study. Members of many different faiths, all sought help from the same source as they prayed-and waited.

For below were mountain peaks and unexplored wastes. Through her window June saw what looked like a mass of light

coming out of the motors.

The stewardess bent over her, whispered, "We're dumping fuel to lessen the possibility of explosion when we land.'

T seemed impossible now that just a little while ago they all had been worrying about the unglamorous appearance they would make when they landed in Montevideo, their melted make-up, their wilted California gabardines, too heavy for this intense heat.

It was like being in church, June thought .. the way you could feel all the prayers around you. They knew, every last soul among them, that they were powerless, that the script now was in Another's hands,

the timing, all His.

Twenty minutes out of Rio, they all had been comparative strangers to one another. June, for instance, had known Wendell Corey only as a fine actor. Ricardo Montalban she'd met the year before with his Georgianna at the Fathers' Claretian Benefit. While she was working on "Look for the Silver Lining," she'd talked briefly to Patricia Neal on the Warner Brothers lot when Pat had been making "The Foun-

SO PURE!

tainhead." John Derek, she never had met before. Joan Fontaine and she, introduced at a holiday party, had talked about cooking. Evelyn Keyes, she had met once years before at an Hawaiian luau given by Don, the Beachcomber. Lizabeth Scott, she'd met just once six years before.

For years they had all lived, worked and played in Hollywood—but never known each other very well. Now, with every second of the clock, the bond between them

strengthened.

There was only water below now-vast

stretches of blue sea.

They hit a rough stretch of sky with a sickening sound. Momentarily the liner went out of control, dropped. The other motor sputtered and the plane, like a giant wounded bird, began to wobble.

They braced themselves, as best they

could, against the wild pitching.

Then, almost as if an unseen hand,

steady and strong, was piloting them, the ship levelled. Outside the window once again could be seen the tall white figure on the mount. Every eye was fixed on it until it could be seen no more.

On the flying field at Rio fire apparatus and ambulances were waiting. The captain had radioed in for the field to be readyin case they crashed. But they landed, smooth as silk. Old friends, now, all of them, they made their way down the aisle, chattering, laughing with relief.

The captain stood at the foot of the steps, "All fifty present and accounted for?" he

Fifty? June Haver wondered, her eyes traveling to the distant statue of the Redeemer, or fifty-one?
(June will be seen next in "The Love

THE END

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Edith Head

for variety's sake

BY RENA FIRTH

Detailed drawings of the Polly

Bergen-Edith Head suit on page 68

L'DITH HEAD, Paramount's designer, has a magic touch, whether she's designing clothes for young stars like Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn and Nancy Olson or more sophisticated creations for Betty Hutton, Lizabeth Scott and Corinne Calvet.

Edith's watchword is flexibility—well illustrated in the gray flannel suit she designed this month for Photoplay's pattern, shown on Polly Bergen on page 68. It is equally ideal for college campus, the office or a date.

Edith calls standard blouses and skirts "just plain vanilla," insists they look unfinished. But this suit, with its slim skirt and detachable suspenders, offers untold possibilities for looking different. It could be worn with a plaid vest or cummerbund, without the jacket and suspenders. Or it could be worn with sweaters with the skirt and suspenders, or with the skirt and jacket.

"And remember," says Miss Head, "gray flannel can go anywhere, looks equally as well with a cocktail blouse and gay little hat as with tailored accessories."

This pattern is very simple and easy to make. The jacket has a minimum of inner construction, padding, tailor's canvas, etc.

"It's going to be a gay fall for fash-

ions," predicts Edith. "Greens will be brighter, browns will be in copper tones and there'll be lots of intriguing plaids.

"Clothes," continues Edith, "will be simpler in design but with good lines. Hand knits will be very popular, so if you're handy with a knitting needle, now's the time to start making a knitted vest or a jacket of the Eisenhower type to spice up your wardrobe. Or make yourself a plaid stole and hat to wear with a wool dress."

About that ever-present skirt-length problem. Although some fashion authorities are predicting that skirts will rise to fifteen inches from the floor, Edith says firmly, "Fourteen inches from the floor is tops. I have never approved of the very short skirt—the one exception being sports clothes. The tight skirt is particularly bad when worn very short although I do think you can wear a full or pleated skirt shorter than a tight one."

On the subject of tight skirts, Edith feels definitely these should be out from kindergarten age through college—at least on the campus. School calls for freedom of movement, low heels and lots of walking.

"So feel comfortable and look smart in a full or pleated skirt," advises Edith Head.

Should Young Girls Marry Older Men?

(Continued from page 35) to enable me to handle such responsibilities wisely; never had had the time to grow gradually into an emotional stability. As a result, I skimmed over the surface of things that mattered, took short cuts wherever pos-

Hollywood was a frightening place to me. The demands of my career seemed overpowering. I became accustomed to turning to Pev for help. To me he was a tower of strength. Like other young girls who feel insecure, I was looking for a man who would have the strength a father should have. And don't for a moment think that the father influence hasn't a lot to do with the reasons young girls marry older men.

Pev was my refuge. Other Hollywood men scared me. With Pev I felt safe and

LDER men are likely to give girls a feeling of protection and security. And most girls want someone to lean on, someone who will protect them. This is the ideal marriage relationship-if nothing happens to upset the balance.

If a girl is sufficiently matured when she marries an older man she is all right. But should she grow in her ideas and her feeling of independence, the balance is thrown off-key.

Unfortunately, the balance in Pev's and my relationship was upset. I didn't stay immature. And as I developed I no longer wanted to be told what to do.

This may sound as though I suddenly became a strong-willed person with a bit of stubbornness tagging along. That is not so. I simply began to realize at last the kind of person I was—that I couldn't be happy as a carbon copy of anybody else.

Older men are prone to give a good deal of advice and to be hurt if young wives don't take this advice in its entirety. It doesn't do much good for a young wife to say, "But, look, it's my mind and I don't agree with you.'

No question about it-older men find it much harder to adjust and to broaden their interests. They are more difficult to

* "Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued menin a way to make men pursue them."

. . . SUSAN HAYWARD

change and often more difficult to reason with.

If they have a particularly bad fault, they will simply say, "I've been doing that for years. You can't expect me to change." The changing, as far as they can see, is up to the woman.

Young wives faced with such a situation usually try everything to please their husbands. They overdo when it comes to making concessions, and, usually they will find that the more they try to be good wives, the more control their husbands will take.

Another thing-once a girl has been

married to a man considerably older than she is it isn't likely that men her age will attract her—because, you see, she will have been conditioned to those qualities which older men offer. And this isn't

Recently I've been out with younger men and they seem so immature. They are not as sensitive as older men who have been through the flaming youth stage and have gained poise in handling delicate situations.

Older men, also, are usually suave and wise. Most men are selfish but older men at least have the sense to disguise their

I also would like to argue the theory that older men want to settle down and that this brings unhappiness to a young

There is of course, no general rule. Some older men enjoy social activities even more than their young wives. Others do prefer the fireside and slippers. But I do not believe that older men are any more prone to settle into stay-at-homes than younger men-if they naturally have a zest for

To enjoy life doesn't seem to me a matter of age. I've known young wives certainly who have no interest in anymade their young husbands feel about ninety years old.

Because of my marriage experience I'm also afraid I never will be excited by what younger men offer intellectually.

Right now, I want no marriage at all. But if and when I do marry again it is likely I'll marry an older man. The End



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Casts of Current Pictures

FOUR IN A JEEP—U.A.: Franziska Idinger, Viveca Lindfors; Sgt. William Long, Ralph Meeker; Sgt. Vassily Voroschenko, Yoseph Yadin; Sgt. Harry Stuart, Michael Medwin; Sgt. Marcel Pasture, Dinan; Karl Idinger, Hans Putz; Hackl, Eduard Loibner; Madame Pasture, Paulette Dubost.

EROGMEN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Lt. Commander John Lawrence, Richard Widmark; Flannigan, Dana Andrews; Lt. Commander Pete Vincent, Gary Merrill; Creighton, Jeffrey Hunter; Hodges, Warren Stevens; Lt. J. G. Franklin, Robert Wagner; Canarsie, Harvey Lembeck; Lt. Doyle, Robert Rockwell; Sleepy, Henry Slate; Chief Ryan, Robert Adler; Lt. Klinger, Bob Patten; Kinsella, Harry Flowers; Ferrino, William Bishop; Admiral Dakers, Fay Roope; Commander Miles, William M. Neil; Chief Petty Officer Lane, James Gregory; Capt. Radford, Russell Hardie; Dr. Ullman, Rarley Baer; Pharmacist's Mate, Peter Leeds; Crew Members, Richard Allan, Frank Donahue, Jack Warden; Capt. Phillips, Norman McKay; Gen. Coleson, Sydney Smith; Repair Man, Ray Hyke; Zeigler, Rush Williams; Swimmer, George Yoshinaga; Gunner, Harry Hamada.

HAPPY-GO-LOVELY—RKO: B. G. Bruno, David Niven; Janet Jones, Vera-Ellen; John Frost, Cesar Romero; Charlie, Bobby Howes; Mae, Diane Hart; Paul Tracy, Gordon Jackson; Madame Amanda, Barbara Cooper.

HARD, FAST AND BEAUTIFUL—Filmakers-RKO: Milly Farley, Claire Trevor; Florence Farley, Sally Forrest; Fletcher Locke, Carleton G. Young; Gordon McKay, Robert Clarke; Will Farley, Kenneth Patterson; Miss Martin, Marcella Cisney; J. R. Carpenter, Joseph Kearns; Intern, William Hudson; Announcers, George Fisher, Edwin Reimers, Commentator, Arthur Little Jr.; Young Official, Bert Whitley; Umpires, Don Kent, William Irving; Girls, Barbara Brier, Marilyn Mercer.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY—U.A.: Nick, John Garfield; Peg, Shelley Winters; Mr. Dobbs, Wallace Ford; Mrs. Dobbs, Selena Royle; Mrs. Robey, Gladys George; Al Molin, Norman Lloyd; Tommy Dobbs, Bobby Hyatt.

IRON MAN—U-I: Coke Mason, Jeff Chandler; Rose, Evelyn Keyes; George Mason, Stephen McNally; Tiny, Joyce Holden; Speed O'Keefe, Rock Hudson; Max Watkins, Jim Backus; Alex Malik, Jim Arness; Savella, Steve Martin.

KIND LADY—M-G-M: Mary Herries, Ethel Barrymore; Henry Springer Elcott, Maurice Evans; Mrs. Edwards, Angela Lansbury; Edwards, Keenan Wynn; Ada Elcott, Betsy Blair; Mr. Foster, John Williams; Rose, Doris Lloyd; Antique Dealer, John O'Malley; Monsieur Malaquaise, Henri Letondal.

MARK OF THE RENEGADE—U-I: Marcos, Ricardo Montalban; Manuella, Cyd Charisse; Luis, J. Carrol Naish; Don Pedro Garcia, Gilbert Roland; Anita Gonzales, Andrea King; Bardosa, George Tobias; Jose De Vasquez, Antonio Moreno; Duenna Concepcion, Georgia Backus; Colonel Vega, Robert Warwick; Miguel De Gandara, Armando Silvestre; Rosa, Bridget Carr; Cervera, Alberto Morin; Father Juan, Renzo Cesana; Innkeeper, Robert Cornthwaite; Paco, Edward C. Rios; Landlord, Dave Wolfe.

PEKING EXPRESS—Paramount: Michael Bachlin, Joseph Cotten; Danielle Grenier, Corinne Calivet; Father Joseph Murray, Edmund Gwenn; Kwon, Marvin Miller; Wong, Benson Fong; Li Eiu, Soo Yong; Ti Shen, Robert W. Lee; Stanislaus, Gregory Gay; Chinese Captain, Victor Sen Yung; Restaurant Car Steward, Peter Chong; Ticket Clerk, Harold Fong; Chinese Policeman, Eddie E. Lee; Chinese Pilot, Beal Wong; Chinese Boatman, Leon M. Lontok; Driver of Jeep, Lane Nakano; Soldier, George T. Lee; Soldier, Wing Foo; Guard, Alfredo Santos; Officer-Asst. to Kwon, Wei Fan Hsueh; Train Conductor, James B. Leong; Train Porter, Jung Lim; Chinese Priest, Rollin Moriyama; Soldier, Walter Ng; Old Woman, Si Lan Chen; Russian Plainclothesman, Gregory Merims; Chivese Nationalist, William Yip; Chinese Mess Boy, Hom Wing Gim; Bit Woman, Vanya Dimitrova; Chinese Officer, Weaver Levy.

PLACE IN THE SUN, A-Paramount: George Eastman, Montgomery Clift; Angela Vickers, Elizabeth Taylor; Alice Tripp, Shelley Winters; Hannah Eastman, Anne Revere; Earl Eastman, Keefe Brasselle; Bellows, Fred Clark; Marlowe, Raymond Burr; Charles Eastman, Herbert Heyes; Anthony Vickers, Shepperd Strudwick; Mrs. Vickers, Frieda Inescort; Mrs. Louise Eastman, Kathryn Givney; Jansen, Walter Sande; Judge, Ted de Corsia; Coroner, John Ridgely; Marsha, Lois Chartrand; Mr. Whiting, William R. Murphy; Boatkeeper, Douglas Spencer; Kelly, Charles Dayton; Morrison, Paul Frees.

SIROCCO—Columbia: Harry Smith, Humphrey Bogart; Violette, Marta Toren; Colonel Feroud, Lee J. Cobb: General LaSalle, Everett Sloane; Major Leon, Gerald Mohr; Balukjian, Zero Mosel; Nasir Aboul, Nick Dennis; Emir Hassan, Onslow Stevens; Flophouse Proprietor, Ludwig Donath; Achmet, David Bond; Arthur, Vincent Renno; Omar, Martin Wilkins; Major Robbinet, Peter Ortiz; Colonal Corville, Edward Colmans; Sergeant, Al Eben; Barber, Peter Brocco; Hamal, Jay Novello; Rifas, Leonard Penn.

ST. BENNY THE DIP—U.A.: Benny, Dick Haymes; Linda Kovacs, Nina Foch; Matthew, Roland Young; Monk, Lionel Stander; Rev. Wilbur, Freddie Bartholomew; Lieut. Saunders, Dort Clark; Sgt. Monahan, Will Lee; Walter, Verne Colette; Rev. Miles, Richard Gordon.

STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A—Warners: Blanche, Vivien Leigh; Stanley, Marlon Brando; Stella, Kim Hunter; Mitch, Karl Malden; Steve, Rudy Bond; Pablo, Nick Dennis; Eumice, Peg Hilias; A Collector, Wright King; A Doctor, Richard Garrick; The Matron, Ann Dere; The Mexican Woman, Edna Thomas.

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—M-G-M: Augustino Caraffa, Ezio Pinza; Isabelle Perry, Janet Leigh; Bill Dempsey, Millard Mitchell; Lili Izadvany, Maria Palmer; Marie Donnelly, Gale Robbins; Mme. Caraffa, Esther Minciotti; Uncle Nito, Silvio Minciotti.

THAT'S MY BOY—Paramount: Bill Baker, Dean Martin; "Junior" Jackson, Jerry Lewis; Ann Jackson, Ruth Hussey; "Jarring Jack" Jackson, Eddie Mayehoff; Terry Howard, Marion Marshall; Betty Hunter, Polly Bergen; Coach Wheeler, Hugh Sanders, Benjamin Green, John McIntire; Henry Baker, Francis Pierlot; May (Maid), Lillian Randolph; Doe Hinter, Selmar Jackson; Sports Announcer, Tom Harmon.

TWO OF A KIND—Columbia: Lefty Farrell, Edmond O'Brien; Brandy Kirby, Lizabeth Scott; Kathy McIntyre, Terry Moore; Vincent Mailer, Alexander Knox; William McIntyre, Griff Barnett; Todd, Robert Anderson; Maida McIntyre, Virginia Brissac; Father Lanahan, J. M. Kerrigan; Minmie Mitt, Claire Carleton; Chief Petty Officer, Louis Jean Heydt.

WARPATH—Paramount: John Vickers, Edmond O'Brien; Sam Quade, Dean Jagger; Sgt. O'Hara, Forrest Tucker: Captain Gregson, Harry Carey Jr.; Molly Quade, Polly Bergen; General Custer, James Millican; Private Potts, Wallace Ford; Private Fiore, Paul Fix; Herb Woodson, Louis Jean Heydt; Corp. Stockbridge, Paul Lees; Sgt. Parker, Walter Sande; Lieut. Nelson, Charles Dayton; Major Comstock, Bob Bray; Kelso, Douglas Spencer; Old-Timer, James Burke; Chief, Chief Yowlachie; Sub-Chief, John Mansfield; Ist Emigrant, Monte Blue; Bum, Paul Burns; Courier, Charles Stevens; Sgt. Plennert, John Hart.

WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, THE—Columbia: Brad Adams, Lloyd Bridges; Mrs. Doubleday, Dorothy Gish; Eddie Talbot, Carleton Carpenter; Al Webster, Murray Hamilton; Joe London, James Westerfield; Abby, Lenore Lonergan; Dwight Hawkins, Russell Hardie; Miss Russell, Helen Shields; Miss Pringle, Doro Merande; Bill Street, Ernest Borgnine; Isaac, Parker Fennelly; Ruth Adams, Diana Douglas; Jean, Anne Francis; Mary London, Anne Seymour; Horace Dunbar, Joe Foley; Daniel Doubleday, Donald McKee; Jim Brewster, Arthur O'Connell; Rev. Payson, Rev. Robert A. Dunn; Glenn Sewvell, Victor Sutherland; Mr. Peabody, Herbert J. Moss; Ted Wagner, Lawrence Paquin; Mr. Gibson, Andrew W. Donaldson; Sheriff, Seth Arnold; Pete, Joe Sullivan; Verne, Verne Davenport; Fred, John Farrell; George Peck, James Nolan; Dick Wagner, William Kent; Jack, Bob Maher.

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If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 63) myself rushing out to meet my man wearing my perma-pleated white nylon over-skirt daintily trimmed with carbon paper smudges.
"What am I supposed to do? Call off the

date? I think it's smarter to explain it, and then forget it-and have a good time.

I give up. Here is one career girl who knows more about charm than the experts. You young housewives have prompting me to do some re-thinking on

this problem too.

Apparently this twenty-second switch from kitchen-nursery-slave to glamorous young matron is not always possible.

"My husband and I don't go out too often since the baby came," one reader tells me. "So when we do, it is an occasion and I really try to look my best.

But the other evening I picked up the baby for one last bubbling before turning him over to the baby sitter—and the in-evitable happened. What would you have done? I went right on to the party, sponged but not pressed"
Right, again. More "charming," I have

to admit, than keeping your hostess waiting while you change from the skin out.

I, too, have been caught with my grooming down. A producer came to my house just this afternoon for a story conference. It was an appointment made well in advance, and I had no excuse for greeting him in my oldest slacks-with the shirttail popping out, if you please-with no make-up on and my hair every which way.

No excuse at all, except that it was the cook's day off and I had to get up at seven to make breakfast for the children and see them off to school, and as soon as they had gone a crew of telephone repair men arrived with orders to re-wire every phone in the house.

I had planned to devote the morning to answering mail, but instead had to follow the phone crew around with mop, pail and brush.

The hungry twins were home from nursery school before that job was fin-ished, so I had to move back to the kitchen. The hour and a half after my four-year-olds were tucked into bed for their naps I had "budgeted" for getting

myself ready for my appointment.

Cathy and Cindy cooperated by going to sleep promptly but the plumber didn't cooperate. He came to repair the shower before I had a chance to get into it; and

at a quarter to three my secretary put through a long distance call. "I must hang up now," I apologized after twenty minutes. "My doorbell is ringing." It was indeed.

My producer had arrived. My first in-

stinct-and his too, probably-was to run, screaming.

But instead, I took a charm tip from my readers. I explained my appearance and then forgot it. And we got down to busi-

Yes, the boom fell on me too. And I made the best of it. But for the record, let me add that I don't plan to make it a

The Long Road to Beauty

Figure reconstruction is a job which takes determination, and perseverance, and, most of all, time. The body beautiful is hard come by, if you start out as so many readers have been telling me they do—with skinny legs, or too thick thighs, or hips that curve too enthusiastically in the wrong places.

Those whose legs are too thin have the most stubborn problem. For them I suggest the ballet—to develop muscles that have not developed because of lack of exercise. Simple calisthenics won't do it. Those muscles really have to be stretched. I'm not suggesting that you're to start competing with Danilova, that you learn to leap six feet through a window in the "Spectre De La Rose." You don't even have to take lessons, but if you live in a city where ballet instruction is available and you can afford this instruction I recommend it. Work out in class until you know what you're doing, then follow these instructions I'm giving for those who cannot go to ballet school. Have the plumber hook up a length of pipe in your back yard or in your basement for an exercise bar and work out at home, every day for at least fifteen minutes, two fifteen-minute periods a day if you can squeeze them in.

Those who are unable to take lessons should borrow a book on ballet techniques from the library and work out their own routine. It won't be as easy, but it can be done.

You can skip even the ballet bar if you have to. Substitute the kitchen sink. Here

is one of the basic stretches:

Stand at right angles to the bar (or sink), about three feet from the edge. Swing the inside leg up and to the side until it rests on the bar, keeping the standing leg straight and firm, the upper leg straight, toes pointed. Feel that stretch! Now, from the waistline, turn the upper part of your body to face the bar (keep that standing leg leg steady!) arms over the upraised leg, and touch your head to your knee, your toes to your fingers. Reverse position, and repeat. You're on your way to beautiful legs.

Developing muscle is a long, slow proc-



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ess. It's something you should have done on the jungle gym when you were six.
Reducing thick thighs or heavy hips is
easier, but, I'm sorry to say, duller.
If your extra weight is on the thighs,
sit on the floor, with your knees pulled up

and out, feet together. Clasp your ankles. Now roll. Thump those thighs on the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

To reduce the lower hip, lie back on the floor, the weight of your upper body supported by your elbows. Roll, swinging the lower body over and back repeatedly, from the waistline toles.

To get rid of fat piled on the upper hips, lie flat on the floor, arms outstretched. Pull your knees up to your chest, and roll from the waist. On each roll make the top knee touch the floor by the opposite out-

stretched arm.
There is another good trick for all of you with disproportionate weight anywhere below the waistline. Lie on the floor with your feet up against the wall, as high up as you can get them. Stay there, for fifteen minutes.

I know this sounds dull. And I know you're busy, and you can't cook dinner while you're lying on the floor with your

feet in the air. You can't even read a book.
But this is one form of boredom that will pay dividends. Turn on the radio and listen to your favorite news program while you have a good reason to have the blood rushing to your head. Take your measurements at the start, and after you've spent fifteen minutes a day upside down for a whole month, take them again. Hoppy didn't instant this forms of weaking for the colling. vent this form of reaching for the ceiling, but you'll probably give up the upright position permanently once you've found out what up-ending yourself can do.

It's the Last Day That Counts

One of our readers, starting to college next month, writes me that she's scared stiff. A new school, new town, new studies, new friends—it's too much to face, she thinks, all at once. And besides, she says, "I make friends slowly, find it hard to talk to strangers.

The prospect is not as grim, I would say, as she thinks. All good friends are made slowly, something I would advise all freshmen to remember.

Don't try to be the belle of the school on the first day. There is such a thing as being too eager, too gay-try too hard and you'll just sound loud-mouthed. Don't mind if you're not a first-day sensation.

It's the last day-sensations that count.

THE END



oan Crawford keeps busy on the side as Thief Fashion Advisory Consultant to Jenry M. Plehn's Peter Pan Foundations

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Personal

To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you, 'Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!



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How to REduce

This Common Sense Way

Sylvia of Hollywood has no patience with those who say they can't reduce. She says, "A lot of women think the beauties of the screen and stage are the natural born favorites of the gods. Let me tell you they all have to be improved upon before they are presented to the public. Yes, I know, you are going to come back at me and say, 'But look at the money they have to spend on themselves. It's easy to do it with money.'

"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases,

money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."



Want to be convinced? Watch those scales. They will talk in pounds. And watch that tape measure. It will talk in inches.

Here Sylvia explains what you can do for yourself to improve your fig-ure. There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in this book you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

Sylvia of Hollywood Names Names

Sylvia of Hollywood has reduced scores of famous stage and screen starssuccessfully. In this book Sylvia tells how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names-tells you how she developed this star's legshow she reduced that star's waistline-how she helped another star to achieve a

beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

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Double Life

(Continued from page 56) memory of Valentino that I hadn't been able to accept the thought of anyone's impersonating him But after meeting Tony Dexter, I reversed on this attitude. I was eager to see what he had done.

The theatre was crowded almost entirely with females and what fascinated me was that Tony was capturing both the very young girls and the women my age with equal ease. And seeing him on screen, realized he is what he most wants to bea fine actor.

You see, I found out that's what "Valentino" is to him—an acting job. In appearance Tony is Rudy's twin. But whereas to dance was Rudy's life, it took three year of daily study for Tony to master the Valentino steps. No matter what you may read also where it is literally true the read elsewhere, it is literally true tha he did dance every foot of those dancing scenes in "Valentino." Today, he loves to seek out dancing spots and he'd like it i he could find a dance floor big enoug and a band smooth enough to let him d tangoes.

TONY (Walter Craig then) was playin in Katharine Cornell's road company c "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at th time he made his screen test for "Valen tino." Up until that time, Small had re ceived over one hundred thousand letter and photographs from people who fe themselves right for the part. He ha interviewed thousands. But when Mis Cornell recommended Walter Craig, an when Small got one glimpse of him, h knew his search was over.

He is going next into a film called "Brig and." Until they get the picture ou Tony will be haunted—and quite on the defensive—over people thinking he's just

"resemblance" and not really an actor.

Tony grew up in Talmage, Nebrask
where his father was pastor of the Lutt
eran Church. But even before he was or of Talmage High, the athletic scouts fro various colleges were after him, and i wonder, since he had won four footbe letters. On those athletic scholarships, l went first to Hebron Lutheran Colleg then to St. Olaf's College in Minnesot from which he graduated.

It was in college that he first started ac ing. His first play was "Everyman" at that's who he was—old man "Everyma himself—"and in tights yet" Tony say He went in for dramatics after that—b don't get the idea that it was the ham him boiling. It was the wolf coming of "I'd been brought up quite rigidly," says, "and this gave me a chance to me some very desirable chicks who were ta ing the drama course."

After getting his diploma from St. Olal After getting his diploma from \$1. Old he went to the University of Iowa on Rockefeller scholarship. "The scholarsh was fine," he tells you now, "but I sidin't know what I wanted to do. I Ellsworth P. Conkel, who had actually he a play produced on Broadway, came the faculty of Iowa. He offered me a hu dred dollars if I'd go to New York and for the stage. I honestly didn't care mu about it one way or the other then. Is since it was either that or teaching hitchhiked to New York, which to \$6.35 of that capital, got my first through Margaret Webster, who was string a revival of Eugle O'Neill's 'Ah, Webster's with Free Celliers (Ah, Webster and Celliers (Ah derness' with Eva Le Gallienne for Theatre Guild and paid back Dr. Conkey hundred dollars."

That Theatre Guild engagement starinis professional acting for Tony. It a began something besides a career for h He married. But the war ended his car!

and his marriage, too.

"I was just one of the thousands of G.I.s in Europe who got that 'Dear John' letter," he told me. "Please understand if I don't he told me. "Please understand if I don't talk about the girl. She's remarried now, just as I am, and I hope she's as happy as I am. What happened to us probably wasn't her fault. We had known each other ever since our college days but we were just separated too much of the time."

The Army, noting his appearance, noting those shoulders, hearing his diction, sent him on a lecture tour of England, speaking at universities and before civic groups in behalf of better Anglo-American relationships. I'll bet a million lonely English girls started right then and there to dream of little gay homes in sections of America to be shared with a man who looked like that.

Tony, personally, was very happy when he ran across Marjorie Jeanne Todd. He had known her slightly on Broadway, a young actress struggling for recognition. Now she was a member of something called CATS—meaning she was a civilian actress touring under Army supervision. A production of "Claudia" was being staged.

Marjorie was Claudia. And the Army gave Tony the chance to play David opposite her. That was not too long a time after he had received the "Dear John" letter—and his unexpected and undesired marital freedom.

HE AND Marjorie were sent to give two command performances for the Royal Family of Dermark in the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. Their Majesties were impressed sufficiently to give them a meri-

torious citation.

Tony and Marjorie were equally im-

pressed with each other.

But not until Tony was out of service, and sure of a theatrical engagement did he marry Marjorie. His father, who had re-tired, came back to his church to perform the ceremony. The year was 1946 and little did they dream that by 1948 they would be living in Hollywood, and changing the entire fabric of their lives because of a movie idol who died practically before they were born.

"The first thing I did when I was finally signed up," Tony told me, walking around his living-room with the same cat-like grace that Valentino had had, "was to see Rudy's pictures. After the first one, I would have backed out of the deal if I could have, for they depressed me terribly. I couldn't see how I could live up to that man. He was a great actor and 'way ahead of his time."

He walked around a couple of times more. "It would be suicide for me to stay Valentino." he said. "There is a lot of pressure on us now to make 'The Sheik' and if I can make it after 'Brigand' I won't mind too much. Maybe by that time, I'll even have courage enough to see myself. So far. I've seen only one day's rushes of me. They depressed me so much I couldn't look at any others. But perhaps, with another picture—that is, if I'm wanted for another picture—" He let the sentence hang in the air.

I laughed at him. I know he's smart enough to read box-office statements, and his fan mail and all those popularity polls hat he is now heading. As he walked with me to my car and handed me into it like a princess, I could see people, women-people, peering at him from the windows of the neighboring house.

of the neighboring house.

For Tony is a man quite capable of givng dreams to young girls—and of restoring dreams for women who are older—and very wonderful it is, too, to have romance thus set again in motion in a world that s much too troubled and which needs comance so deeply.

THE END



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Talent-on the March

(Continued from page 33) Here they will be auditioned by the top echelon of the theatrical world, Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Stanley Kramer, Joseph Mankiewicz, Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay, and Dean Thomas Browne

The two runners-up will be taken on a tour of Hollywood, appear on radio or television shows and will be interviewed and advised by casting directors William Meiklejohn of Paramount, Sol Baiano of Warner Brothers and William Gordon of Twentieth Century-Fox. There is the possibility, too, of still another prize, for with luck on their side, either or both of the runners-up may rate a studio screen test The finalist, of course, will embark upor her two-year course at the Playhouse.

THE interest in this contest has been international. And though this scholarship is available only to residents of the continental United States, applications have come in from as far away as Copenhagen Denmark. Every state within the country produced its share of applicants. Southern belles—not less talented individually, judging by the records of those who enteredwere, as a group, less challenged by this opportunity. Texas, however, came through in true Texan fashion, changing the total response of the South from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the south from small to great the state of the s

The Northeast, Midwest and the state of California raced for the distinction of having the largest number of contestant However, whether a board auditions fivor fifty contestants, each girl has an equal chance. For talent is being scored on the basis of talent alone, with performance the test. The judging is being conducted purel on the renditions given of a prepared reading which will be the choice of the candidate; an impromptu reading—timed for candidates to only scan the part before hand—and a pantomime. The rating received, added to the rating achieved prito the auditions, percentage—wise, will ruout all but the top hundred and finally, a but the top three.

Because the Pasadena Playhouse is college of recognized standing, the winne as well as being talented, must also locallege material. All semi-finalists, therefore, must submit, no later than Augu 25th, a copy of their school records at two letters of character reference from members of their community familiar with both their work and their backgrour. Only after the letters have been read at reviewed, voice recordings and picture recommendations and ratings checked, with the ton hundred be selected.

the top hundred be selected.

Their names, backgrounds and the re sons they were chosen will be sent to the in the dramatic professions who are inte ested in new talent, new faces. Produce directors, radio and television networl little theatre groups and modeling agenc will have the complete story of how a why these girls came so far so fast.

why these girls came so far so fast.

Some of you were not yet eligible enter this contest. Some of you her about it too late. But there is next ye For soon, the second annual Photopl Scholarship Contest will be announc with those who will be graduated from his school and those who have already be graduated, eligible to compete.

This first contest already is recogniced.

This first contest already is recognic by the theatrical world as the most coplete talent hunt ever made. Inevital it must gain in prestige because of high quality of talent now before the boar

Day by day the excitement mount the contestants, the boards of judges the editors of Photoplay waiting, er group anxious for the finalist to be chose Could she be you?

I Was There

(Continued from page 52) As the evening advanced, Dale became more and more impressed with Jacqueline's naturalness, with the fact that she was "admirably with the fact that sne was admirably quiet. She doesn't talk unless she really has something to say." Her beauty? "Well—" he admits, "I don't exactly hold that against her either."

That was Saturday. The following day Dale says he "just wasted." "I didn't tele-

phone; figured I'd give a polite wait.

But Monday he called and asked for a date Tuesday. They drove around and talked. Wednesday, the same. Thursday they went horseback riding. "I wanted to see if she would live up to the way she'd been talking," he said. "Sometimes, I've found, girls don't."

Jacqueline did. She's belonged to various hunt clubs, won assorted ribbons, even broken thoroughbred colts for racing turf

man, Neil McCarthy.

So Thursday night Dale proposed.

BUT Dale and Jacqueline would tell you theirs was no "sudden romance." Not as sudden as it seemed. .

In addition to acting, it is Dale's ambition to write. He's written a war love story about an American G.I. and a French girl, a horse racing story, a baseball story. And the heroine of every one of these stories adds up to Jackie. They look like her. Talk like her. Believe like her.

So Dale, meeting Jackie, came face to face with such a girl as he had thought

and dreamed about for a long, long time.
As for Jacqueline, she will tell you that
the hero in each of Dale's stories—whether a baseball player, a G.I., or a prizefighter—is—Dale! "I don't know whether Dale realized it or not," she told me. "But actually he never had to tell me about himself. Through his stories I learned more about him than I otherwise might have learned in months even years—about his strength, his respect for marriage, his love of children."

And so they were married, in a ceremony more romantic and touching than any that her mother ever remembers playing in the past with either Thomas Meighan

or John Barrymore.

With voices steady and sure, Dale and Jacqueline spoke their wedding vows, there in the flower-banked bay window of her mother's home high above Hollywood. With Jacqueline's sister Connie as matron of honor, Dale's best friend, actor and stunt man Tom McDonough as best man. With Jacqueline a story-book bride in a diaphanous ankle-length frock of white satin and nylon tulle, wearing a crown bonnet of starched tulle-and-lace embroidered in seed pearls, with a cascade spray of orange blossoms on one side of her shoulderength veil.

There was a reception in a candle-lit patio. Dale's family from Oklahoma were there, his attractive misty-eyed mother, brothers Chet and Roxy, his four-year-old nephew, Mike, who insisted on being held up to kiss "Aunt Jackie-she's suh-well!"

It was, all of it, festive and folksy, with noonlight, at last, shining through the sucalyptus trees and the soft strains of he strolling accordionist, Danny Borzage, ntermingling "On Top of Old Smoky," and "Claire de Lune."

"Where's my girl?" the father of the oride kept inquiring—until he made off in the direction of the bedroom suite where lacqueline was changing into a smart egg-

hell shantung suit lined with cyclamen.
"Ten more minutes—" somebody reported, as we stood in the doorway, awaiting he traditional take-off. . . .

"Here they come!"

And then it was over-with Jackie and Dale heading down the hill on their great dventure. THE END



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So when Pete returned from Australia where he made "Kangaroo," he almost fell over his suitcase when his mother asked to see his movie . . .



... script! That wasn't all. She questioned him about camera angles, even offered to read his lines with him! "She missed me when I was gone," Pete finally decided. "She wants...



... to take a more active interest in my work." A few days later, Ronnie Reagan invited Pete to have lunch with him at the Paramount commissary. "Come on back to the ...



... set with me," invited Ronnie, "and meet a new girl who's in my latest picture." Pete, who has an eye for the ladies, followed Ronnie to the sound stages of "Hong Kong." Ronnie ducked ...



... around the cameras. "Pete!" he called. But Pete was already on the scene—staring, open-mouthed, eyes popping, at the "new girl." She smiled. "Hello, son," said Lady Lawford.

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The Mario Lanza Story

Continued from page 38) friends would aquire, to Mom's bewilderment. "Who do you mean, Al? There is no Al here—" To is family, he became Fred or Freddy. It doesn't sing like Alfredo," Pop agrees. Still, it's a nice American name. Al?

Because of his war injuries, Pop couldn't o much work and his pension wasn't nough. Therefore Mom took over—first as seamstress, then as a corsetiere. What hey lacked in money, they made up in ove, and Freddy was the sun of their

"But not spoiled," says Mom. "If I told im no, he might be a little hurt but he new I meant it."

"Not spoiled," echoes Pop, "but to us he ras everything. My wife worked for him. le liked weightlifting, so she made a little ym in his room. This room is over the itchen. Downstairs and she runs for her life. eiling shakes and she runs for her life. Ie? I look at this boy and I melt like butr. On Saturday I fix for his breakfast two ounds of steak with six eggs on top. 'Don't ill your mother,' I say. He laughs and ats."

A natural athlete, he shone in sports. essons were something else again. "Fred, ow will you get your marks? You don't much homework."
"I'll get them, Mom. You'll see." He got

tem by intensive cramming before exams. hey weren't "A's," but they served.
Till he was nine, they lived with Mom's lks. Grandpop, in the wholesale grocery d trucking business, was something of an d-world autocrat. When he spoke, his

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children jumped. Freddy didn't jump. Freddy handed Grandpop arguments respectful, reasonable, but still arguments. This was a new experience to Grandpop.

"Maria, this boy—"
"Papa," said his daughter firmly, "you brought me up as you wished. I bring this boy up as I wish—to be my friend and not to be afraid."

Autocrat or no, the gaiety and gusto of his forebears ran through Grandpop's veins, and his home was the heart of the family. Every Sunday and holiday they'd gather at Grandpop's to make merry. Freddy spent his vacation at Grandpop's place in Wildwood. Mom and Pop and the other grownups would come out for weekends. Eighteen or twenty, it made no difference. "Grandmom smiled so happy," says Pop, "because she had so many to cook for."

Save in one respect, Freddy's was an average childhood. Before he turned six, it grew clear that his father's consuming passion for opera was reborn in the son. Pop ate, drank and breathed opera. He'd heard Caruso four times. Returning from war, he invested in a Victrola and bought Victor Red Seal records as he could afford them. These were necessities like air and water. Since all the great ones of opera sang for Victor, Pop revered the name. Passing a record shop, he'd stop and smile at the little white dog, ear cocked to His Master's Voice. Pop loved the dog. He stood for all that was best in singing.

MUSIC was in Mom's blood, too. She played the piano and sang around the house. Many of their friends were professional musicians. They'd have spaghetti parties, which invariably wound up with singing and records. Wide-eyed, the child would listen till bedtime. It was good that he listened. But he was a baby yet, too young for understanding.
One day the five-year-old said: "I want

to play records-

A wonderful chill struck through Pop's bones. "You want to play records? Instead to go outside and play?

Show me how, Pop."

Murmuring an Italian blessing, Pop showed him how. "You must wind this handle. It is hard."

"I can do it, Pop."

That was the beginning. Then came the night when they returned from the opera. "He played it twenty-seven times," Grandmom announced.

"Played what?"

"Caruso's 'Vesti la Giubba.' I said, I will count to see how many times he can do it without getting tired. I counted twenty-

They went up to kiss him goodnight. "Maria," whispered Pop, jubilant. "I should kiss him twenty-seven times--'

She smiled softly. "Come. Let him sleep."

As The Boy Lived It

All he knew was that the music excited him. It gave him pelladocca—the Italian word for goosebumps. He wanted no one around when he played the records. Alone, he could drink in every tone and inflection, and lose himself in the radiant maze of sound.

Pop showed him the little white dog and explained what he meant. Caruso and Titta Ruffo sang for the dog. If you were in opera and couldn't sing for the dog—well, that was too bad. Pop shook his head and

Freddy followed suit.

Growing older, he pelted people with questions. They began calling him the pint-sized authority on grand opera. Rapt, he listened to Pop describing Caruso. "How does it feel to see an opera, Pop?"

"It feels beautiful, Freddy. You get all

dressed up and you take your place and the orchestra leader comes out and everybody keeps quiet and the music begins and the curtain goes up and—you think you're in an opera-house, Freddy?—No, you're in heaven—" Freddy entered heaven at twelve, when they took him to hear "Aida."

His voice? Nobody, including Freddy, knew he had one. Mom hoped he might be a doctor, but the sight of blood sickened him. Well, a lawyer, then. See how he could get the best of an argument, even with Grandpop. They'd send him to college and let him be a lawyer.

At sixteen he said no to Blackstone. "I hate school, Mom, and all the regimentation. I'll finish high school, but forget about college. Give me a little time to feel my way. I'll find on what I want. Show busi-

ness. I'll find a place.'

Now and then at school he'd knock off a couple of high notes that made the guys whistle. Now and then at home he'd sing along with a record—but just for the fun of it and only if Pop was out. To sing in front of Pop, who'd heard Caruso and Ruffo, would have embarrassed him. But Pop came back one day for something he'd forgotten, and the flood of sound from upstairs lifted the hair off his head. For a week he left the house at his usual hour. sneaked round the alley and in through the back door. A week was all he could take without apoplexy. Head whirling, he mounted to his son's room.

Fred saw him standing there, misty-eyed, transfigured. "My boy, you have a truly magnificent voice. God has been good

to you."
"Oh, Pop, that's just bellowing--"

"It's the nicest bellowing I ever heard in my life. You want to be in show business? Be in show business. Sing-

"One loud note doesn't make a singer Pop. You have to be good enough for the

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little white dog. I'm not good enough."

"Let us find out."

"Let's skip it, Pop. Remember what your friend said? 'Never let a boy of sixteen sing. A girl, yes. But the male voice isn't mature enough to work on.' Let's skip the whole thing.

Between tears and laughter, Pop's voice came out shaky. "I am too old for skipping, Freddy. But if you say we wait, we wait." They waited, and he finished high school.

He played records. He gave vent to occasional bursts of song that he couldn't suppress. Mom and Pop exchanged beatific glances but said nothing to Freddy.

Nearing nineteen, he came to them, still dubious. "I don't know. Maybe I have a voice. Maybe Pop should take me some-

where for an opinion.'

They went to a coach who in her day had sung with the best. For an hour and had sung with the best. For an hour and twenty minutes, Pop sat in the waitingroom, kneading his hat, never budging his eyes from the door. Inside, Freddy sang and thought he was singing lousy. Why did she keep him so long? At length she stood up. "You have a phenomenal voice. Let's go talk to your father."

His father rose from the sofa. "Mr. Cocozza, there's something great here. I've never heard anyone so young with such material. But the voice isn't placed yet. Wait a few years."

Pop's mouth opened, but no sound came out. He tried again. The third time he made it. "Excuse me," he apologized through trembling lips. "I touch the ceiling."

ing."

That night they held a family conclave.
"Mom, you know what it means. You've both made such sacrifices for me. You

both made such sacrifices for me. You work so hard. I'll have to study and study." He sprang up, restless. "Maybe I could work on the side—"

"No, Fred. You can't do a good thing by doing two things at once. Listen, my son. Only through the hand of God do such things happen. He gives you the hand. Take it. Sing, and fulfill His gift. If I work for you and your voice, I work for Him." Freddy's arms went around her. "Some day I'll make it up to you."

"There is nothing to make up. Come, I will cook spaghetti. This is a happy night, and everyone cries. It is time to laugh."

To give him solfeggio—roughly, scale practice—they found an old Italian. "So old," chuckles Pop, "he can't walk upstairs. I pour him a drink of whiskey, a cup of coffee, and push him up." Voice teachers were thumbed down by the boy himself, who knew that the wrong one could do him more harm than good. But he vocalized with a coach. Most important, he learned pure Italian from his friend, Mario Pellizzon. At home they spoke the dialects of Abruzzi, his mother's birthplace, and Folignano, which his father had left at eleven. Fred needed the McCoy. Pellizzon taught him Roman Italian to such Pellizzon taught him Roman Italian to such purpose that those to whom it's native swear you're a liar when you say he was born in America.
Also Pop brought home a record, re-

moving it with tenderness from its sheath. "You make me one promise, Freddy. Some time, some place you will sing this for me."

for me."

Freddy looked and grinned. It was Caruso's "O Tu Che Inseno Al Gli Angli—
O, You Who Teach the Angels"—from "La Forza del Destino" "That's quite a promise, Pop. Let's put it this way. If I can, I will—"
"Let me live and wait," prayed Pop. Spring of '42. The musical grapevine brought the name of Alfredo Cocozza to the ears of William K. Huff, director of Philadelphia Forum Concerts. Huff ap-

Philadelphia Forum Concerts. Huff appeared at the coach's studio to hear him ing. Because the man was not only an

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expert but wholly impersonal, his words gave Freddy the feeling for the first time

that perhaps he'd really found his way.
"Cut or uncut," said Huff, "a diamond's
a diamond. Your voice is a diamond in the rough. Work, and one day you'll sing for me at the Academy. Only bear this in mind. You've got to sing, sing, sing, and live in a world of music. Cut out everything else. Don't let yourself be derailed."

Then Grandpop stepped in, the unwitting instrument of destiny. He'd been witting instrument of destiny. He a been trying to step in for months, but Mom and Pop had stood up to him like a wall. Now he put the heat on, storming, "What is he put the heat on, storming, "What is this? Instead of working, the boy listens to records. Enough is enough. It is time he goes out and does something.

Fred sympathized with his view. "Mom, Pop, I'll drive one of his trucks for a while and make him happy. It won't interfere with the singing, I promise you." Reluct-

antly they agreed.

Which is how it happened that three young huskies, including our hero, delivered a piano at the Academy of Music where Koussevitzky was conducting that night. Crossing the stage, Huff spotted his uncut diamond, dressed like a truck driver, doing a truck driver's work, chewing tobacco like a truck driver. (Now he doesn't even smoke, but at twenty he had to be tough like the rest of the crew.) "What the devil are you doing here?" Huff demanded. Fred told him, and departed about his business.

It was a Wednesday. In Philadelphia the stores stayed open Wednesday night. To lure the trade in, Wanamaker's offered a concert with the world's largest organ and some well-known soloist. Its brilliant windows hove into sight of the boys, still making deliveries. "The heck with work," said Grandpop's young hopeful. "Let's park the truck and dig this concert for a while."

Meantime Huff sat in his box at the Academy, with Fred's coach as his guest and Fred's plight on his mind. As the house lights dimmed, a plan struck and took fire. He leaned toward the coach. Five minutes later she was phoning Freddy's house. No Freddy. Where could she find him? Anywhere. Still working maybe, maybe at Grandpop's or a friend's. She called them all. No Freddy. On a last wild throw she raced down to Wanamaker's.

Eight galleries rise from the rotunda where the concerts were held. Frantically she shoved her way through seven, and on the eighth found Freddy. Just time to haul the truck back, gallop home and wash, scramble into a suit, grab a couple of sheets of music. As the final note of the final number quivered on the air, they panted into Huff's box.

He took them backstage to the dressingroom opposite Koussevitzky's. Drenched as always after a concert, the late great maestro was changing. "Sing," said Mr. Huff. A dazed and shaken Freddy broke into the opening strains of "Vesti la Giubba," the one aria he knew well. Across the hall, the door stood slightly ajar. Slowly it opened wider to reveal a tall spare figure in trousers and undershirt, towel draped around his neck. The eyes of the two men locked and held. Slowly of the two men locked and held. Slowly the elder moved forward, and Freddy's voice soared as if to meet him—soared, sobbed and died in Canio's lament. A moment's silence, broken only by the crazy pounding of his heart. Then he felt himself being embraced, kissed soundly on either about and heard are in the craze of either cheek—and heard again the un-believable words. "You have a truly great voice. You will come and sing for me in the Berkshires."

CANDOR being one of his charms, Mario tells you today that he didn't even know who Koussevitzky was. A big conductor, yes, since he had a big symphony. Otherwise, the name stirred only vague echoes, and he'd never heard of the Berkshire Music Festival. If it wasn't opera, Freddy didn't know it. He knew enough, however, to say, "I will come."

He went as Mario Lanza, Cocozza being no handle for a tenor. It was Mom who no nandle for a tenor. It was mon who suggested the masculine variant of her maiden name. Koussevitzky pronounced it perfect, and only on his father's account did Freddy feel troubled. "You're sure you don't mind too much, Pop?"

"Sing," said Pop bravely. "What difference is the name?"

Five weeks of intensive training at Tanglewood in the Berkshires. The sixth week, and an erstwhile truck driver stepped out on his first stage and sang to his first audience, packed with connoisseurs and plain music-lovers. The applause thundered, the New York critics raved, the managers swarmed. He signed with William Judd of Columbia Concerts, and from Philadelphia Mom phoned. "Fred, there's a funny letter for you here. It says, 'Greetings.'"

On a mistaken shipment they sent Private Cocozza of the Air Force to a spot in Texas whose principal output was dust. A fair share of this lodged in Mario's throat, turning his tenor to a gravelly bass. By the time Sergeant Peter Lind Hayes of Special Services came through, hunting material for "On the Beam," Mario was off it. They couldn't hear him for dust. Lying sleepless in his bunk, he watched

Alan Ladd's kidney deluxe

Makes 4 servings

1/2 pound lamb kidney 2 tablespoons butter 3 slices bacon, diced 4 scallions, chopped 8 large mushrooms, chopped 11/2 tablespoons butter 11/2 tablespoons flour I cup water 1/4 teaspoon salt dash pepper chopped parsley 1/3 cup Sherry

Wash kidneys. Cover with cald water. Bring slowly ta a bail and simmer for 20 minutes. Drain and slice, cutting away fat and tubes. Saute bacan in 2 tablespaans butter until crisp. Add scallions and mushraoms; saute 5 minutes. Add kidneys and caok 5 mare minutes. Melt in a saucepan 1½ tablespaans butter and stir in flaur. Caak over law heat until blended. Add water. Bring to a simmer, stirring; caver and simmer 5 minutes. Add gravy, Sherry wine, salt and pepper ta kidney mixture. Caver and simmer 5 minutes. Garnish with pars-

a shaft of moonlight point like a persistent finger at his locker-box, and the wild idea came to him. Out of the box he took a Caruso record. Over the label he pasted another: Mario Lanza and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood. Tomorrow he'd send it to Special Services After all, the worst they could do was kill him. Two days later, under general's orders, he joined "On the Beam."

Now that he's a sensation, gleeful scribes pounce on this incident and twist its spirit to prove that the Lanza head was swollen from 'way back. Cheerfully Mario continues to tell it as it happened, let the chips fall where they may. "I yielded to the temptation to get out of hell. I got out of hell. So it couldn't have been a great

A year of touring with the show—singing.

A big night at Las Vegas for Army Emergency Relief, where they dubbed him the Caruso of the Air Force. At Visalia, Moss Hart heard him and asked for his transfer to "Winged Victory," to lead the chorus of 300. He and Bert Hicks, who played one of the smaller parts, became close friends. Originally from Chicago, Bert had settled in California. He showed Mario family snaps.

"Hey, who's that?" Perched on the fender of a car, shapely legs crossed, the girl smiled out at him, friendliness in

the dark eyes, generosity in the warm curves of the mouth.

"My sister Betty. Went out to stay with my wife and kid in Los Angeles. Landed herself a swell job at Douglas. Great gal.

"Married? Engaged?" "Uh-uh-"

"Tell her," said Mario dreamily, "to send more snapshots.'

Be My Love

"Winged Victory" hit Los Angeles in June of '44. Bert took Mario home to dinner. In red slacks and an off-the-shoulder plouse, the girl of the snapshots sat across he table from him. Her mother was there oo, visiting from Chicago. "Mom," said Vario, already one of the family, "make

her stop looking at me.'

At twenty-two, Betty had never been in ove. Boys came and went, and whether hey went or came didn't really matter. Then a boy walked in, and suddenly the air vas electric. His great black eyes laughed ther even when he wasn't laughing. Make her stop looking at me," he said, and the way he said it turned her knees to vater. Within two hours Betty was sunk. There's an eating place in Hollywood alled Roméo's Chianti Restaurant, beoved by many for its food and genial atnosphere. To none is it dearer than to letty and Mario. The owner is an opera-over who plays his rare records for the leasure of customers. But he changes nem himself. Only two others have been llowed to touch them-Danny Kaye, a ustrated opera singer, and Mario.

At the Chianti, Mario gave a birthday arty for Bert Hicks, about to be shipped verseas. Then they all climbed into loméo's big Cadillac, and went to hear Faust." "Now," Roméo announced, "we

o back to the place. "But it's closed-

"We will open it."

For the friend of his friend Mario, he'd ad a big birthday cake baked, and the nampagne iced. It was the first champagne etty ever tasted. On the record machine, st placed Caruso's "Vesti la and Mario sang along with the host placed Caruso's iubba," cord. Betty sat rooted, skin prickling ith bumps on bumps. They'd told her bout his voice, but until you heard it, ow could you possibly believe it! Now iey were crowding around him, kissing im with true Italian fervor. With true

Irish fervor, heightened by music, love and champagne, Betty flung her arms around him and kissed him too. He held her tighter than he did the rest.

On August 29th they went to dinner at Roméo's, just the two of them. The candles burned, the music played in the background. Across the checkered cloth Mario was looking at her as he'd looked that first night, but with a deeper gravity. "I love you, Betty."

"I love you, too, Mario."

"Will you marry me?"
She slipped her hand into his where it lay on the table. "You know I will. He filled their wine glasses. Each took a sip of his own, then of the other's. "Now you're my fiancée," said Mario.

MEY planned not to tell anyone for HEY planned not to ten anything and a while, and to have a church wedding when the war was over. One thing and another happened to alter their plans.

Several Hollywood people had heard Mario sing, Sinatra among them. Frankie went mildly insane. He picked up a phone and called Columbia Records. "Look, I've just heard a voice like you'll never hear again. Send a contract over. Nail this guy before somebody else hooks him."

If he'd asked for the moon in those days, Columbia would have dispatched a jet pilot to fetch it. They sent over a regulation contract. Grateful though he was, Mario refused to sign. "But why not?" pleaded his puzzled friend.

A faraway smile touched Mario's lips. "On account of a little white dog," he said.

The little white dog turned up at a party. As a rule, Mario didn't go for parties, preferring quiet evenings with Betty. As a rule, he didn't sing at parties. Until after their marriage, Betty heard him sing only once. But this party was different. "It's at Irene Manning's," Mario Silva said. "There'll be lots of Hollywood stars, all music-lovers." Our Mario was still fresh enough out of Philadelphia to be curious about movie stars. He went. When they asked him to sing, he sang and knocked them for a loop. Their tingling excitement infected Mario. High with good wine, good music and good people, he sang and sang. At 4 A.M. Walter Pidgeon phoned Hedda Hopper. "Get over here quick."

"Are you nuts? I'm asleep."

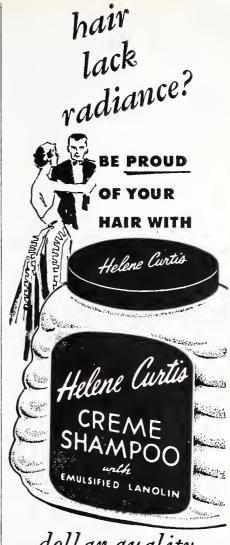
"Then wake up. We've got a he-angel singing.

The house was high in a canyon. As she mounted the steps, a cascade of golden sound poured out. "Caruso!" she thought, her gorge rising. "If they dragged me out to hear records, I'll pulverize them." But the boy beside the piano was no record. "My hair stood up," she said later, "and "My hair stood up," she said later, "and shot straight through my hat."

At seven, Mario begged off and the man came over. For nine hours, while the others went into transports, the man had sat apart, arms folded, eyes on the singer, never saying a word. He made Mario uncomfortable. "What am I, a lesson book, that he stares and studies?" Now he broke his silence, handing Mario a card. "Can you come to my office at two this afternoon?" The card read: "Art Rush—Western Representative for RCA Victor." In the corner a little white dog cocked an ear to His Master's Voice.

Mario managed to sleep for five hours. Art Rush phoned Jim Murray, head of the company, all set to plane out for New York that morning. "Jim, you've got to stay over. You've got to hear this boy—" Murray stayed over. Mario sang, and they signed him to a ten-year contract. For the first time in Victor's history, they paid an artist \$3,000 just to sign. Mario floated out. The fairy tale had come true for him and Pop. The little white dog thought he was good enough.

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year another dream came true. Discharged from the service because of a bad ear infection, Mario had been summoned by Victor to New York. He refused to leave without Betty.

"But, darling, what about our families? And our church wedding?"

Round and round it went, and came out the same way. "If you don't go, I won't go.

Being in love, she yielded. They got their license. At the jewelry counter of a little department store, Mario paid \$6.95 for a wedding ring, which Betty has never allowed him to replace. With her sisterin-law Harriet and Mario's friend, Al Gordon, as attendants, they were married in Judge Griffith's chambers in Beverly

Betty was to spend a few days in Chicago with her folks, while Mario went on to find living quarters and tell Mom and Pop that they had a daughter. With the first job he had no trouble. The second seemed to present some difficulties. Joining him a week later, outspoken Betty asked an outspoken question. "When do I meet your father and mother?"

"Well—they're coming in Sunday—"
"What did they say?"

"I haven't told them yet--"

"Oh, Mario-

"Look, honey, I could talk for a year about how wonderful you are, but it won't be the same as if you're there. Let's tell them together."

'No. It's not fair to them, Mario. You're their only child. You've been so close. Naturally it's going to be a shock. Here's what we'll do. On Sunday I'll go to a movie or something. Then, if they feel like crying, they can cry without having me around to embarrass them.'

Okay, I'll tell them I married an angel." "You tell them you married a girl who

loves you and wants them to love her." Whatever he told them, his voice was blithe when she phoned after the movie. "Everything's wonderful. Come on up."

The door was open, and so were Pop's arms. Betty flew to them. Mom kissed her and called her "my daughter" in Italian. and called her my daughter in Italian.
The memory still has power to mist her eyes. "Such beautiful, gentle people. They took me in, and it was as if I'd belonged to them forever."

On July 15th, with all their loved ones present, Betty and Mario were married by Catholic ritual in the lovely little church of St. Colombo.

Fulfilling the Gift
For a while it was Eden without the serpent. From the Park Central they moved Robert Weede's apartment. whom they met at a broadcast, said: "I'm going to live on my farm. You like my place? Take it." His place was perfection in the heart of the 50's, overlooking Rockefeller Center's ice-skating rink.

Mario worked with a coach. He made test records for Victor. Every night they walked down Fifth Avenue, laughing, planning, window-shopping, stopping at some juice bar for a tall cold drink. They'd go down to Philadelphia, or the folks would come up. Pop would stand at the window, feasting his eyes on the majesty of St. Patrick's. "Freddy, we go light a candle to St. Anthony for all the beautiful things that are happening—

But \$3,000 slips away fast in New York. Against his judgment, almost against his will, Mario accepted a radio offer of twenty-six weeks on "Great Moments of Music" for the Celanese Company, taking the place of Jan Peerce. From the first it made him miserable-a great opportunity that he felt he wasn't yet up to. By Mario's code, you don't go before the public except at your best. To achieve his best, he needed real voice training now with some

fine Italian teacher. Yet where was the money to come from? Already they were floundering in debt and he was sinning against his own musical standards. Before each broadcast he paced and shivered, physically ill. "I can't go through with this torture, Betty. It's all wrong."

"Something'll happen to make it right.

You'll see-

Sam Weiler happened. Weiler was a wealthy real estate man, in love with singing. Aware that he had no voice, he took lessons anyway just for the hell of it, and his teacher was Mario's coach. One day he arrived ahead of time. Through the open transom, a glorious tenor swelled, and suddenly Weiler didn't want to sing any more. Unable to contain himself, he knocked. "I know I shouldn't intrude, but I had to get a look at you. May I stay and listen?"

RDINARILY, Mario would have frowned the suggestion down. But this was such a smiling, kind-faced man that you couldn't say no to him. When Mario left, Weiler stared after him. "Why, with a voice like that, does he look so unhappy?" The coach told him, and Weiler forgot his lesson. "I want to talk to that boy. Where can I "He sometimes hangs out at a health food shop across the way."

Weiler found him. They adjourned to the Park Central drugstore. Mario's not one to spill his woes to a stranger. But talking to Spin his woes to a stranger. But talking to Sam was like talking to your brother. "Just tell me about yourself. Maybe I can help." Four hours and thirty-five cups of coffee later, they'd reached a verbal agreement. Sam was going to take over. "I want to sing and I can't sing. Through you I can. Just one thing more. I'd like to meet your wife."

"That's easy. Come to dinner."
"Fine. What can I bring her?"
"She's crazy," laughed Mario, on top of

the world, "about little toy dogs."
... They climbed five flights of stairs to

where Betty waited on the landing. "Honey, this is Sam Weiler. He's going to be

someone very special in our lives."

Gravely Sam handed over a stuffer puppy, done up in cellophane. Betty pu an arm around him and kissed his cheek Not because of the dog nor even because of Mario's special introduction. But because when you looked at him, you like him. Instinctively she knew that this man could never do anything but good.

Today he's Mario's manager, and th families are like one. Actually his man agement began when he straightened ou their money tangles and gave them s much a week to live on. There was n awkwardness involved. In Betty's word: "It was like your mother and father walk ing in, saying 'I'm going to take care c you." He settled the Celanese contract after eleven broadcasts, removed Mari from circulation and took him to Enric Rosati, famous teacher of Gigli.

Rosati's greeting was unconventiona "You," he said, gleaming-eyed, "are so-and-so. Go in the room—"
"Hmm," thought Mario. "He doesn't lik

Rosati shut the door. "You are a so and-so because you are destroying whyour mother gave you."

Mario tried to duck with a feeble jes "What about my father? Didn't he has something to do with it?"

"The papa, yes. But the mamma, she he the baby. Why do you sing before you a

ready to sing?" The tongue lashed on, dropping Maric morale lower than an earthworm. Then, abruptly, it stopped. "Sing!" command the ogre. He sang. Deigning no commer Rosati strode to the door. "Come, listen something!" he shouted. Like two go.

mice, his wife and secretary stole in and sat down. Mario sang again. Head bowed, fingers still on the keyboard, the old man spoke as though to himself. "For thirty-four years since Gigli I wait for this voice." Then he looked up. "You will come at Then he looked up. "You will come at eight in the morning. This means not one minute before nor one minute past, but eight precisely."

"Yes, maestro," said Mario meekly enough, but the words were a song.

Fifteen months with Rosati. Then the concerts began. His first Chicago appearance.

concerts began. His first Chicago appearance drew 35,000, his second trebled that. On the strength of Claudia Cassidy's review, the St. Louis Symphony booked him in. Though he'd mastered only four operatic roles, Edward Johnson, then manager of the Metropolitan Opera, made him a bid. Opera is the lodestar of Mario's professional life, but he declined. "I have too much respect for the Met to make my mistakes there.

In Hollywood, the Bowl was scheduling its '47 season, looking for a big-name tenor to sing with Eugene Ormandy's orchestra in August. Art Rush took a record to Ida Koverman, who was (1) right hand to Louis B. Mayer (2) an influence in musical circles. "I want you to hear this voice," said Rush. It was an acetate record, which does justice to no voice, but it sufficed. Mario was engaged for the Bowl, and Koverman played the record for L. B. Then she showed him a photograph. "You mean, he demanded, "that this voice comes out of this face?"
"Wait. Wait till you hear him."

At every concert Betty sits out front, part of the crowd, caught up in the general delirium, forgetting that Mario's her husband, beating her hands like mad with the rest. Once it's over, she may feel a trifle red-faced—what is she, a claque?—but while he sings, she's lost. The Bowl concert was no exception. The whole place rose to its feet and let out a roar. In all the Bowl's history, Jascha Heifetz rated the longest standing ovation-sixteen minutes. Mario's ran four minutes under.

Koverman threw a big party. Studio calls clogged the phone, but the inside track belonged to M-G-M. Work came to a halt while fifty-five assorted executives gathered on a sound stage for the command performance. At its close, the boss pumped the performer's hand. "You're going to be our singing Clark Gable—" Mario grinned. Last April they'd offered him a regulation contract, which he'd turned down. Movies were fine, but to be chained to them, no, since his primary purpose in life was to sing. Now they took him on his own terms-six months a year for five years, all record and radio rights reverting to him

An unusual deal, not to be wondered at in an unusual story.

Mario's sentimental. Whenever they go back to New Orleans, he insists on the same suite in the same hotel where they first stopped. New Orleans is the town of his operatic debut in "Madame Butterfly."

Mario it's also forever "Colleen's

The heat was stifling, but the Lanza appetite rises above heat. With Sam and Sam's wife Selma, Mario and Betty went to Arnaud's for dinner. Betty ordered curried chicken, swallowed a forkful and fled. To date, she can't look curried chicken in the face. Selma hurried after her. When anything's wrong with his wife, Mario flops. Not this time, however. They'd been waiting for the rabbit test, which hadn't come back yet. Mario's hand smote the table. "Don't tell me!" he crowed "Rabbit or no rabbit, this is it—"

At 2 P.M. on December 9th, the baby was born, after twenty-two hours of labor. They finally prevailed on Mario to go home. His tortured face wasn't helping Betty any, and he had to record next day for "That Midnight Kiss." When the call came Midnight Kiss." When the call came through, he was singing "Celeste Aida." Betty woke up to find her husband on one side, Sam on the other, both looking as though she'd done something unheard of. "It's Colleen, honey," said Mario. "She's a doll—" The name was his choice. People often asked him if his wife was Italian. "No," he'd always answer "She's my little Irish colleen.

Another shining milestone had been passed earlier. At the end of his first concert tour, Mario had taken his mother's patient hands in his. "Now it's over, Mom. Now you quit working, and I work for you." When Colleen was six months old, her grandparents came out to visit. Mario finished "Toast of New Orleans." Then the whole family descended on Philadelphia for the opening of "That Midnight Kiss." "This was a week!" sighs Pop. "Cameras

shooting us. From the station to the hotel with motorcycle cops.

"Even on the stage they call us. Freddy stands there with Kathryn Grayson and Betty and laughs and makes with the finger. My wife goes out like a queen. Me it scares. 'Smile, Pop,' says Betty. 'Smile, or I'm going to tickle you—'"

The Legion gave a dinner. President Truman was to speak, and Mario to sing. Being there was enough. Having six generals ask Pop about his wounds was almost too much. But the moment that burst their hearts was yet to come.

Truman arrived late, and had to leave early for a scheduled broadcast. "Mario Lanza is waiting to sing for me-" He lifted

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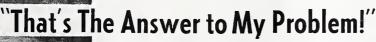


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his eyes to the young man on the balcony. "I'm sorry, Mario. Another time, I hope—" And his hand went to his temple in a smart salute.

... "I grab my wife. Do we dream, is it real that the President of the country we love so much stands before all and salutes our son? Mario he calls him-not Mr. Lanza, but Mario, How can such a thing happen?"

"Yet it happened," says Mom, eyes

brimming.

While such things were happening, Grandpop fumed. Mario's tight schedule gave him barely time to breathe. But what was a schedule to Salvatore Lanza! "You mean I can't have my own grandson in my own house?"

"Look, Grandpop, the last show is out at eleven Saturday. *Then* we'll come to the house."

Muttering, Grandpop retired to his ware-house and ordered half the stock on its shelves sent home. A feast was prepared such as even the Lanzas had never yet beheld. Many were invited, and more beheld. Many were invited, and more showed up. Outside, the crowds set up a rhythmic roar. "We—want—Mar-io, we—want—Mar-io—" Inside, Grandpop filled wineglasses, including his own. "Eat, drink and be happy, everybody—" He filled the glass again. "Salúta, Freddy—"

"Salvádo, that's enough," warned Grand-

"Why enough? I never died yet." He poured another glass. "Freddy, salúta. Tomorrow I go out and kiss that truck.

"We'll kiss it together, Grandpop," Mario promised.

THE papers had every tenor in the country playing Caruso. In her heart Betty always knew that Mario would do it. Edward Johnson had told Jesse Lasky, who owned the story rights, that Lanza was his man. Lasky tried to borrow him, but M-G-M wasn't lending. At length they joined forces. Through the endless complications that followed, Betty's faith never wavered. Not even when M-G-M called

the whole thing off.
"Don't worry," she said. "They'll call it on again."

"I don't get it," said Mario. "They've al-

ready assigned writers."
"They've un-assigned 'em," said Lasky. "They're afraid of opera. Opera heads the list of don'ts. But I'm calling Mayer."

Mayer said: "Give me a few days—"

Within those few days he rallied his more fainthearted associates and dumped a small Fort Knox into Leo's lap. By such hairs does movie history hang.

Once it was set, Mario's feet turned slightly chilly. "I'm frightened, Betty. It's like putting yourself on a pedestal with your idol." This feeling wore off. His aim is not to be Caruso the second, but Mario Lanza. He never reads reviews. He sings his best and, if the people like him, that suits him fine.

While he was making "Caruso," Grandmom's namesake, Elissa, was born-on December 3rd, two years after her sister. This time Mario was there, holding his daughter a half hour after her birth. Betty heard his laughter mingling with the baby's squall, and decided she was still under. Then his voice came through. "A bass, if I ever heard one! Aren't you ashamed, and your father a tenor!"

CARUSO SINGS TONIGHT. That's how the posters read on Hollywood Boulevard the night of the premiere. But the kids sang too. As Mario helped Mom and Betty out of the car and Pop followed, a fresh young soprano lifted itself in serenade, stilling the clamor. "Be my love, for no one else can end this yearning." Behind the ropes and up through the bleachers, it caught like wildfire. "Just fill my arms the way you've

filled my dreams-" Spontaneous, unrehearsed and heartwarming, it dissolved Mom in tears. . . . "Eternally, if you will

"You see?" said Mario. "You've made my mother cry."
"With happiness, Fred."

"With happiness, she says. So thank you for all of us. Whatever happens inside, you've started our evening with a bang,"
What happened inside no longer needs

telling. Except that Mario sat between Betty and Mom, holding a hand of each. And that Pop all but fell out of his seat applauding. After each number he'd lean toward his son. "Go on, Freddy, clap, isn't it good? Clap for Caruso." And Mario laughed.

Says he: "I watched Mom and Pop. For me, it was their evening. For me it was most exciting because my mother and

father were there."

Says Betty: "We had a few close friends in later, about 125. After they went, we sat like a couple of zombies. There were no words left. We just kissed each other."
Say Mom and Pop: "When God gives so

much, it chokes you up, and you don't know how to express yourself to Him. So we just went on our knees and told Him

thank you."

As "Be My Love" started climbing, Betty predicted, "It'll hit a million—"

Mario said, "Never."

"Bet \$150 to \$100—"

"Be My Love" made it in eight months. In Victor's sixty-five years at the same stand, Lanza's the first Red Seal vocalist to sell a million copies. Iturbi did it with "Polonaise," but it took two years. Official presentation of the gold record will be made by Iturbi. Unofficially, Mannie Sachs flew out with it. Betty stuck a palm under her husband's nose. "Okay, pay off." He signed a traveler's check. "There. It's

the nicest bet I ever paid,"
"And don't think I won't spend it. How about \$200 to \$160 that 'Loveliest' doe the same—?"

"Loveliest Night of the Year" is well or its way. Caruso snowballs. The Lanza program for Coca Cola has sent TV-ers bad to radio. Protests flood the station. "Why only seventeen weeks? Why not forever? Answer: because of other commitments. I picture called "The Big Cast." A concertour in the fall—

Everything's wonderful, but for Mari the thrill of thrills lies ahead. His head belongs to opera. "In movies you pla someone else, which I love, but you sing t a mike. In concert, you sing to the people which I love, but you're Mario Lanza i formal dress. I'm against formal dress. I'm rather sing in a shirt and pair of pants. I opera you're somebody else and you sir to the people. When I stand on the stag of La Scala or the Met, that will be r heaven—"

Victor di Sabbata of La Scala has ir vited him to open the season in Milan. H acceptance depends on conditions still the making. "I can wait, I have time, I' not thirty yet. Musically," says the gu whose music has electrified millions, "I' not even born."

At Home

Like any barbershop tenor, Mario sin in the shower. His vibrancy brings a roo alive. Talking to you, he makes you fe important. This is no trick, but a genuir warmth for people. His eyes are clear as child's, and honesty is one of the clues Lanza. When he sings, it's the original ke If you own a Lanza autograph, it's re He won't allow his signature to be fake

Naturally gay and goodhumored, he c explode when the occasion warrants, b gets over it quickly. Sourpusses deprehim. In hiring help, Betty looks for chee fulness first, efficiency second. Next to m sic and people, Mario loves food. Sitting at one meal, he'll be planning the next. He's forever carting delicacies home, three times more than you need. If at Mario's table a guest had to be told, "That's all there is," he'd crawl off and die.

Sunday's family day, which includes all the Weilers and any close friends who feel like dropping in. Mom and Betty take over the kitchen. Pop and Mario stroll by—
"Make it rich, Mom."

"I've been making it rich for thirty years.

"A little more oil," suggests Pop.

Till suddenly Mom has enough. "All supervisors out! Clear the kitchen."

They live in Beverly Hills, and life centers around the home. Mom and Pop live nearby in the house Mario bought them. Each morning Pop and Colleen have a standing date. She waits at the window. "Buon giorno, Pop-pop-" Trailed by Tenor, the spaniel, they go for an airing, wave to Charles Boyer and the mailman, discuss affairs. "Like a little old lady she talks to me, and that's my best fun-to be with Colleen and the little dog Tenor-

Both babies have Mario's eyes, for which Betty thanks Providence. (Not that there's anything wrong with her own. ED.) Like his father before him, Mario looks at his kids and melts. Colleen said "mamma" first. Elissa said "dadda" first, and the house fell down. Every night there's a ritual. After her bath Colleen appears on the little palcony over the living-room and dangles her hand. Mario picks up a folded paper and hits it. Gurgles of laughter greet this errific joke. Then they all go upstairs. God s asked to bless a top-heavy list of reatures, ending with Tenor and Pretty-ooy, the canary. "Now sing the baby song." Keeping it soft, Mario sings the Virgin Slumber Song, recorded for Colleen.

No matter how late, nor how many people they've had in, the Lanzas take a lrive before bedtime, as they used to take walks in New York six years ago. As in New York, they laugh and plan and dream. Mario will doubtless sing all over the world, but California's home. One of their dreams is to buy a ranch out there, where they can raise animals.

Mario's not superstitious. He and Betty were married on Friday, the 13th. It's their lucky number. Around the number Betty designed a money-clip, and inscribed it: "Darling, may we live as long as we love and love as long as we live.

He's not superstitious, but he won't move from here to there without that clip. . .

Postscript

One night when some friends were gathered, Mario put a platter on the turntable. "This is Pop's record. I made it for him and Mom.

The disc whirled. "O tu che inseno al gli agli," it sang in Mario's voice. At the first word Pop couldn't talk any more.

Time faded—
... "You make me one promise, Freddy." Some time you will sing this for me—"
. . . "That's quite a promise, Pop. Let's put it this way. If I can, I will—"

The song reached its end. Still incapable of coherent speech, Pop grabbed his son

and kissed him five times, maybe six. "Someday," he says, "we have a party together, me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa. I will tell them about a boy five years old who sits in the room and plays a great singer's record twenty-seven times.—Who is the boy?—Your Papa, Mario Lanza, a great singer. You know what they're going to say?—Let us play papa's record twenty-seven times. So we're going to do that—me and my wife, Colleen and little Elissa—" A rich chuckle escapes him. "This will be a party—"
"With coffee and cake," smiles Mom—

And Pop adds the benediction. "Let us live and wait-

THE END

Here Comes the Graduate

(Continued from page 71) distinguished awyer, his family had fondly believed. Words had flowed easily from him. But came a day when his left foot that wigvags to rhythm got out of control-and he and headed out in a jalopy for Hollywood. One evening not too long ago, into livingooms across the country came a new voice, reminiscent of Bing's twenty years igo. It came into the Crosby living-room oo. When the program was over, Bing ut down his pipe. "He did a pretty darned ood job," he remarked. But to the offers hat came immediately for Gary he turned deaf ear. Gary's immediate future was ducational. After that—"It's up to Gary," ie always added.

As for Gary, he didn't even want to ing on the show. "Thought he might get azzed by his pals at school," his dad

"They still razz me. I don't mind—too nuch," Gary had told me the day before is graduation, out in front of the small vhite cottage off campus where the good

eniors are allowed to live.

He's become resigned to being ribbedxcept when some columnist casts him in unior-size romance items. "I don't date nybody seriously," he insisted. "Besides, 'm not thinking too much that way now." Gary, with his crew-cut blond hard.

usky build, serious blue eyes and fast riendly smile, and the wild Hawaiian rint sports shirt is "thinking" mostly of his fall at Stanford, going out for football, is dates at "Tiny's," a large neon-lighted rive-in near Bellarmine where the school ids gather, and where the customers atten a jukebox.

Did he ever make the juke box at "Tiny's?" I asked.
"Yeah," he admitted, "it's on there."

Get much of a play? "Does it," he grimaced. "When we go there all the guys keep putting nickels in playing it over and over. They take turns holding each other up on their shoulders right up in front of the loudspeaker and listening—ribbing me. I feel like clinking down into a coffee cup." like slinking down into a coffee cup.

Does he think he sings like his dad? "Nobody's got a voice like Dad's," he said. "And nobody ever has been able

to cultivate one."

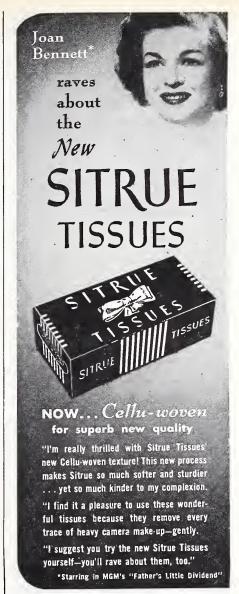
He is enrolling at Stanford in business administration and later—"Well, it's too soon to know. I think Dad wants me to manage the ranch at Elko.'

Show business?
"You've got to be good, really good."
He spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "And don't forget all those guys coming up now like Guy Mitchell and the rest—I think Mitchell's great—I have several things in my mind I'm thinking about. But I'm not

On the stage graduation day there was a sea of bobbing blue caps at assorted angles and swaying tassles. One by one the grads rose to receive a diploma and a handshake from the Reverend Thomas P. Cosgrave, S.J., President of Ballarmine.

In the audience Bing and Dixie watched attentively, Bing studying his program as each boy's name was called. Then "Gary Evans Crosby.

Outside, Bing waited to congratulate his son—the first graduate in Hollywood's "first family." THE END









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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 30) Seventh Cavalry. Despite the fact O'Brien is an ex-Captain and a hero with the Union Cavalry, he enlists in the Seventh as a private and there locates his man, Forrest Tucker. Real Indian battles, or real enough for us, take place with all sorts of hazardous escapes for O'Brien and the girl he loves, Polly Bergen. Dean Jagger is good as Polly's father and O'Brien impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: Blood and thunder.

Program Notes: Montana in Technicolor never looked lovelier. The swift Yellowstone river, the wild buffalo country of the Big Horn, the ranges of the Crow Indian Reservation emerge in all their tinted beauty. But outrivaling their glowing beauty was the pink of Eddie O'Brien's face when squaw Winona Plenty Hoops handed Eddie her papoose to hold while she went about the business of setting up a teepee . . . The local Indians loved working as extras but the assistant director assigned to securing their social security cards for them nearly lost his mind making out cards to Fred Takes a Horse, Gilbert Bird in Ground, Chester Bad Boy and Sarah Don't Mix.

VV (F) Strictly Dishonorable $(M \cdot G \cdot M)$

FULLY clothed and after a hearty meal, the plot of this Ezio Pinza-Janet Leigh movie wouldn't weigh a good two pounds but there's a chuckle or guffaw in every ounce to keep it bouncing along. As the middle-aged opera star who falls for a dewy-eyed Southern gal, Pinza has a made-to-order role, delivering several operatic arias worth double the admission price. Janet plays the pretty, naive, ironwilled cutie who catches her man in the very trap he's set for her-and with the same piece of cheese. Maria Palmer as Ezio's ex-love, Gale Robbins as the wife of a publisher whose calliope voice starts all the rumpus, Millard Mitchell as Pinza's personal representative, Esther and Silvio Minciotti as Pinza's mother and uncle, are all delightful.

Your Reviewer Says: Amour for all ages.

Program Notes: Janet Leigh was at the height of her romance with Tony Curtis (now her husband) during the shooting and felt none of the world-famous charm of the "South Pacific" hero. A breathless "good morning" and "good night" just about cleaned up the daily conversation . . . Pinza, who had become a papa for the fourth time (he has a daughter by a former marriage) was too busily engaged in planning a European trip for himself and charming wife to notice much, anyway . . . The Minciottis, who are members of the Italian Theatre Guild, and Ezio had theniselves many long Italian gabfests.

√½ (A) Peking Express (Paramount)

THIS tells of China and the present day turbulence. Joseph Cotten is a United Nations doctor. Corinne Calvet is a French singer. And Edmund Gwenn is a Catholic priest. All are aboard the crack Oriental Express bound from Shanghai to Peking. Also aboard are Benson Fong, a young Red newspaper man; Soo Yong, a distraught woman who shares Miss Calvet's compartment and a prosperous looking Chinese, one Kwon, who turns out to be Marvin Miller of all people. However, no sooner does the train get up steam than Soo Yong is stabbed by Kwon, who turns out to be her husband. The train then is halted by a band of black marketeer hoodlums who force the passengers to alight. Cotten, Miss Calvet and Mr. Gwenn are taken to a

near-by farmhouse where the leader turns out to be none other than Kwon. Bent on killing them all, Kwon finally promises Corinne to spare Cotten's life if she remains with him. Kwon's son arrives in the nick of time to save Corinne and Cotten as well. But nearly everybody else gets killed off. Fongs, Kwons, Songs, Yongs and Bongs drop like flies.

Your Reviewer Says: More mixed up than a bowl of chop suev.

Program Notes: Because the Chinese actors outnumbered the Americans, thirty to one, director William Dieterle had all instructions delivered over the loud speaker for outdoor scenes, first in Chinese and then in outdoor scenes, first in Chinese and then in English. No difference that all the Chinese spoke English. That's the way it was going to be, see . . . Miss Calvet and husband John Bromfield were reported "tiffing" during the filming but on the set Miss Calvet, she zay nozzing. Nozzing at all.

(F) Hard, Fast and Beautiful (Filmakers-RKO)

O MIX a metaphor, this story of tennis stars and tennis "rackets" packs I tennis stars and tennis "rackets" packs an unexpected punch. The rise of a champ and the frank expose of the "expense money" source, comes as a real eye-opener to those of us who never gave it much thought. But so cleverly is it told as a fictional tale, it takes nothing away from the sport as a sport. Claire Trevor gives a socko performance as the greedy, ambitious mother who promotes her daughter, Sally Forrest, out of marriage with Robert Clark and into the tennis championship, Carleton G. Young is a smooth promoter and George Fisher the same genial radio announcer he is in real life.

Your Reviewer Says: Right across the net.

Program Notes: It was quite a sight to see the neat, trim, beautiful Ida Lupino enveloped in her director's chair, handling cast and crew with all the skill of an old time director. Ida and her producer-husband Collier Young dined together almost every evening during the shooting to discuss production chores . . . At a special preview hele at Toots Shor's famous New York bistro noted tennis players (some convinced the story was about them) pronounced it "good tennis" despite those behind-scenes dollar juggling . . . A New York cameraman trav eled to the Forest Hills matches in New York for long shots but portions of the For est Hills Inn were carefully reproduced or a Hollywood sound stage . . . Sally Forres spent weeks learning to smash a ball with championship technique and succeeded.

> VV (F) That's My Boy (Paramount)

MHEY'RE back again! Martin and Lewis those mad-hatter comics that rioted all over the screens in "My Friend Irma" an "At War with the Army" return in milder, homier sort of story that depend more on premise than gags for its laught And while the idea of anemic, introverte Lewis attempting to emulate the heroic of his father, an ex-All American footba star on the alma mater team is funn enough, the boys are best when allowe to run wild. There are plenty of laugh when string bean Lewis sets out to becom football star with handsome Dea Martin, the college hero, to help hin Eddie Mayehoff as Jerry's dominatin father provides the exact contrast the heightens the absurdity. Ruth Hussey Jerry's beautiful mother and Mario Marshall the co-ed both boys love.



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Your Reviewer Says: Lots of laughs.

Program Notes: Bedlam! Sheer, unadulterated bedlam broke out all over the Paramount lot when Martin and Lewis decided to disagree with their manager during the making of the film. Every kind of gag was perpetrated by the boys to keep the fuss going, which caused the cast to wonder if the comics were only having fun, if they were really as upset as they pretended or if they were coming down with whooping cough or something ... Polly Bergen had be-come slightly used to the Martin-Lewis capers, having made her movie debut with the boys in "At War with the Army" . . . Marion Marshall moved over from Twentieth to Paramount for her role and liked it so well she hopes to stay there . . . The college scenes were shot at Occidental College in Eagle Rock, a suburb of Los Angeles, with twenty-nine USC and UCLA football stars participating in the games.

 $V_{2}^{1/2}$ (A) St. Benny the Dip (U. A.) THREE hoodlums, Dick Haymes, Roland Young and Lionel Stander, take refuge from the police in a New York church basement and emerge as men of the cloth. Exchanging their own garments for the stolen ecclesiastical vestments, they seek shelter in a deserted Bowery mission. Here they are mistaken for real ministers by the police who jump to the conclusion the mission is about to be reopened. And by these three, yet. Of course, with little or no stress on the cranium you can take the story from there. You know they do open the mission and each finds regeneration in his own way. An interesting story idea acted out by clever people who never get into it, somehow. Nina Foch is quite good as the girl who finds romance with Haymes. Richard Gordon, Freddie Bartho-lomew, Oscar Karlweis, Dort Clark and Will Lee complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Hallelujah!

Program Notes: "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town" could well be the theme song, with cameras chasing the cast all over Manhattan for authentic background shots. When inside scenes were necessary the company moved into the old Biograph Studios where D. W. Griffith, the Gish sisters, the Talmadge girls and Valentino all began their trek to fame . . . Dick Haymes and Nina Foch are alien-born American citizens. Dick was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Nina in Leyden, Holland. Both came to the attention of the public through music; Nina as a pianist and Dick as a singer. This is Dick's first straight role, his one song far from the screen musical idea . . . Hidden cameras enabled the cast to get through most of their street scenes without attracting too



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much notice. A few heads turned at the sight of three scramming ministers but no one stopped to comment. Blasé New York, you

(A) Iron Man (U-I)
F YOU enjoy fight pictures—and we don't—this is one of the best to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. Jeff Chandler is so imbued with the spirit of his role, it's difficult to believe he is not the simple, easy-going coal miner, coerced into becoming a fighter, that he portrays. He is just that good. Counting on Jeff's murderous temper, once aroused, as a deadly weapon for success, his brother Stephen McNally and Jeff's girl, Evelyn Keyes, persuade Chandler to take to the ring. His lack of skill and ruthless bru-tality when crazed with temper make him a hated, thoroughly booed fighter. Once launched on his career, he is unable to stop before reaching his goal-the championship. This determination loses him his friend, Rock Hudson, a popular fighter; his bride, Miss Keyes; and his brother Mc-Nally who has managed his career. Jeff reaches his goal, in time, but when defending his title against his former friend, Hudson. Jeff undergoes a change of heart and tactics. Jim Backus is excellent as a sports writer, Hudson most personable as a fighter and McNally excellent as the brother. But it's Chandler's picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A he-man's movie if ever there was one.

Program Notes: Chandler and Hudson made all their own punches in this film. The two men trained for many weeks under the studio trainer, Frankie Van, undergoing a strict regime to keep in shape. Many mornings left drove through the studio gates at four thirty to have Bud Westmore plaster on swellings, bruises, cuts and black eyes before the cameras began turning at nine... Evelyn Keyes claims she's well on her way to being punch drunk after two terrific slappings around by Chandler, first in "Smuggler's Island" and then this one . . . McNally was sent home after the coal mine rescue sequence with a "black powder headache" caused by the explosive powders used for realism, After seven pictures in ten months McNally was ready to keel over from sheer exhaustion . . . Oddly enough, with all the slugging, the only casualty was sustained by Joyce Holden, who plays Evelyn's rival, when she fell over a burning can of resin used to create the smoggy atmosphere of a large arena. Miss Holden burned her hands and knees.

A with a mixture of English, French, Russian and German dialogue with translations-although the action is so selfexplanatory the English sub-titles really aren't necessary. The tale is laid in Vienna which is under joint occupation authority. In the center of Vienna is the International Zone where the four leading powers alternate in a monthly command and an M.P. from each country ride together in patrolling the area. A jeepload of M.P.'s made up of Ralph Meeker as the American; Yoseph Yadin the Russian, Dinan the Frenchman and Michael Medwin the Englishman, run into Viveca Lindfors who is under suspicion by the Russians because her husband fled a prison camp a few days before his scheduled release. The attempts of each man to aid Viveca—with the Rus-

(F) Four in a Jeep (U.A.)

N UNUSUAL and intriguing little movie

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting-and educa-

-form the basis of action.

sian torn between compassion and duty

Program Notes: Producer Lazar Wechsler planned to have his characters come from the countries whose citizens they portray in the picture, but Swedish-born Viveca Lindfors. playing an Austrian girl, was the one exception. Her accent, however, is perfect. . . . The entire film was shot in authentic locales, with Vienna being the one city remaining where Russian, French, British and American officials still work in cooperation with one another (at this writing, anyhow) Wechsler used great care in selecting the bomb-wrecked building used for the big chase sequence. Although the climax called for falling beams and collapsing partitions, he had to be sure the "accidents" wouldn't come off prematurely . . . Ralph Meeker had a regular tour of Europe during his last two pictures. Saw Italy for "Teresa." and Austria during the shooting of this film. Meeker. who replaced Marlon Brando in the New York production of "A Streetcar Named Desire" finally got to make a picture in Hollywood. He plays opposite Betty Hutton in "Somebody Loves Me."

(A) He Ran All the Way (U. A.) E RAN all right, with the audience breathless trying to keep pace with the swift and menacing action. John Garfield plays the runner and to the tiptop hilt, turning in a terrific performance. Mean-tempered, distrustful of everyone, ruthless as a cornered animal. John makes of this robber-murderer a thing not at all pleasant to behold. You can imagine, then, the helplessness of the Dobbs family when Garfield takes possession of their modest flat as a hideout, constantly keeping one member of the family near him as hostage. Shelley Winters is marvelous as the simple, trusting waitress who meets Garfield at a public swimming pool and takes him home to meet her father, Wallace Ford, her mother, Selena Royle, and kid brother. Bobby Hyatt. Each reacts in his own way to the unwelcome guest. Gladys George and Norman Lloyd complete the cast of which every one rates a "best."

Your Reviewer Says: Take your nerve pills with you, chums.

Program Notes: John Garfield did a double take one morning on the set when the call sheet for prop requirements read, "whiskey and chase her." Since the scene included peppy Shelley Winters, John was glad to oblige, only they hurriedly explained they meant "whiskey and chaser." However, the "chase her" command did happen when John accidentally dropped a hot cigarette ash on Shelley during a scene and set her filmy negligee ablaze. Like a shot Shelley took off over the sound stage with John in heroic pursuit. Wallace Ford came the next cropper when a sliver of wood ran into his finger during a five-page scene with Garfield. Ford calmly extracted the splinter as part of the action ... Bobby Hyatt, who began his career as a baby in "Penny Serenade," has completed 48 pictures in his young life, despite the fact he contracted polio at age seven... With R. B. Roberts, Garfield heads his own company, which produced this film.

Best Pictures of the Month

A Place in the Sun A Streetcar Named Desire Kind Lady The Frogmen Alice in Wonderland

Best Performances of the Month

Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters in "A Place in the Sun"

Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter in "A Streetcar Named Desire" Maurice Evans, Ethel Barrymore in "Kind Lady"



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Esther Williams, R.F.D. (Continued from page 55) building or furnishing.

Fit your home to your needs, too, your way of life. For example, Esther and Ben could have used damasks and velvets and silks. But they've two very young sons, so it's cotton throughout for the Gages. And for rugs Esther chose a colorful, sturdy multicolor floor covering. The style dates back to grandmother's era, when she used to make braided rugs from cast-off clothing. Esther's rug, however, is woven, with white cotton thread for the warp, and the woof of heavy, multicolor wool strips. It looks like an old-fashioned rag rug and

probably will wear well.
"I like old furniture," declares Esther.
"Pieces that have been lived with have a warmth and character that just cannot be imitated Reproductions are just not for me!"

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* The height of fashion is often the low of good taste."

. . . LORETTA YOUNG

beautiful, old pine pieces. Inches cut from the legs made one old table into a superb coffee table, right for the front of the large rose antique satin sofa. A dry sink serves as a table beside the sofa, and against the opposite wall, under the window, stands a magnificent, large old library table. Next to it there's a wonderful pine breakfront with a spoon rack in the front

ALTHOUGH Esther may not have thought of this, with children in the house there's an extra advantage in using old pieces. Every scar or nick blends with the others, instead of standing out, raw and naked, as it would on a shiny new surface.

"The cradle by the hearth," pointed Esther, "is old, of course, and we bought it for a wood box, but instead—we use it for the baby!" So she's filled it with blankets and topped it with a red shawl, ready for Kimmie at an instant. And right beside it stands a fine old Boston rocker, where she can sit and beam at her baby while rocking little Benjie.

Because the living-room is large, Esther chose large furniture pieces. Both the up-holstered wing chair and the frame wing chair are massive, so that they fit the room. Keeping in scale is very important to a well-decorated room. Small furniture pieces in a large room clutter and confuse the scheme. Crowding large scale pieces into a small area is every bit as bad. Next time you buy a chair or sofa, reserve final judgment until you see it in your home, and can determine whether the size really

The third upholstered chair is Ben's own. a deep-seated, button back, red leather chair and ottoman. The color blends with the brown, beige and rust-quilted cotton on the frame wing chair.

Esther used fine old indoor shutters for the lower half of the living-room windows. These date back to the period in which she is furnishing, but they're as right for today's homes as thermostat controls. She turned to fabric for the top window halves, using a gay green Pro-vincial-patterned chintz made into tailored curtains and topped with a valance. This combination makes for complete light control and maintains privacy as well.

With so much vibrant color in the fur-



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nishings, Esther specified simple back-grounds, white panelled walls, a barn paint ceiling and wonderfully finished peg and groove floors. A massive used-brick fireplace at one end of the room balances the wide bookcases on the opposite wall and the stairway leading to Esther's and Ben's bedroom. Speaking of the stairway, they didn't waste any space there! They panelled over the area underneath and use the

"You can see why we fell in love with this house," said Esther. "The kitchen!" And she's so right. It's the main feature, for it's kitchen, den, dining-room, family-room . . the hub of family activities. And so attractive that you just naturally gravitate

towards it.

Natural red quarry tile floors, used-brick corner fireplace, pine walls and a pitched, beamed ceiling set the tone for casual atmosphere. Doesn't sound much like a kitchen, but the cooking facilities, a built-in range and oven and cupboards for pans and foods, are all there tucked in a corner behind a bar-height partition. Red linoleum counters, cupboards and the sink round out the opposite corner, and between them a door opens to the service porch. All cup-boards are of natural-finished pine to go with the pine walls and beamed ceiling, rendering them completely inconspicuous.

THE rest of the room is devoted to living. The raised fireplace occupies the third corner where it's handy as a barbecue too, when that's on the menu for the Gages. The used-brick stretches to the ceiling and around the corner, with a few ledges and shelves to give it interest, altogether as handsome and unusual a facade as you'll see. It's no wonder that the Gages burn a fire there daily! Esther put red and white Provincial paper next to the fireplace, and flanked it with a folding chair-table and another Boston rocker.

The fourth corner's for those peaceful hours after dinner at the end of the busy day. Here's an inviting red studio couch, the bolsters covered with a red and green farm print, and the same print's used on a nearby lounge chair. A small pine dry sink stands beside the studio couch, holding a lamp and performing the functions of an

end table.

For meals, Esther put a maple drop-leaf table in the center of the room, under the quaint copper fixture, surrounded it with Windsor chairs, cushions of red and white checked gingham, and then finished it off with a smaller version of the living-room

rug on the quarry tile floor.

It's a wonderful, workable idea, this doubling up of functions in a room. You might be able to work it into your home. If you've a separate dining-room, why not use it as a den, too, by pushing the table and chairs to one side and adding a studio couch, your television set and perhaps a

If you're building a new home, why not borrow the kitchen-den-dining-room idea from Esther? It's an adaptation of the old "keeping rooms" of yesteryear.

A door in the Gage's "keeping room"

opens onto a small brick patio, shaded by a giant, ancient oak. On warm days it's perfect for breakfasts and lunches, so they move the table outdoors for a day or two. A picket fence edges the patio, making it a fine play-yard for young Benjie. Here's a good idea to jot down. The fence came from Esther's and Ben's other house, and when it was made, Ben had it mounted on pipe so that it could be moved.

Plans for the future include enlarging the

play-yard area, which will at the same time fence off the kidney-shaped pool on the upper level. Even though her children probably will swim like little minnows, Esther will take no chances of accidents.

When they bought the house, the tremendous attic space was untouched. Esther and Ben promptly took advantage of part of the space to make their master bedroom under the eaves, at the head of the stairs.

THEY utilized every nook and corner for cupboards or closets, the low ones for suits and coats, saving the tall wardrobes for long coats and dresses. They went at it so enthusiastically that actually they have storage to spare, and Angie, their gay little cocker spaniel, benefits therefrom. One entire cupboard in Esther's and Ben's bed-

room holds nothing but Angie's bed. "Angie's apartment," they call it.

Esther did their bedroom in soft yellow and gray, the pine ceiling, the knotty pine cupboard doors, the woodwork, all painted a really luscious, soft yellow. For the walls, she selected a medallion pattern that combined yellow, green and blue-gray, and she repeated the blue-gray in cotton carpeting. Although vellow sateen hangs at the windows in brief Dutch curtains, one fabric, yellow and gray striped cotton taffeta, is used for everything else in the room, quilted spreads, dust ruffles, slipper chair, studio couch, pillow covers . . . everything.

Whenever you're planning a room scheme, remember to keep it simple, and underdress the furnishings rather than overdress them. You can't make a mistake in combining fabrics when you use one and repeat it several times. If Esther had put a print on the slipper chair, and still a third fabric on the studio couch, the harmony and unity of the room would have been lost. It might have been attractive, but it wouldn't have the balance and serenity now evident.

She carried the carpeting, the wallpaper and the yellow woodwork into the adjoining tiny dressing-room and bath, so that one room seems to flow into the other. Consequently, you're not conscious of size

at all.

Both Esther and Ben always have liked headboards with shelves for radio, books, and miscellany, but these very definitely have a modern style that's not for the Gages! So they designed an adaptation which works like a charm. Since their bed was in the traditional, Early American style, they had the panels in the headboard cut out and replaced with sliding panels. Where the panels open, they inserted a shelf, behind the headboard. It amounts to an entire new back for the headboard, but it cannot be seen from the front when the panels are closed. The thickness can be seen from the side, of

course, but it is not objectionable.
You find this same, fresh thinking in the baby's room. It looked so large and he was so small, and they needed a place for the nurse, anyway, so they built a room within a room. In the corner, they partitioned off a space about 8' x 9'. White paneling forms the lower half of the partition, shutters the upper half, so that this section can be closed off entirely or opened up to the room. It's just right now for Kimmie's crib and dressing table and attendant paraphernalia. Later on, it will be a grand play and

toy area.

Benjie's room is as boyish as cowboys and Indians, and what's more, it's a room is a solution on the floor, natural pine-paneled walls and a high. beamed ceiling. Along one wall, between the ceiling and the top of the door, Esther put in a gay circus mural, and window shades on the opposite wall repeat the circus motif. They're in reds and blues and white, just enough color to lighten the

paneling.

THERE'S still loads of unused attic space over the living-room, which is earmarked for the Gage offspring. "Someday," says Esther, "when the boys are older, that will make a wonderful playroom. I can see model railroads, games, and just about everything up there. This is one house it would be hard to outgrow."

If necessary, they could even spread to

If necessary, they could even spread to the little pool house, though that would be unlikely. It would be adequate, though, because again, Esther and Ben refused to conform to tradition. When they planned the little dressing-room, it was to be just the standard type. "Hey," said Ben, "it's a long way to the kitchen. How about an easy way of providing refreshments?" So they redesigned the pool house. The whole front can be opened up, revealing the sink, the cupboards and the tiny refrigerator. Or just the upper half of the frest tendent. the upper half of the front can be opened, so that a counter is formed. The bath and dressing-rooms are to the left, behind and on a higher level than the front bar.
"Wait," said Esther. "Why build just a couple of dressing-rooms? Why not make

one large enough to hold a chair and a studio couch? That way, the pool house can double as a guest house if ever we should need it."

Ben agreed, and it was done. A red studio couch with chartreuse bolsters stands on the spatter paint floor, framed with red and white Provincial paper in the popular Cloverleaf pattern. Woodwork is white. The exterior is styled after the main house and wears the same yellow with white trim.

Esther has great plans for the landscaping, too. There will be ivy and geraniums taking over the banks, colorful petunias edging the brick paths, violets and shade flowers dug in at the base of the giant oaks. It's all to look natural and casual, straight from Mother Nature's book, and it's well on the way right now.

THE END

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EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

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She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

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PHOTOPLAY

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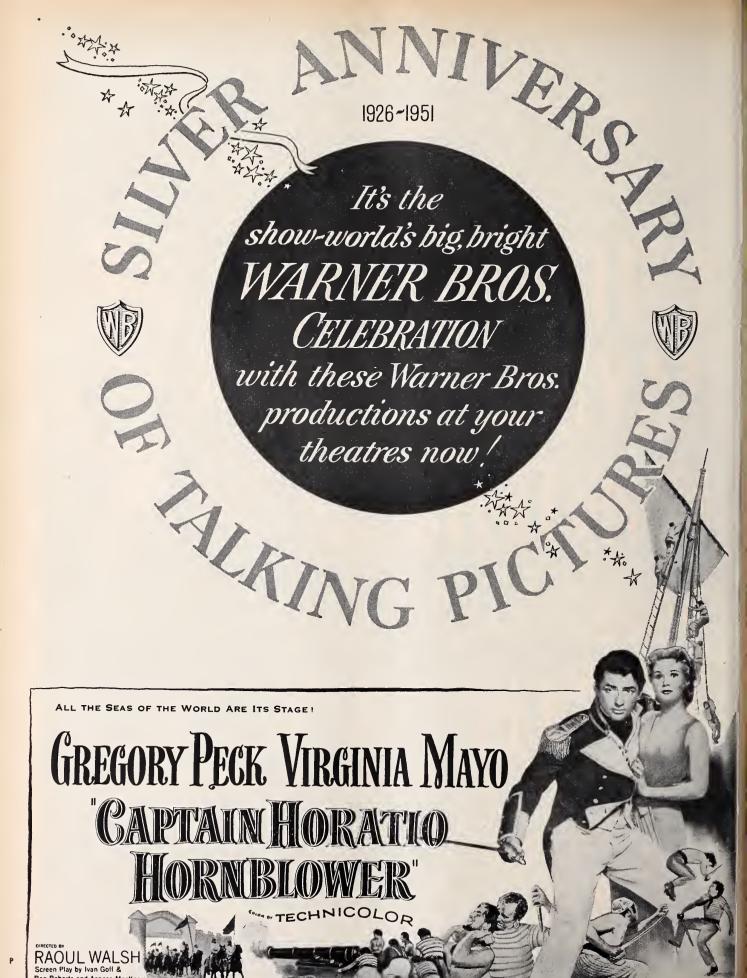
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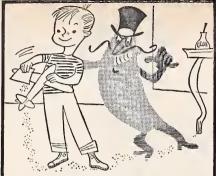
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As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick





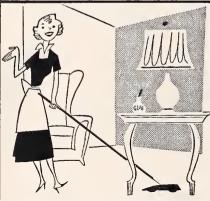
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Cheers & Jeers:

Why doesn't Marilyn Monroe wipe that sexy look off her face and give out with a good old down-to-earth American smile? She looks like she is just about to burst out crying in every picture I have ever seen her in. She is really beautiful—but why spoil beauty with a straight face?

JEANINE SUMMERFORD Houston, Tex.

May I wave my Festival of Britain Union Jack for all concerned with the Warner film, "Storm Warning," which I saw last night. This gripping American motion picture had me, to quote a British saying. "sweating cobs" throughout.

NEIL KITCHINGMAN Blackpool, England

Why is Hollywood flooding the market with war pictures? When we go to the theatre we go to forget the heartaches and misfortunes that surround us. More comedies and musicals are what we need.

Bell, Calif.

Everyone has been so busy nixing Susan Hayward's beautifully mussed-up hair that they seem to have completely overlooked Jean Simmons's wild and woolly mop. At least Susan's hair-do is supposed to be considered sexy, but what's Jean's excuse?

SHIRLEY PALLATTO Xenia, O.

Casting:

I have heard that Olivia de Havilland was going to do a movie of "Romeo and Juliet." I think this plot would make a wonderful movie, but I do not think it would be right for Miss de Havilland. She is a fine actress, but Juliet was fourteen years of age and Miss de Havilland is thirty-five. However, I believe that Debra Paget, Ann Blyth, Elizabeth Taylor, or Jean Simmons would be perfect for the role. Either Tony Curtis or John Derek would make a fine Romeo.

CAROL HEDLUND, Tacoma, Wash.

Since Clark Gable is now over fifty, wouldn't it be a good idea for M-G-M to groom handsome and muscular Ricardo Montalban for roles that Clark played? For instance, Ricardo and Lana Turner would make a sizzling team in a remake of "Red Dust" (the former Gable-Harlow starrer).

ROBERT MANDICH Newburgh, N. Y.

I would like to see a re-make of the grand old hit, "Seventh Heaven," with June Allyson and Farley Granger in the roles of *Diane* and *Chico*.

MILDRED RUTH POWELL Altoona, Pa.

Hollywood has made a lot of biography movies and cast them well. For example, Glenn Ford as Ben Hogan, Tony Dexter as Valentino, Mario Lanza as Caruso and Larry Parks as Jolson.

Now in two forthcoming pictures, they have spoiled a record. First, casting James Mason as Rommel in "The Desert Fox" when Robert Douglas looks enough like him to be his twin. Second, casting Will Rogers Jr. to play his famous dad when

Noah Beery Jr. looks more like Will Rogers than his son.

THALIA DUNN Loveland, Colo.

Question Box:

Could you tell me who played Casey in "Take Care of My Little Girl" and a little about her?

MARGARET ANNE HENNESSEE Morganton, N. C.

(Carol Brannon. She has blonde hair. brown eyes, is married and has a baby son. She previously had featured roles in "Adventures in Baltimore," "Cynthia" and "Flame of Youth.")



I have just seen "The Great Caruso" and I was told that Mario Lanza didn't do any singing but Caruso records were played. Could you tell me if this is true?

MARGARET HALSTEAD

Bloomingburg, N. Y.

(That was really Lanzo vou heard.)

Could you tell me how many times Janet Leigh has been married? Some people say that Tony Curtis is her fourth husband

B. MULHOLLAND Philadelphia, Pa.

(Tony is Janet Leigh's third husband.)

I recently read that Farley Granger once had a crush on June Haver and I've been wondering ever since if they've ever been introduced. It seems to me that they'd be absolutely perfect together. Farley needs someone to tone him down. Devout little June is just the person to do it.

Mrs. Ed Johnson Shawnee, Okla.

(They met eoch other on the 20th Century-Fox lot when Farley was making "The Purple Heart" and dated for a time.)

Bob Wagner has been my favorite actor since I saw "Halls of Montezuma." I sat through his current picture "The Frogmen" twice but I couldn't recognize him. Could you possibly print a scene from that picture with Mr. Wagner in it?

JANET SIKORSKI,

Brooklyn, N. Y.



(Wagner (left) played Lieut. Franklin. He was one of the men with Gary Merrill (right), who watched with concern when the speed boats of Frogmen went out on first mission in picture. We had trouble spotting him, too.)

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LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station,)

Van Johnson asked a friend about the blonde he was with the night before. The friend replied: "She was the brunette you saw me with the night before that."

Dick Erdman tells about the actor who took his TV fan son to a movie theatre for the first time. The kid's comment was: "Gosh, Pop, they get good reception here."

Miriam Hopkins hired a French maid who told her when interviewed that she would not work for temperamental movie stars. Now Miriam is whispering to friends: "She still doesn't know I'm an actress. I'm giving my best performance."

Definition of a gentleman: A wolf with patience.

Someone asked Andy Devine if he had ever been nominated for an Oscar during his long movie career. "Nope," replied Andy, "the closest I ever got to an Oscar was loaning money to a couple of people who won 'em."

A London newsman is still blushing about asking Bette Davis for her recipe for lasting wedlock. She snapped: "Obviously I'm no authority. I'm on my fourth marriage."

They're telling about the housewife who keeled over when junior ran into the kitchen yelling, "Mummy, the vegetable man's outside."

She'd just seen "The Thing" the night before.

Lois Andrews's farewell party, before she left for a Hawaiian vacation, brought out six of her ex-boy friends, including former husband George Jessel. Cracked Lois: "If nothing else, this party proves I have ex-appeal."

Director Lloyd Bacon's comment after seeing one of those swashbuckling movies: "It buckled when it should have swashed."

Vic Mature, hailing the fact that Holly-wood has never had a social 400: "It's wonderful. You never hear anyone in Holly-wood say, 'She comes from a very nice family'."

Dave Garroway knows a new perfume that drives women m-a-a-d! It smells like money

When Agent Al Melnick's tiny MG automobile stalled in Beverly Hills, Macdonald Carey advised him:

"Better not choke it. Just burp it."

Bob Hope's explanation of why a husband always notices another woman's clothes, but never his wife's gown: "When a man knows what's in the package, he doesn't care how it's wrapped."

Starlet to store clerk: "This sweater fits perfectly—I'll take a size smaller."

Gordon MacRae says he knows a psychiatrist who advertises: "Positive cure in two years or your mania back."



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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

About eight years ago I met a brilliant professional man in his early fifties. He was educated abroad, and—as an only child

-always had many family advantages, and never had to share anything. His mother

EAR MISS COLBERT:

What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

justments because you have no basic understanding upon which to build. Better to make the best possible financial settlement on the apartment building and at-

I am a young man, twenty-one years old, and have been in the Navy two years. What I want to know is, what is the matter with me when it comes to women? While in school I played football, baseball, and all kinds of sports. And I might add, modestly, that my marks were quite high.

All through school and as far back as I can remember I've tried to be like a regular joe, and like my five brothers. But when it comes to girls, I am a first class flop! When (not often) I take a girl out to a movie. dinner, driving or dancing I can never think of anything to say. I'm stumped. She must think I'm a square, and usually such a girl drops me like a hot

It is easy for me to write to a girl. I'm corresponding with one now, and have been for six months. I've never met her, but at the end of a pen I'm happy, talkative, and interested.

But as soon as I see this girl, I'm afraid it will be the same thing over again. What should I do to be like an ordinary and regular guy that girls like?

Martin L.

There's a very simple remedy for your problem. The reason you are tongue-tied on a date is that somehow you've acquired the notion that girls belong to some mysterious race from another world. Apparently you had only brothers in your family, no sisters. A sister would have proved to you that the difference between the interests of girls and men are in the minor-

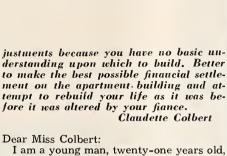
ity.
Don't forget that, nowadays, little girls as well as little boys wear Hopalong Cassidy outfits, fight battalions of invisi-ble Indiaus and have the same trouble with third grade arithmetic.

When you have a date with a girl, forget entirely—for the first hour of the date—that your companion is a girl. Pretend, instead, that she is your favorite brother, and talk to her exactly as you would to him: about life in the Navy, about funny things that have happened aboard ship, about what steps you are taking to improve your rating. And ask the girl the same general questions you would ask your brother: about a job, about the ball game, about politics.

Then, to remind the girl that she is a girl, pay her a compliment. If you like the color of her dress, say so. If you think her eyes are a lovely shade of brown, say so.

A combination of man-to-man conversation and well-planned flattery should make you the Lochinvar of your Naval

> Claudette Colbert (Continued on page 86)



You, too, could be more confident appealing charming

> Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

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passed away about five years ago. When I net him I was a successful business woman. I am now in my late forties. This

nan suggested that my mother and I (my nother has always lived with me) move nto his huge house, and that he and I be narried in the fall. My mother said she thought a married

couple should have at least their first year vithout outside interference, so the three of us agreed to build an apartment for her is an addition to my fiance's house. Mother nd this man disagreed about every step of he construction. By the time the apartment vas completed, they weren't speaking. This nan is still wonderful to me, but he has aid frankly that he thinks my mother ates him and he loathes her. I have been vondering whether this marriage would ver work out.

My mother is in her early seventies and s in perfect health. She comes from hardy people who usually live well into their ineties, so she would have about twenty ears of misery to face if I should decide

o marry this man.

However, if we decide to move out now, ve stand to lose over two thousand dollars vhich we invested in the apartment. Furhermore, I might find it difficult to secure mployment again. I can't understand this nan. He is still wonderful to me, but he an't abide my mother. Mother likes this nan, and she is sweet and understanding nd wants to do only what will be best for ne, but she can't support herself, so she nd I must remain together.

What can a woman do in a situation of

his sort?

Diane V.

I suspect that the personality conflicts etween your mother and your fiance robably she is totally different from his wu mother, so he rejects her in that role. Ipparently you are an only child, so your nother has never had a son and cannot eccept your fiance in that relationship. Ind I am somewhat disturbed to note that ou have said nothing of your own atti-ude toward this man. You haven't stated hat you love him.

Your attitude seems entirely self-sacri-icing, and your chief interest seems to ie, not in your own emotional problem, ut in reconciling your mother and your iance. That being the case, I must susect that you had decided to marry for ecurity. This seldom works out happily

If you love this man and he loves you, he two of you should be able to work ut a happy solution: Perhaps your nother should be installed in her own ottage and you should spend a certain veriod of time with her each day. However, if you don't love the man,

here is little point in trying to make ad-





cal york's gossip of hollywood

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cal york on "hollywood love story"

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, NBC...the latest Hollywood news and a complete drama of Hollywood life

Eve Miller doesn't go along with those rumors about Kirk Douglas being difficult—he helped her with her first important role in "The Big Trees"

John and Loretta Agar spent most of their honeymoon backstage when John played opposite Joan Evans in "Peg o' My Heart." On opening night Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds couldn't wait for Joan to get out of her costume, but rushed back to congratulate her

Spotlight stealers: Since it's the thing for co-stars to attend premieres, Gigi Perreau, in first grown-up formal, and Jimmy Hunt figured they would, too





INSIDE STUFF



The French touch: Shelley Winters, Marge and Gower Champion were among many stars who cheered the Los Angeles debut of Paris sensation Josephine Baker

• Movietown Mutterings: Now that Mr. Big has checked off the Culver City lot, Hollywood wonders which M-G-M stars will follow L. B. Mayer. Lana Turner hasn't signed her new deal, Esther Williams shows signs of stalling same and now they're beginning to bait Ava Gardner, who still has several years to go on her old contract... The plot of "The Long Dark Hall" is raising raised eyebrows. Even friends wonder how Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer could lend their talents and not feel self-conscious ... Betty Hutton's bouncing much better since C. B. De Mille talked her out of seeing the daily rushes in the studio projection room ... It's an old Hungarian custom to wrap yourself up in a down-filled quilt at sleepytime. For a wedding present, his mother made one—for two—for Tony Curtis.

Border-line Case: "You mean you've never seen a bull fight?" Ann Sheridan just looked at Cal pityingly and further words failed her. But the following Sunday morning,







On their toes: Janice Rule, a ballerina from Broadway, finally
dances for the screen with Gene Nelson in "Starlift." He
recovered from a badly strained back to do big
gaucho number to tune of "What Is This Thing Called Love?"

that's HOLLYWOOD

for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY





Whenever I look at a picture of Jean Simmons quickly I think it's Elizabeth Taylor. But when I look at a picture

of Liz Taylor quickly, I never think it's Jean Simmons. You figure it out. I can't . . . Arlene Dahl gives the *Tarzan* yell when she wants Lex Barker to come a-running . . . All movies look so old on television . . . Doris Day's face is either a smile or a grin . . . Sterling

Sterli

a scene with her leading man because his shoes weren't shined!

Janiee Rule is the prettiest newcomer in pictures. She looks beautiful even with her hair in curlers . . . Whenever I see a night watchman in a movie I always settle back and wait for a robbery seene . . . Clark Gable will read any book or seenario if you tell him it's another "Gone with the Wind" . . . Bette Davis wears classy lingeric. "I may not look like the feminine kid," she says, "but I am" . . . Tom Jenk claims there are so many ups and downs in movie eareers that he ealls the town Hillywood... Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis together are the best example of cheeseeake and beefeake. Incidentally, immediately after their wedding, Janet phoned Tony's mother and said, "Hello, Mrs. Schwartz. This is Mrs. Schwartz"... Starlets, who want to make good in Hollywood, should remember that good diction is not good acting.

When an actress tells me that she didn't get anywhere because she's not that kind of a girl, I know she's the kind of a girl who's minus talent . . . Watch for a bundle named Cleo Moore. Pound for pound, she makes Dagmar look round-shouldered . . . Mike Curtiz, discussing television and the movies, said, "I can see the handwriting on the rooftops" . . . Kirk Douglas acts just as hard in still pictures as he does in moving pictures . . . I wish I could tell you what Gene Kelly said to Vera-Ellen, but what I can tell you is that it made a sexier dancer out of her . . . Dan Dailey has been going out quite a bit with Ann Miller. Dan told me he likes Ann because she's unlike most actresses-she doesn't always talk about her career . . . Constance Smith has just about the whitest skin of any actress.



Kelly

When an actor wants to look and feel younger than he actually is, he wears a bow tie. A starlet who should know confided this to me . . . Farley Granger, discussing marriage, said, "Of course I want to get married. But what I have to offer as a husband is pretty much standard equipment"... Fine pictures about Something are now doing business because people want to escape from the escapes!... In "Aaron Sliek from Punkin Creek," a quartette is seen singing, but the song they sing was recorded by ten people . . . A famons producer, after hiring a star, said, "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it" . . . Movies are better than ever but you can't prove it by the second

feature . . . I'm glad Marion Marshall is getting the chance she deserves in pictures. She can be a star.



Whenever I meet Mala Powers at a party I think she is going whenever I meet Maia Powers at a party I think she is going to ask the movie stars for their autographs . . . Everyone likes Mario Lanza in "The Great Caruso" except the genuine Caruso fans . . . Whenever an actress wants to look excite in a scene she wears long earrings . . . I'm waiting for Howard Hughes to make a sequel, call it "The Things," and star Jane Russell . . . The fashion designers predict higher hemlines and lower necklines. "I don't know where it's leading to," Scott Brady says, "but when it happens I want to be there" . . . The only thing "but when it happens I want to be there" . . The only thing padded about Marilyn Monroe are the shoulders in her suits, if

you happen to look there . . . The producer couldn't decide whether William Powell should wear his moustache in "Treasure of Lost Canyon." Powell shaved off his moustache to show how he looked without it. The decision was to wear the moustache. Then the make-up department had to paste one on him for the role. That's Hollywood for you.

INSIDE

Annie, Jeff Chandler and a group of friends lassoed this laddie and we were on our way to Tia Juana. Caramba—Scaramba, we wished we had kept-our trap shut! Well, the pageantry and excitement got us too and we ended up tossing our tamales! Speaking of el torro (the bull, that is) just about everyone from Hollywood was there taking movies. In the first row behind the third barrier, we saw handsome Bob Stack with pretty Claudette Thornton. Kirk Douglas and Shelley Winters were in the same party. We aren't sure they were together; how-ever, we are sure that Kirk was seen by everyone. He sat on the rail part of the time and faced the audience. After receiving the losing bull's ear, which is a red hot honor in below the border town, Senorita Sheridan entertained for Arruza, the greatest living matador. In-"cluded were those two famous Hollywood "matadors," Antonio Moreno and Gilbert Roland. Senor York says: "Viva la Mexico!"

Inside Hollywood: Gary Cooper wearing a pink tie with his dark blue shirt, dining in an inconspicuous corner of an inconspicuous Chinese restaurant. Publicly previewing her new dark hair, Patricia Neal sitting opposite . . . No one seems to know exactly what happened, but Gene Nelson's wife is no longer allowed to work out his studio dances with him. She is no longer on the studio pay roll and some say the studio "welcome" mat seems to be missing . . . Virginia Mayo's sudden interest in night baseball games really puzzled Mike O'Shea. Them he discovered his beautiful wife loves to sit there and watch the screen of a drivein theatre that adjoins the ball park.

In Case You Care: Peter Lawford has offered to give Howard Duff surf-boardriding lessons . . . Bette Davis, who has finally gotten around to writing her life story, has no intention of playing it herself or allowing another actress to bring it to the screen . . . Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are so-o-o in love, they slip away in the midst of Hollywood parties to be alone—together . . . Some people have



Jeanne Crain's husband, Paul Brinkman gets his hair cut at studio-now their children insist on going there too.

STUFF

bats in the belfry but Ray Milland has owls in his treetops and doesn't give a hoot who knows it!

Mystery Manor: Maybe their cats were having a night out, but there wasn't a purr or a peep the night the James Masons invited Cal for dinner. However, there were excellent paintings of their pets on the drawing-room walls. The artist? None other than the talented British actor himself. Mrs. Mason is a welcome addition in the Hollywood hostess department. She's gay, witty; the Chinese food served buffet style was intriguing to Deborah Kerr, Dorothy Maguire, Faith Domergue, who of course were there with their husbands. Cal's friendship with Jean Hersholt dates back to the days he worked with Marie Dressler, so it was wonderful seeing him again. Aside from his duties as Dr. Christian, the beloved Jean donates the rest of his services to the industry he loves. "This house was originally built by Buster Keaton," James Mason told us. "They say there's a room hidden under the swimming pool, but we've never been able to find the secret passageway!" Next time—Cal promised—he'd bring his fur-lined diving suit!

Million Dollar Newsboy: Farley Granger thought her face looked familiar the day rehearsals started on "Strangers on a Train." By lunchtime he learned her name was Laura Elliott, she was under contract to Paramount. Alfred Hitchcock had borrowed her to play (and how she played it!) the girl who gets murdered by Robert Walker. At the end of the day with rehearsals finished and everyone relaxed, Laura walked over to Farley. "You don't remember me, do you?" she bantered.

Embarrassed, he admitted he was sorry, he couldn't place her. "There's no reason why you should," laughed Laura. "You used to deliver our evening paper when I was a little girl living with my family in North Hollywood!" Casting an appreciative eye, Farley grinned, then answered: "I'll be glad to do it again—any-time!"



Pat Neal, a brunette now, chats between scenes with co-star Van Heslin on set of their picture, "Week-end with Father"

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



At Romanoff's following "Show Boat" premiere: Katie Grayson, Betty Hutton

Hollywood has gone hog-wild again on the subject of big fancy premieres, the likes of which have been few and far between in recent years. It's been a long time since the town has seen the likes of the goings-on at the open-ing of "Show Boat." Stars from all studios turned out and gave the hundreds of oglers in the bleachers plenty to shout and squeal at-and they sure did. When Ava Gardner walked in on the arm of Frank Sinatra, their first such appearance together (see page 52), the crowd and photographers just went maaad! Katie Grayson was beautiful in a white satin off-the-shoulder dress, cut low, with a tight bodice, very full, floor-length skirt. Katie sported a big white mink stole with this. Clark Gable, a rare sight at these events, arrived with producer and Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffin. Right on their heels came Celeste Holm, in white chiffon

with matching voluminous chiffon stole and ablaze with jewels—on the arm of her ex, Schuyler Dunning! The Gene Nelsons (his pretty wife in white, too, plus ermine stole), Marilyn Maxwell and Arthur Loew Jr., Ann Miller and Dan Dailey (who danced up to the mike when it was their turn), Ann Blyth with Scott Brady, Betty Hutton clowning with Groucho Marx on the way in, were just a few on hand. Some went on to a semi-private dinner dance at Mike Romanoff's, others bulged the walls of Mocambo later.

Almost as hectic was the gala "preem" staged for the opening of "Bright Victory." Fans had lined up along curbs and filled the bleachers hours before "curtain time." Janet Leigh in a simple, full-skirted evening dress of white ribbed silk, was wearing her hair slicked back tight with a large knot low in the back. A cute touch was the semi-circle of small white flowers down the sides of her head behind each ear. Scott Brady was with Dorothy Malone that eve. Sally Forrest, with Milo Frank, looked darling in a gown of pale pink net combined with deep red! Its long-waisted skin-tight bodice was pink, but the tiny shoulder straps were rose red. Over the huge skirt of pink net was a large drape of red net, caught up at the waist with a few large velvet roses. That's an idea for changing an old formal—with a few yards of contrasting material and a few hours of toil—into a beautiful new dress.

The vogue for separates still continues. Betty Hutton has a mad pash for blouses—whether for marketing or heavy-dating. One in her collection is a dead white silk jersey, with a high, soft cowlish neckline, short sleeves slightly gathered up toward the shoulder seams—no trimming, perfectly plain. This little number is perfect with daytime skirts or even with slacks and great hunks of costume jewelry. It looks just as good tucked into the filmiest of skirts. Another blouse is black lace over pink silk with a low square neckline, tiny puffed sleeves. Betty wears it with a full calf-length rose cotton satin skirt, or a black taffeta cocktail skirt.

One of the most beautiful supper-dances given in Filmville for many a moon was the affair designer Don Loper tossed for popular socialite Emmy Burlingham. Don took over the new private-party room at Romanoff's. As the 130 guests entered, they saw two enormous swans fashioned of various white flowers at each end of the bar. At each side of the few steps leading down to the dining-room, with its oval-shaped dance floor, was a boxed tree, the tree a solid mass of gardenias. The tables (for eight) were covered with navy blue cotton cloths, all with centerpieces of white blooms and candles. Whirling around till the wee hours were Cesar Romero, Connie Moore (in a gorgeous white chiffon Loper creation), Mrs. Darryl Zannek (stunning in leaf-green taffeta), Norma Shearer, the Louis Jourdans, the Bill Powells. In the midst of the party Don presented Emmy with her birthday cake. It was made entirely of gardenias and when Emmy "cut" it, the "cake" fell apart—and there were little individual corsages of gardenias for every femme at the soiree! That's better than fat-making pastry, huh?

Speaking of cakes—Annie-pie Sheridan took Jean Simmons, Jeff Chandler and some other chums into the Brown Derby for lunch on her birthday and owner Bob Cobb promptly presented her with a cake in the shape of a hat. Not a derby—just a fancy lady's hat. But Ann's cake was edible—candy feathers and all.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

WHISPERING ABOUT

Dale Robertson

BY HERB STEIN

Rita Hayworth's press splurge on her return to Hollywood. And just a coupla short years ago the fourth estate was lambasting her carryings-on. Ditto Ingrid Bergman, who'll get the same welcome when she returns. After a bit, folks forget . . . Marlene Dietrich's air interview with Louella O. Parsons in which Marlene gave out with tips on glamour and men but neglected to mention what her escorts through the years admired most about her: Her attentiveness on a date—none of that wandering-eye stuff at a night club, restaurant or party. Her optics stick on the man what brung her! . . Former cowpuncher Dale Robertson, now headed for stardom at Twentieth, who won his contract kissing

Betty Grable, says, "I don't understand how actors can complain about their jobs. It's easier kissing Betty than wrestling steers." And more fun, too.

Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, supposedly quitting Hollywood forever . . . Many think the complete sellout of Lamarr's possessions was a result of discussions with her psychiatrist—an attempt to block out her entire past . . . Will Rogers Jr. dumping twenty pounds so he can play the role of his famous daddy in the picture at Warner Brothers . . . Lester Lee turning over his new Christmas song exclusively to Frankie Sinatra. Titled "My Christmas Wish," no other vocalist can touch it for a year.

If Errol Flynn has his way, a full year will elapse before he makes another picture. First time that'll have happened since 1935. It's his very bad back . . . Maureen O'Hara's brothers making it on their own. Ace megger John Ford picked 'em for "The Quiet Man" from the Abbey Players, says they're two of the five top actors in Ireland today . . . Comic Lee Goodman's line when he's done partner Jimmy Kirkwood a favor and Jim asks how he can repay him. Snaps Lee, "Try money."

Irishman Dennis Day teaching Mitzi Gaynor Yiddish so she can taunt producer George Jessel . . . The fact that there isn't a First Lady in Hollywood today: Pickford, Swanson, Shearer, Garbo held the "throne" in their days. But who now? Loretta Young and Irene Dunne would certainly be in the running . . . Paulette Goddard's preference for sable, claims "mink is too common" (1) . . . Clark Gable planting one right on Brod Crawford's kisser at a restaurant—but the blow wasn't intended for Brod. Seems some visiting yokels were tossing vicious remarks at Gable, Crawford and other guys at their table, threatened to punch the screen tough guys. Gable, defending himself, let go with his still-powerful right and Crawford, trying to break the whole mess up, caught the blow.

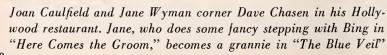
INSIDE

Wonderful One: Take Cal's word for it, those things they're saying behind Nancy Sinatra's back are all true! We found ourselves sitting next to her at Barbara Stanwyck's dinner party. Pretty, petite, Nancy spoke with warmth and enthusiasm about her home, children, those different classes she's attending at a local university. Not that we needed proof of her level-headed way of thinking. Nancy confided: "Just because my name was news for the moment, several producers wanted me to make a screen test. I have no talent for acting, I don't want to be an actress; there are hundreds of girls in Hollywood who are much better looking and need the work. Don't you think I was right to say—'No'?' Cal can only say that it would be difficult to imagine Nancy Sinatra not being right—

Round-up: Gene Evans of "Steel Helmet" fame and Champ Butler, the Mocambo singing sensation, are both happy fugitives from parking lots. As a result, every movie-struck kid in town is trying to land the same kind of job... According to the critics, Yvonne De Carlo's operatic Hollywood Bowl debut in "Die Fledermaus" didn't give singers at the Met anything to worry about... An old fireplace from an old house in Portland, Maine, is being sent through the Panama Canal by Phyllis Thaxter's mother, for her famous daughter's home in Burbank... Now that the separated Jeff Chandlers have settled everything but the property settlement, the big guy calls on his kids and has dinner with his family several times a week... When Ann Sothern announced she was returning to the New York theatre, her first congratulatory letter came from the maid who worked for her when she made her original theatrical debut in the Broadway hit "Of Thee I Sing."

Tease for Two: Dan Dailey, who didn't even know Ann Miller when M-G-M held







Just an old-fashioned girl: Dinah Shore's all dressed up for her part in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek." Alan Ladd cycled over to Dinah's set to say hello

STUFF

his contract, is now calling for her at that studio when she works late . . . Lew Ayres, gray and distinguished looking, is now dating Coleen Gray, gay and not easily extinguished looking . . . Ann Blyth and Richard Clayton at the "Bright Victory" premiere, her first Hollywood date since returning from Europe . . . Vera-Ellen and A. C. Lyles entering the Cocoanut Grove as Denise Darcel and Rock Hudson leave it. Vera and Rock so happy to see each other, one wonders why they weren't together . . . Steve Cochran telling everyone who knows her that he'd like to date Joan Evans, while Joanie tells everyone who knows her, that she's plenty pleased to be dating her protege Lee Kirby.

Names and News: Celeste Holm surprised and shocked Hollywood with her "temporary separation" announcement from airline executive Schuyler Dunning. They have a three-year-old son, Danny. Celeste also has a growing son by a former marriage . . . After trouble, which included an official separation and a reconciliation, Gloria Grahame and Nick Ray, her director husband, have failed to save their marriage again. A property settlement is in the offing . . . Burt Lancaster became a father in Italy where he is making a picture, when his wife gave birth to a baby girl (their fourth child) in Santa Monica . . . Following her third operation since the Caesarian birth of twins, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart received a solid gold miniature bed pan for her charm bracelet—from you know what humorous husband... Lee Bowman is so sold on TV, he turned his back to movie offers while he was vacationing in Santa Monica this summer. Lee, who has been in pictures over fourteen years, now intends to spend all his time in the East, alternating between his radio role of alternating between his radio role of Jonathan Kegg on "A Life in Your Hands," his TV series of Ellery Queen, and all and any guest shots that come

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Ilollywood Correspondent

Betty Grable, queen of the box office, dragged her weary and famous legs up to the boss's office last May and asked for a vacation. She got one-on suspension and minus her \$8,000-a-week pay check.

Miss Grable went home to rest and take in that mecca for tired movie stars, the horse races. But back at the Fox film factory, her absence was making the studio grow fonder of two somebody elses. Hollywood buzzed with the news that Susan Hayward and Mitzi Gaynor were being groomed to squeeze into Betty's throne. Susan was hurried into her first musical, "With a Song in My Heart." Miss Hayward, until now a moody emoter who never showed off her curves, was ordered to get her legs into shape. Susie even took home a pipe organ so she could exercise by pumping on the foot pedals. While Miss H. was pumping, we looked in on Miss G. to see how she was taking these "other women."



Grable in "Meet Me After the Show"

Betty, rested and suntanned, just grinned that her shape and dancing were always expendable, anyway. "Plenty of girls can do my work," she shrugged. "I think it's wonderful if the studio can get somebody else to do it. Anybody can be replaced, I don't care who they are. There's plenty of room for everybody."

Miss Grable says she's Mitzi's "most terrific booster," too. Mitzi made her debut

miss Grante says sines Midzis most terrine booster, too. Midzi made her debut in "My Blue Heaven" with Betty. "I told everybody at the studio that this girl will be a big star," she explained. "She was my own selection."

Betty insists she didn't give movies a thought after she worked her legs to the bone over a hot dance floor. "Everybody said I'd miss the movie business, but I never even thought about it. All summer I didn't even talk to anybody at the studio. I decided I'd wait until late fall to see if I had the urge to go back."

And what do Betty's replacements think? Miss Gaynor says wide-eyed that "Betty

is wonderful" and can never be replaced. And Miss Hayward says if Fox wants another Grable they'd better get somebody else. Susie insists that "With a Song in My Heart" is her first and last attempt at being a song-and-dance beauty. "It was a challenge and I loved doing it, but never again," she said firmly. "It's the hardest work I ever did. I never knew what Betty and June Haver went through.

The studio is busy writing more musicals for Susie, though. And the set workers

call her "Legs Hayward."

"Are they kidding?" she sniffed. "Don't get me confused with Betty and Rita."





Mike O'Shea's wife, Virginia Mayo, shows off pearl embroidered cardigan at charity baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and the Sacramento Solons

Chit-chat between friends: Spencer Tracy, in dressing-room on set of "The People Against O'Hara," has a lot to talk about with his old pal, Clark. Gable's quite a guy in "Lone Star"



Show Business: Those behind-thescenes stories that tug at the heartstrings, usually tie in with opening night
and the curtain going up. With the very
different Joan Evans, it was a very different experience. Naturally, when she
appeared in "Peg O' My Heart" at the
Ivar Theatre, the terrific little trouper
was very sad because her mother couldn't
be in the audience. It was a moment they
had dreamed of, but illness is no respecter of sentiment. Joan played to
capacity houses for week after week.
Finally, on closing night the entire town
had seen the show and there was a small
audience. To the bright star it was the
greatest audience of all, because the doctor had given her mother permission to
be in front. Joan's performance that
night was an inspiration.

Untold Story: Everyone in authority on the M-G-M lot was against making "The Great Caruso." But if it was the last thing he did, studio production head L. B. Mayer determined he was going to see his faith justified and bring the story to the screen. Endless opposition only strengthened the executive's ambition. Finally the picture was made and a great star, in the person of Mario Lanza, was born. Today "The Great Caruso" is one of the top money-makers of the year. L. B. Mayer, who made the best pictures and discovered the greatest stars in Hollywood history, is no longer on the M-G-M lot. Amongst his many memories is a letter from the younger man who succeeded him. Dore Schary, now in full charge of studio production, was one of those who was willing to admit that he was wrong about "Caruso" and Mr. Mayer was oh, so right!

Peeks at Premieres: Seen at "People Will Talk" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre: Scott Brady celebrating Dorothy Malone's arrival back in town, beaming brighter than a searchlight . . . Sally Forrest showing her engagement ring to

the fans in the bleachers, while Milo Frank pantomimes—"I gave it to her!" ... Cary Grant (star of the picture) and Betsy Drake, asking co-star Jeanne Crain for a remedy for knocking knees ... Tall, tantalizing Rory Calhoun holding his tiny missus (Lita Baron) up to the mike ... the Louis Jourdans, K. T. Stevens and Hugh Marlowe and many more people will talk about this picture they can't forget.

Seen at "Bright Victory" at Carthay Circle Theatre: Patricia Neal with the Van Heflins without Gary Cooper . . . Ann Sothern in red and white, Richard Egan in navy blue, looking patriotic but not platonic . . . the Audie Murphys, Howard Duff with a lovely looker, the fans screaming at the John Beals—"Where have you been?" . . . Peggy Dow with Walter Helmerich, who loved his girl friend's picture so much—he proposed that night! . . . Premiere night in Hollywood! It's the greatest show on earth.

His and Hers: When Lucille Ball and Anne Baxter had their babies first, they ganged up on Jane Powell. Each new mama sent a telegram of one word. The word was—"Well?" . . . Weighing in at seven pounds, six ounces, Lucie Desiree Arnaz arrived via Caesarean section and prouder parents you've never seen. "I don't think Desi could have waited another week," Lucille Ball told Cal when he called to congratulate her. "In the middle of the night he'd start yelling in his sleep. When I awakened him he'd look so startled and moan: 'Oh Lucie, I dreamed I was having the baby!'" . . . As calm as an atomic cucumber, John Hodiak took Anne Baxter to the hospital at 5 A.M. At two that afternoon, M-G-M sent him home after saying: "We need an actor—not a jitterbug!" Katrina Baxter Hodiak was born at 6:15 that night. Mama Anne says: "Father and daughter gave a great performance!" . . . Janie Powell and Geary Steffen bet good (Continued on page 23)



For girls only: At home of Helen Rose, Metro designer, Sally Forrest is showered by Monica Lewis, Audrey Totter, Bunny Green, Frances Gifford, Marge Champion



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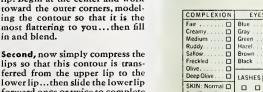
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Frank Lovejoy is next in "Force of Arms"

Radioactive romantic by Beverly Linet

When Frank Lovejoy made his screen debut nearly three years ago, several thousand housewives were thrown into a tizzy. The face was unfamiliar but that voice was as well known as the postman's or the next-door neighbor's. And so it should be. Frank was a veteran of over 4,000 radio shows. On soap operas or science fiction serials—the magic words around the networks were "Call Lovejoy."

Frank, who spent fourteen years shuttling between Radio City and the New York stage, decided upon an acting career when he was still in his teens. He was a runner for a Wall Street brokerage firm until the crash of '29.

"I saw an awful lot of naked emotions then," he said. "Learned how people react to situations—what shows on their faces, what doesn't. How their voices co-ordinate with their facial expressions.

Always looking for new fields to conquer, Frank came to Hollywood on the invitation of Stanley Kramer—then a little-known producer. He was to play the lead in the screen version of the novel "This Side of Innocence," to go into immediate production. So he was told. But somewhere along

the line things got fouled up.

He sat around collecting thousanddollar-a-week checks for a year. This may not sound so bad but for a guy as active as Frank had been, it was sheer torture. Other jobs were offered but he could do nothing about them until his year's option expired. Almost the very hour it did he was

on the air as the hero of "Night Beat."
Again he was approached by Kramer, now famous for "Champion." Would he consider the role of Mingo in "Home of the Brave?" He could, he did, and he became one of the most sought after character leads in pictures. He's in demand for tough sergeant and newspaper-man parts, but doesn't mind that too much. However, he hopes he'll never portray a "lady killer." Early in his stage career he was called upon to slug his leading lady. His mother was in the audience opening night and when she went backstage afterwards she reprimanded him: "How could you do a thing like that? You know you were brought up better than to strike a lady."
Frank has two children, Steve and Judy.

Joan Banks, to whom he's been married for eleven years, is an actress in her own right and recently took time off from household duties to play Peggy Dow's sister in "Bright Victory."

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20)

friends, the Marshall Thompsons, a Beachcomber dinner that their baby would arrive first. The stork cooperated, they won. Gerhardt Anthony Steffen III arrived in a seven-pound, two-ounce beautiful bundle. The neighbors on Janie's block stayed up half the night waiting to hear the good news . . . Richard Basehart and Valentina Cortesa, who were married last March, believe in doing their Christmas shopping early. They're hoping it will be a boy come December.

Around the Town: The Larry Parkses sampling the sensational New England dinners at Tony Allen's Village Green restaurant . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger going mad for Tony Martin at his brilliant Cocoanut Grove opening. Dan Dailey getting into the act by taking over the drums . . . Jane Wyman and John Payne, who started out working together at Warners, now going together and obviously enjoying ther dialogue so much more . . . Bob Wagner sipping a soda with Susan Zanuck at Wil Wright's ice cream parlor.

Cal Regrets: With many others in the motion picture world, Cal mourns the passing of Robert Flaherty. Producer of such distinguished films as "Nanook of the North," "The Louisiana Story," and "Moana," Bob Flaherty did not make his pictures in Hollywood. He preferred to film stories against actual backgrounds. Sometimes this took him to the bayous of the south, sometimes to the icy wastes of the north. But in all he did his contribution to the movies was good.

Guys and Dolls: No, Cal wasn't invited (for obvious reasons) but we got a first-hand report from our famous leg-man, Tony Curtis, when thirty-five of her girl friends gave a shower for Janet Leigh. The festive affair took place on a Sunday afternoon at the home of the Gower Champions. While Gene Nelson, Lex Barker, Craig Stevens, A. C. Lyles, Far-(Continued on page 97)



Here are June and Dick Powell at work backstage at Lux Radio Theatre. Next month in Photoplay you'll see them at home with the children, in color. There's a wonderful story about them, and June, with Baby Richard, is the cover girl

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Donna Reed and John Derek bring romantic flavor to a disillusioning expose of the college football scene

VV (A) Saturday's Hero (Columbia)

UCH! Sport fans are in for another disillusioning expose when college football comes in for an open sewer job. Lengthy, with repetitious plays, scores and locker-room scenes, the story of a Polish-American lad who pins his ideals on a tradition-ridden school that not only breaks his bones, but his heart, is an interesting and well-told tale. Handsome John Derek, who seems to have but one-and-a-half expressions, a scowl and faint smile, plays Steve Novak who goes to college on a football scholarship. John does a good job of it. Donna Reed plays the niece of Steve's sponsor, hard-headed Sidney Blackmer. and the girl Derek falls for. Unfortunately, Donna's role is so ambiguously written, one can't make out whether she's hard, cold and brittle, or warm, scared and loving. Alexander Knox is a likable professor, Otto Tennant the varsity coach, Mickey Knox John's brother, Sandro Giglio his Poppa, Elliott Lewis the publicity hound.

Your Reviewer Says: A touchdown on the side of truth.

Program Notes: For two long mouths before shooting began John Derek was taught football strategy by Paul Cleary, All-American end, and Mickey McCardle, famous U.S.C. quarterback. Derek literally threw himself into the role unmindful of cuts, bruises and a stomped-on face . . . Donna Reed's tests proved so good she not only won the role but a long-term Columbia contract, as well. This is Donna's first role since the birth of her baby a year ago. In private life Donna is Mrs. Tony Owen . . . Radio fans will be interested in viewing the famous Frankie on the Phil Harris show in the person of Elliott Lewis who plays Derek's newspaper friend, and plays it straight in this one . . . After his successful Broadway show, "Come Back, Little Sheba," that won him several awards, Sidney Blackmer trekked to Holly wood for his first movie in a long time . . . A glimpse of Pomona College (Bob Taylor's alma mater) is seen now and then as well as Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl and the Los Angeles Coliseum.

SHADOW



Vic Damone, Jane Powell and Danielle Darrieux meet in Gay Paree and music and love are the order of the day

(F) Rich, Young and Pretty (M-G-M)

TLASHES the name on the screen—Vic Damone—and the balcony goes wild. In view of the fact Vic had never before appeared in movies, the good-looking kid does all right for himself and in such company as Jane Powell, Wendell Corey and Danielle Darrieux, too. Vic and Jane, who grows cuter by the minute, proved such a charming pair of sweethearts, no one minded that Vic plays a Frenchman without a trace of French accent. The story has Jane visiting Paris with her Texan father, Corey, and her faithful companion, Una Merkel. There, Jane makes a great discovery. Miss Darrieux, a beautiful night-club entertainer, turns out to be her mother, who years before had left her baby and husband in Texas to return to her native Paris. Jane makes another discovery, too. She prefers Vic to Richard Anderson, the boy she left in Texas. The songs are delightful with Jane and Vic singing several numbers and Miss Darrieux and Fernando Lamas charming in their numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Young, gay, amusing.

Program Notes: All the marching and drilling of a military boot camp became so much malarky to G. I. Vic Damone when word of his first preview reached his military camp. Drafted after his first movie, Vic is sure of a welcome back to Hollywood when his stint is over . . . Weadell Corey was voted by the cast as "the man with the bluest eyes in Technicolor." Corey, who usually plays more serious roles, loved the title . . . Miss Darrieux, the vivacious French star, plays her first Hollywood role since before World War II (see page 36) and Fernando Lamas, the Argentinian, is seen for the first time in a Hollywood movie. To round out the come-backers and newcomers, Jean Murat returns to the screen for his first role since "Carnival in Paris" and Una comes back for the first time since "The Bride Goes Wild."

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 34. For Best Pictures of the Month and

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A—FOR ADULTS



Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns provide laughs as they fly through the air in unpredictable plane

(A) No Highway in the Sky (20th Century-Fox)

T'S amusing, ridiculous and entertaining and yet—we hesitate to say this—it's about a plane's tail falling off. And in mid-air, yet. It's Jimmy Stewart, of course, who is responsible for the entertaining aspects of the film. Jimmy, who believes a certain type of metal can be shattered by too much vibration, causing a plane to lose its tail, flies off to Labrador to investigate a plane wreck which he believes will substantiate his theory. Imagine his horror to discover the plane he's on is the exact detailable type. On board is Hollywood actress Marlene Dietrich to whom he confides his fears after thoroughly alarming the plane's crew and hostess, Glynis Johns. After an emergency landing, Stewart wrecks the plane rather than let it proceed. Jack Hawkins is the handsome head of the research department and Janette Scott Jimmy's erudite offspring.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy moves into the field of science.

Program Notes: Everything happened to Jimmy Stewart while making this film in England. First, he was hospitalized with pneumonia which delayed shooting, causing the actor to be stranded in London and away from his family over the Christmas holidays. Then Mrs. Stewart, whose illness had taken her back to Hollywood, telephoned Jimmy in London that he was going to become the father of twins . . . Marlene Dietrich was the only other American in the film. Marlene, a naturalized American was beaued all over town by handsome English actor Michael Wilding . . . Glynis Johns was born in South Africa and is one of England's finest stage and screen actresses. Henry Koster became Jimmy's favorite director when they made "Harvey" together in Hollywood and it was Stewart's request that Koster work with him on this film. The same technical staff that made "The Mudlark" worked on this one, too.



Ann Blyth and Claudette Colbert in a tense story of a nun who tries to prove a doomed girl innocent of murder

(A) Thunder on the Hill (U-I)

A FLOOD covers the English countryside sending the citizens of surrounding villages and travelers in the valley to the hilltop convent and hospital of Our Lady of Rheims. Among those seeking shelter is Ann Blyth, on her way, with guards, to be executed for the murder of her brother. So firmly convinced of Ann's innocence is Sister Mary, played by Claudette Colbert, chief of the hospital staff, and so unceasing are her efforts to prove that innocence, she faces severe chastisement from the Mother Superior, Gladys Cooper and near death from the real murderer. The setting lends an atmosphere of strange inharmony to the tune of murder but the plot sequences are so logically worked out and the Sisters endowed with such human qualities, the story takes on an unusual and fascinating air. Robert Douglas, Anne Crawford and Phillip Friend are splendid additions to the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A different and well-acted story.

Program Notes: Miss Colbert, while wearing the impressive white habit of Sister Mary Bonaventure, was notified by the association of greeting-card salesmen that she had been elected "Miss American Valentine of 1951." Miss Colbert also wears the honorary title of mayor of New York City, fire chief of Philadelphia and den-mother of the Brownies . . . Ann Blyth is no sticker either when it comes to titles, having been named honorary mayor of Toluca Lake, Bob Hope's community . . . Robert Douglas carted the cast over to his home, during a lull in shooting, to view his trophies which include such horrors as the hatbox Robert Montgomery carried in "Night Must Fall" (and you know what was in that), the hand-axe Edward G. Robinson used in "The Hatchet Man," the tire jack John Garfield wielded in "The Postman Always Rings Twice" . . The sound department decided the convent bell didn't sound enough like a convent bell so the tolling of another bell was dubbed in, if you please.



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VV ½ (F) Here Comes the Groom (Paramount)

ZING-BING comedy that fairly ping-A sings along once it gets going and a real natural for Crosby, too. Only catch is that Franchot Tone is such a handsome, congenial rival for the motherly affections of Jane Wyman one sort of hates to see him lose out-even to a newer, looser, juicier Alexis Smith. Bing plays a newspaperman in Paris who fathers a brood of war orphans, two of whom, Jacky Gencel and Beverly Washburn, refuse to be shaken off. Delaying his trip home to marry Jane while he scours France for the kids' birth certificates, Bing finally arrives in the U.S.A. to discover his weary fiancee is about to marry her rich boss and proper Bostonian, Franchot Tone. Bing has less than a week to convince Jane she should marry him; otherwise the children must return to France. And so the rivalry goes between Franchot and Bing with many a song, a step or two and a lot of nonsense to provide fun and frolic for one and all. The kids are Frenchily cute, the song "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" right catchy, Wyman a divine comedienne, Bing as relaxed as an old jellyfish and—well, what more do you want? Connie Gilchrist and James Barton are Jane's parents and Robert Keith, Bing's boss.

Your Reviewer Says: Trés light, gay, cheer-up-able.

Program Notes: The telephone conversation between Bing and Keith was new and novel, with each actually talking to the other at the same time—across the street from each other by special wire. Director Frank Capra felt it gave more realism to the scene... The moving elevator in which Jane and Bing do a dance moved neither up, down nor sideways. It was all done with sliding doors, so the studio assures us... A special French teacher was obtained for ten-year-old Jacky Gencel, who has appeared in sixteen French films... Thirteen-year-old Anna Maria Alberghetti, who sings "Caro Nome" like an angel, created a sensation in her Carnegie Hall debut in May 1950.

$\checkmark \frac{1}{2}$ (A) Little Egypt (U-I)

THERE is more conversation than swinging and swaying in this fanciful, humorous story of how the famed hootchie whatdo-you-call-it was introduced to America. It turns out that Mark Stevens, in a way, was responsible for the Terpsichorean gyrations that shook Chicago to its stockyards during the Columbia Exposition in 1893. Purporting to be a semibiographical take-off of the real Little Egypt, the story begins with Stevens, a shady promoter recruiting talent in Cairo for the Chicago Fair, attempting to shake off Rhonda Fleming, a stranded hootch dancer in Egypt who is in reality an American-born miss. Following Mark to Chicago, Rhonda poses as a Royal Princess and is promptly taken up by Chicago society. But jealousy gets the better of Miss Fleming when Mark's engagement to Nancy Guild is announced, and, as a sort of revenge, Rhonda goes into her dance and lands in jail. All sorts of characters, Oriental, sentimental and detrimental, romp in and out yakking their heads off. but for all that, it's a tongue-in-the-cheek cutie. Charles Drake plays Nancy's patient suitor and Tom D'Andrea, Mark's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An eyeful, we'll say that much.

Program Notes: From Beverly Hills high school to "Little Egypt" seems a mountaingoat leap, but Rhonda Fleming achieved it in a few graceful bounds. With a black wig covering her copper-colored hair, Rhonda became a convincing Egyptian, or Hollywood's conception of one, at least. When it was announced Rhonda would play Egypt, mementos of the real dancer poured in from Chicago . . . Despite the seminakedness going on, Mark Stevens kept strictly to business, conducting his business affairs from his dressing-room. With his manager, Mark is a partner in an automobile dealership, a packing company and real estate property near Denver, Colorado.

(A) The Secret of Convict Lake (20th Century-Fox)

THAT different movie you've been shopping for! Here it is, folks. A dramatic, action-packed story with a brooding kind of suspense. It tells the saga of twenty-nine escaped convicts, five of whom survive the wintry blizzards to seek refuge in a mountain settlement. The men of the settlement are away on a silver strike and the women, including Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Ann Dvorak, Barbara Bates and Ruth Donnelly, reluctantly give the convicts shelter from the cold. The convicts have been led to this mountainous spot by Glenn Ford who is seeking revenge on Rudy Schaeffer (Harry Carter) who is away with the men. Ford claims it was Rudy's lie that sent him to prison for murder. Gene Tierney, who believes Ford, decides to help him. The other convicts believe Ford has killed for money and mean to get it. Zachary Scott is outstanding among the outlaws. Richard Hylton as the crazed youth is impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: A whale of a good movie.

Program Notes: Ethel Barrymore celebrated her fiftieth year as a star during the filming and her fifty-seventh in show business. To prove she has no notion of taking it easy, Miss Barrymore worked in two pictures simultaneously, "Kind Lady" at M-G-M and this one, commuting the twelve miles between studios every day. In her spare time she read scripts for other films and listened, over her dressing-room radio, to baseball scores... Miss Tierney, who is usually chic and beautiful on the screen, wore little make-up and, like the other women, toted around the traditional 1871 costumes consisting of corsets, flannel underwear, two petticoats, high-laced shoes, woolen stockings and long-sleeved woolen dresses.

$\checkmark\frac{1}{2}$ (F) Cattle Drive (U-I)

THE come-uppance of a spoiled brat who is completely regenerated in a two-week cattle drive is a nice little Western, pleasant, well acted and entertaining. Dean Stockwell is the lad who is left stranded in the Western desert when he alights from his father's private railroad car (papa Leon Ames is president of the road) and is unknowingly left behind. Discovered by cowhand Joel McCrea, member of the cattle drive, young sass-box is taken along. There are exciting moments when McCrea and Dean capture a wild steed and later when the cattle stampede all over the blooming wide, open spaces. Chill Wills and Harry Brandon are among the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A relaxing Western.

Program Notes: For three hours every day fourteen-year-old Dean Stockwell climbed into the back seat of a studio Cadillac with his school teacher and took to book learning while the cows and couboys faced the camera without him. Dean and Joel became friends during the making of "Stars in My Crown" and spent many hours talking of Africa, the place Dean hopes one day to visit. Because (Continued on page 28)



"Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin . . :



for the complexion.



"Then I rinse my face thoroughly with warm water, follow with a few splashes of cold. I pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Such a quick, easy care—but it really does the trick!



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Says model Dolores Parker:

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Joel has been there twice and because he's the kind of horseman Dean longs to be, the lad thinks he's wonderful . . . Chill Wills, Dean's chuck-wagon pal in the movie, was also the voice of "Francis," the talking mule. Wills claims half the time now he forgets whether he's talking as "Francis" or himself . . . The whole "Cattle Drive" company traveled to Las Vegas and trekked two and one-half hours inland into the very heart of Death Valley for scenery worthy of the Technicolor camera and then darned if they didn't spray about 10,000 square yards of canyon wall a pretty canyon red.

(A) The Law and the Lady (M-G-M)

NOT for two short seconds did any of this ring true nor did Greer Garson convince anyone, even the popcorn vendor, that she was an unreformed lady's maid turned crook. Nevertheless, the picture has much in its favor—spritely dialogue, for one thing, Marjorie Main for another and clever Michael Wilding, who is an asset to any picture except when he Britishes his dialogue into an incomprehensible mishmash. And for good measure there is FERNANDO LAMAS (in capitals, dear printer) who created a big "O-o-o-h" among the younger set at his first entrance and a round of applause at his exit. Now please, M-G-M, don't muff this one. Cast him right and you've got yourself a gold mine.

Your Reviewer Says: Costume jewelry comedy. Not real but amusing.

Program Notes: Hollywood eagerly awaited the arrival of popular Michael Wilding who has been a hit in London for several years. Once here Wilding had eyes for no one but Marlene Dietrich who happened to be in Hollywood at the same time. Their two-someness continued throughout the making of this film, after which Mr. Wilding requested a divorce from his wife in England . . . Tall. dark and handsome Fernando Lamas, who plays the Spanish rancher, arrived in Hollywood a year ago from his native Argentina where he was a popular star. He has made two movies in Hollywood—this one and "Rich, Young and Pretty" (See page 24), a title which did not refer, you understand, to Senor Lamas . . . Miss Garson worked under distress as her husband, Buddy Fogelson, was convalescing from a serious illness. The black hair-do worn by Greer was voted most unbecoming by the preview audience.

(U.A.) (F) Mister Drake's Duck

WHIMSY-POOH all over the English countryside! Yet, despite the improbability of a duck laying a uranium egg, it's a delightful, nonsensical movie. It all happens when Douglas Fairbanks Jr., as Mr. Drake, takes his American bride, Yolande Dolan, to honeymoon on his farm in Sussex, England. Through a slight error Yolande buys five dozen ducks at an auction and, as a result, life suddenly becomes involved when it is discovered one of her fine feathered friends has a gold mine—no, a uranium mine or some such thing—in her egg-laying apparatus. Once this priceless bit of information becomes known, the Army with tanks, the Navy with sailors and the Air Corps with planes move in on the honeymooners and "Operation Chickweed" begins. What's more, the daily callers, handyman Peter Butterworth, village bank manager Reginald Beckwith and Ministry Official Wilfred Hyde-White, are required to remain at the farm throughout the "Operation." Even after the "priceless" duck is finally segregated there's a gimmick. But wait until you see!

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense, but such fun.

Program Notes: Yolande Dolan is a miniature United Nations all by herself. Her mother, born in Paris, married Irish-American James Dolan in Canada and migrated to the States where Yolande was born. In a New Jersey hospital, no less. After her actor-father's death in Hollywood, Yolande used the money she earned as an Earl Carroll chorus girl to attend drama school in Hollywood. Eventually she grabbed a small part in the Hal Roach film, "Turnabou" and later understudied the star role in the road company of "Born Yesterday." The night she finally played Billie Dawn, Garson Kanin cabled London he'd found the star for the London production. Yolande so wowed the British audiences she's been there ever since (five years) going from one stage and screen hit to another. Over there, they love "YoYo," as they call her . . . Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who had received the equivalent of a British knighthood, requested that all Americans who had been similarly honored, be included on the Royal Scroll, or whatever. His request was granted. When questioned, Douglas didn't think it odd he wear a natty blue suit throughout most of the film although playing a hardworking farmer. Custom, and all that, you know.

✓½ (A) The Magic Face (Columbia)

WHAT really happened to Hitler will crop up in story or play form for many years to come, we suppose, but none will be more fantastic in theory than this one. Hitler, so we are told in this movie, was killed midway in the war by an actor who then proceeded to impersonate Der Fuehrer until the fall of Berlin, fooling his chiefs-of-staff and even Adolph's mistress, who happened to be the actor's own wife. Incredible as it seems, Luther Adler, both as the real Hitler and the impersonator, does a credible job of it. In fact, Mr. Adler is quite an impersonator and it is during a stage performance in Vienna that Hitler first sees Adler, billed as Janus the Great. He gets a big German load of Adler's pretty wife Patricia Knight and likes her so well he makes her his willing mistress. Herr Hitler's annexation of the actor's wife precipitates the events that lead to his ultimate destruction and, believe it or not, to our winning the war. And thank you, Mr. Adler.

Your Reviewer Says: Unlikely but interesting throughout.

Program Notes: Foreign correspondent William L. Shirer, who saw Berlin "before and after" and whose gripping book "Berlin Diary" was a best seller several years ago, acts as narrator of the story. In fact, the story opens with Patricia Knight relating the fanciful story to Mr. Shirer who relays it to us. Miss Knight was at the height of her on-again-off-again marriage to Cornel Wilde during the filming, which may have accounted for her seeming nervousness. The camera hasn't been too kind to Pat who is much prettier off screen . . The picture was filmed in Vienna where there was no shortage of "types," with many former SS men looking for bit roles. Nazi uniforms ponped out of attic trunks all over town . . . Adler, who takes off Mussolini, Haile Selassie, and Neville Chamberlain as well as a valet and prison warden, had the local players spellbound with his accomplishments.

√½ (F) On Moonlight Bay (Warners)

OOOPS, sorry, but the moonlight sort of faded out in this musical with familiar bits and pieces constantly remind(Continued on page 30)





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(Continued from page 28) ing one of too many former movies. The stars are top-notch, the songs nostalgic and the production thoughtfully mounted but for all that, it just can't seem to get up the go to git. Gordon MacRae is a handsome lad with a voice to match and Doris Day cute and vivacious but the material handed the popular stars in this one has cooked too long in Hollywood's oven to be successfully camouflaged under Technicolor gravy. Gordon plays one of those 1918 college seniors who "free-thinks" and doesn't believe in marriage. Doris, a tom-boy who loves to play baseball, is the girl who unwinds his mental and cardiacal processes. Billy Gray is the inevitable little brother, Leon Ames and Rosemary De Camp play Doris's parents, Jack Smith her stuffy suitor, Mary Wickes the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for every member of the family.

Program Notes: Three small children stood on the edge of a built-in bay on a Warner Brothers' sound stage and watched a handsome college lad paddle a beautiful blonde in a canoe. The instant the scene was over they called, "Now, Daddy, now?" So, Gor-don MacRae, the college kid, kept his promise and took his three children canoeing . . . Doris Day needed no rehearsing for her role of ball player. Doris played second base on the girls' team at her Cincinnati grade school and batted over .300 . . . One of the smaller boys used in the snowball-tossing scene got carried away with it all and let Doris have a beauty right in the eye. The make-up man had to paint out the shiner before Doris could face the camera again.

VV_{2} (F) The Well (U.A.)

A GRIPPING movie, a different movie and an entirely probable one in view of certain events recorded in newspapers. A five-year-old Here's what happens. negro girl disappears on her way to school and a white man, Henry Morgan, who has befriended the child, is held as her kidnaper. When Morgan's uncle, Barry Kelly, and a power in the town, attempts to "fix" things, riots between negroes and whites break out all over town. Alarmed at the seriousness of the brawls, Sheriff Richard Rober persuades Mayor Tom Powers to call out the state militia. And then suddenly the panic is averted. The child is discovered in an abandoned well. From then on racial riots cease as both negroes and whites unite to save the child. Gwendolyn Laster is the child. Maidie Norman and Ernest Anderson play her parents.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful and something to think about.

Program Notes: Actor Henry Morgan has reached a state of complete frustration with fans constantly confusing him with the radio comic of the same name. It was worse when the comedian invaded Hollywood for a movie a few years ago. "So you're funny man Morgan," people would say upon being introduced to this Morgan. "Gee, you don't look funny at all"... Gwendolyn Laster was chosen for her ability to run and walk naturally while a camera was moving and turning directly in front. Many of the children tested grew so engrossed in the mechanism moving ahead of them, they forgot to act naturally.

(F) Pardon My French (U.A.)

THE idea is fair—that of an American I school teacher who inherits a French chateau full of squatters—but when that's said, all's said. The story stands still for long, interminable moments, or lazily crawls

to a conclusion that everyone knew wa coming in the very first reel. Merle Oberon as the teacher is woefully miscast. Pau Henreid plays a musician with five un kempt children. Paul seems to be Chie Squatting Bull himself and of course, even tually saves his untidy friends from evic tion and wins Miss Oberon.

Your Reviewer Says: It doesn't really com

Program Notes: This was Miss Oberon' first picture after the tragic loss of he fiance in a plane crash in Europe . . . Th picture was filmed entirely in the south of France with shots of the Cannes Yacht Cluin the distance. The interior scenes wer made within the old Chateau de Castellera . Paul Henreid, who was born in Trieste felt right at home in the foreign atmosphere Most of the performers who played square ters and extra parts were natives gathered from the surrounding villages.

$\checkmark \frac{1}{2}$ (A) Mr. Imperium (M-G-M) ESPITE the top names and the Tech

nicolor grandeur that sweeps from th Mediterranean shores to Palm Spring gardens, the story itself never jells. Landurner, a proven actress who is seldon given material worthy of her talent, look beautiful and does more than her shar to tote that bale of nonsense. Ezio Pinza the rave hit of Broadway's "South Pacific, is just another middle-aged actor tryin to prove himself, so far as this movie i concerned. Certainly his magnificent voic is woefully neglected, the few songs given him far below his vocal ability.

Things perk up a bit with the advent o Marjorie Main into the story. Marjori plays a Palm Springs landlady with little Debbie Reynolds as the prying-spyin niece. Prime Minister Sir Cedric Hard wicke behaves a little like a portfoli without minister and Barry Sullivan i seen so. seldom, who knows how he be haves, if at all.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful but numb.

Program Notes: Throughout the filming o "Mr. Imperium," whispers and rumor seeped through sound stage walls that a was not well between Lana and Ezio bu as usual the rumors remained just tha Miss Turner worked long, strenuous hour while feeling far from well. It was shortl after the completion of the picture that sh lost her expected baby . . . The bigges problem for the location crew was to kee clear sections of the much traveled highwa between Pasadena and Palm Springs in orde to catch Lana speeding along at the whee of her car . . . The set became a second hom to Debbie Reynolds, who didn't want to mis a single thing behind or before the cameri There's no maybe about Debbie when i comes to her career.

VV (F) Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell (20th Century-Fox)

T'S a mite disillusioning to discover ou old friend, acid-tongued Lynn Belvedere, has a heart after all. For frankly we prefer the old boy the other way, know-it-all with a rusty hinge for a heart But no. Here we have him, still Clifton Webb, of course, in a humorous enough comedy about an old folks' home and how he decides to make the lives of the inmate brighter and happier. To accomplish this Belvedere pretends to be seventy-severy years old and enters, along with havoc ampandemonium, the aged folks' home. Aide by his manager, Zero Mostel, he does bring the young minister in charge, Hugh Mar (Continued on page 32)





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(Continued from page 30) lowe and the pretty nurse, Joanne Dru.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy yourself.

Program Notes: Hugh Marlowe and Clifton Webb became fast friends during the shooting, with Hugh and his pretty wife, actress K. T. Stevens, visiting Webb and his adoring mother Maybelle and vice versa. Zero Mostel skinned both knees and tore his trousers when some wag on the set pulled out the box from under him as he climbed over a wall for a scene. Shooting was held up as a fuming Zero was patched up... Joanne Dru was going through court litigation during the shooting, suing ex-husband Dick Haymes for back alimouy.

(A) David and Bathsheba (20th Century-Fox)

PENEATH the impressive weight employed in the telling of the Biblical story of King David and Bathsheba (the woman he loved and another man's wife) there runs a contrasting simplicity that reduces the principals involved in this century-upon-century-old triangle to plain human beings, whose emotions and frailties are understandable to all of us today. Gregory Peck is a stalwart, handsome David, once a shepherd boy anointed by God to succeed Saul as King of Israel. Susan Hayward is a beautiful Bathsheba, wife of Uriah whom David orders killed. Raymond Massey seems curiously ineffective as Nathan, the prophet. David's atonement and forgiveness are beautifully revealed but the overlong story, wrought with a heaviness of hand, causes much of its effectiveness to be lost. Kieron Moore plays Uriah, Jayne Meadows is Michal, David's vengeful wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Spectacular.

Program Notes: In a rocky valley near Patagonia, Arizona, selected for its sunbaked hills, resembling those of Palestine, were shot the scenes of David as a boy, killing Goliath, and the shepherds with their flocks... During the filming, Gregory Peck was given a new eight-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, who feel he is their greatest asset today. Gregory is the "memory champion" of Hollywood, never forgetting a line of dialogue. For one scene in "David," Peck delivered seven and one-half pages of intricate dialogue without an error... The older generation will be pleased to know the man behind the beard and regal trappings of Saul is their former favorite, Francis X. Bushman.

\(\text{\(A\) The Mob (Columbia)} \)

(UTSY and fisticuffy are the words for "The Mob" with Broderick of the police department out-thinking, outmatching and out-slugging smooth and murderous waterfront crooks. Witnessing a murder, Crawford is tricked into believing the murderer a police officer. To make reparation, Crawford goes underground, pretends to be a toughie on the lam from New Orleans, secures a job as a dock worker and, by making himself generally obnoxious, comes to the attention of the mob and eventually to the long elusive head man. Suspense rides high throughout the action-packed story and the scientific methods of police in action should prove frightfully discouraging to the on-the-lam set everywhere. Betty Buehler plays Brod's fiancee, Richard Kiley plays Clancy, Otto Hulett, Lt. Banks, and Matt Crowley is Smoothie, the bartender.

Your Reviewer Says: Rugged as all outdoors.

Program Notes: Several sequences of the

film carried Broderick Crawford back to his old knockabout days when Brod actually worked as a stevedore . . . Betty Buehler made her movie debut in the film, having goue straight from New York television to movies. Betty underwent a process of unglamorization before leaving New York, letting her blondined hair go back to its natural brown and yanking off the phony lashes. "Carrying glamour to Hollywood is like carrying coals to Newcastle," Betty said.

VVV (F) Rhubarb (Paramount)

HERE'S an off-beat movie for you and one you'll howl, or should we say meow, over? It's about a cat, you see, that inherits \$30,000,000 and a Brooklyn baseball club. Gene Lockhart, an eccentric millionaire, admires the spunk and courage of a mangy cat that steals golf balls from the local green and hides them. Desiring the cat for his own, he gives the job of catching it to his press agent. Ray Milland. After a battle, the cat is captured and his new owner surprises one and all by making Rhubarb his heir and disinheriting his own daughter-a cat of another sort. Since Milland is appointed the feline's guardian, it's up to him to appease the ball players who object to being owned by a cat. And, to top off his troubles, Ray's figuree, Jan Sterling, becomes allergic to Rhubarb and to anyone who has come in contact with him. Well, sir, it's a riot on wheels. Elsie Holmes plays the disin-herited daughter and Bill Frawley the club's manager.

Your Reviewer Says: Fur and fun fly in all directions.

Program Notes: After studio bosses had looked at what seemed a thousand cats during a six-months search, a housewife in Sau Fernando Valley telephoned them that she had the very Rhubarb they were looking for. The cat had wandered into her garden, cut and bruised from a series of brawls which indicated it was a feline with the necessary spunk. The studio took one look and agreed. Then began the long period of training. But dou't think he lost any of his back fence gumption in the process. He daily bit Ray Milland, clawed Gene Lockhart and spat on director Arthur Lubin. A special apartment on Van Ness Avenue, close to Paramount studios, was provided for Rhubarb and his stand-in, with a caretaker to carry him back and forth to the studio each day. A vet gave him a daily check-up each day. A vet gave him a daily check-up as the cat's well-being meant many bags of solid gold catnip to Paramount during the shooting . . . Ray Milland, who began his fifteenth year with Paramount, claimed he never worked with a more masterful scenestealer . . . Jan Sterling was so pleased that her husband, Paul Douglas, consented to play a mere bit role, she was happy all through the picture.

Best Pictures of the Month

David and Bathsheha Here Comes the Groom The Well No Highway in the Sky Rhubarb

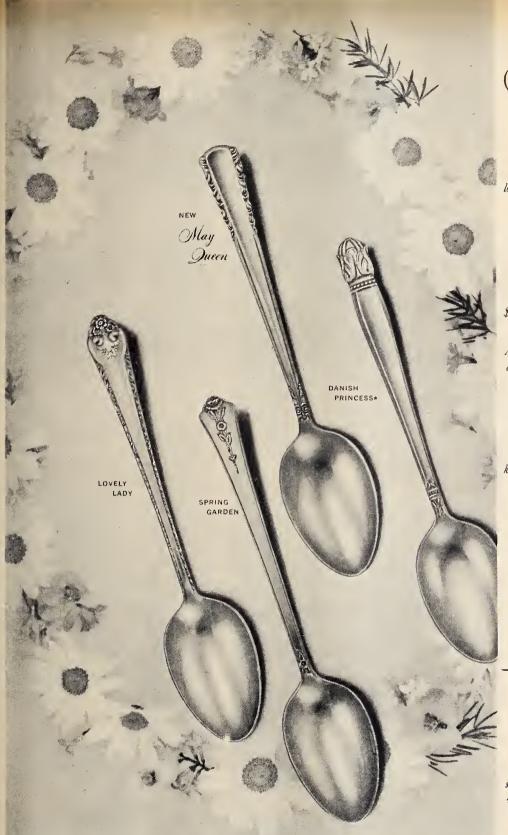
Best Performances of the Month

Bing Crosby in "Here Comes the Groom"

Jimmy Stewart in "No Highway in the Sky"

Clifton Webb in "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell"

Gregory Peck in "David and Bathsheba"



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Casts of Current Pictures

CATTLE DRIVE—U-I:Dan Mathews, Joel McCrea; Chester Graham, Jr., Dean Stockwell; Dallas, Chill Wills; Mr. Graham, Leon Ames; Jim Currie, Henry Brandon; Cap, Howard Petrie; Careless, Bob Steele; Conductor O'Hara, Griff Barnett.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th Century-Fox: David, Gregory Peck; Bathsheba, Susan Hayward; Nathan, Raymond Massey; Uriah, Kieron Moore; Abishai, James Robertson Justice; Michal, Jayne Meadows; Ira, John Sutton; Joab, Dennis Hoey; Goliath, Walter Talun; Adultress, Paula Morgan; King Saul, Francis X. Bushman; Jonathan, Teddy Infuhr; David (as a boy), Leo Pessin; Specialty Dancer, Gwyneth Verdon; Absalom, Gilbert Barnett; Priest, John Burton; Old Shepherd, Lumsden Hare; Egyptian Ambassador, George Zucco; Amnon, Allan Stone; Samuel, Paul Newlan; Jesse, Holmes Herbert; Executioners, Robert Stephenson, Harry Carter.

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount: Pete Garvey, Bing Crosby; Emmadel Jones, Jane Wyman; Wilbur Stanley, Franchot Tone; Winifred Stanley, Alexis Smith; Pa Jones, James Barton; Ma Jones, Connie Gilchrist; George Degnan, Robert Deith; Bobby, Jacky Gencel; Suzi, Beverly Washburn, Theresa, Anna Maria Alberghetti; Mr. McGonigle, Walter Catlett; Uncle Prentiss, Nicholas Joy; Uncle Elihu, H. B. Warner; Uncle Adam, Ian Wolfe; Aunt Abby, Maidel Turner; Aunt Amy, Adeline de Walt Reynolds; Mr. & Mrs. Godfrey, Alan Reed, Minna Gombell; and Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Louis Armstrong, Cass Daley, Frank Fontaine.

LAW AND THE LADY, THE—M-G-M: Jane Hoskins (Lady Loverly), Greer Garson; Nigel Duxbury, Michael Wilding; Lord Minden, Michael Wilding; Juan Dinas, Fernando Lamas; Mrs. Wortin, Marjorie Main; Lady Duxbury, Phyllis Stanley; Inspector Monohan, Rhys Williams; Tracy Collans, Hayden Rorke; Miss Panela, Natalie Schafer; Mr. Caighn, Ralph Dumke; Mrs. Caighn, Margalo Gillmore; Princess, Soledad Jiminez.

LITTLE EGYPT—U-I: Wayne Cravat, Mark Stevens; Izora, Rhonda Fleming; Sylvia Graydon, Nancy Guild; Oliver Doane, Charles Drake; Max, Tom D'Andrea; Cyrus Graydon, Minor Watson; Pasha, Steven Geray; Mrs. Doane, Verna Felton; Cynthia Graydon, Kathryn Givney; Sluster, John Litel; Prosecutor, Dann Riss; Moulai, Leon Belasco; Meheddi, Jack George; Judge, Ed Clark; O'Reilly, John Gallaudet; Spinclli, Freeman Lusk.

MAGIC FACE, THE—Columbia: Janus The Great, Luther Adler; Vera Janus, Patricia Knight; William L. Shirer, Himself; Carla Harbach, Ilka Windish; Hans Harbach, Heinz Moog; Warden, Peter Preses; Heinrich Wagner, Manfred Inger; Major Weinrich, Jasper Von Oertzen; Franz, Charles Koenig; Hans, Toni Mitterwutzer; Mariana, Annie Maiers; Himmler, Sukman; Goering, Herman Ehrhardt; General Rodenbusch, R. Wanka; General Von Schlossen, Willner; General Heitmeier, Michael Tellering; General Steig, Hans Sheel; General Halder, Bell.

MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL—20th Century-Fox: Lynn Bclvedere (Oliver Erwenter), Clifton Webb; Miss Tripp, Joanne Dru; Rev. Charles Watson, Hugh Marlowe; Emmett, Zero Mostel; Mr. Beebe, Billy Lynn; Mrs. Hammer, Doro Merande; Miss Hoadley, Frances Brandt; Mrs. Sampler, Kathleen Comegys; Mrs. Gross, Jane Marbury; Mr. Cherry, Harry Hines; Reporter, Warren Stevens; The Stahmer Twins, William and Ludwig Provaznik; Mrs. Petit, Cora Shannon; Kroeger, J. Farrell MacDonald; Martha, Cecil Weston; Father Shea, Thomas Browne Henry; Policeman, Hugh Beaumont; Reporters, Ray Montgomery, Don Kohler; Mailman, Edward Clark; Pharmacist, Norman Leatit; Librarian, Dorothy Neumann; Bishop, Harry Antrim; Hotel Manager, Harris Brown; Kramer, Guy Wilkerson; Curtis, Ferris Taylor; Harris, Luther Crockett.

MISTER DRAKE'S DUCK—U.A.: Don Drake, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Penny Drake, Yolande Donlan; Major Travers, Howard Marion-Crawford; Mr. Boothby, Reginald Beckwith; Mr. May, Wilfrid Hyde White; The Sergeant, John Boxer; Reuben, John Pertwee; Higgins, Peter Butterworth; Captain White, Tom Gill; Brigadier, A. E. Matthews.

MR. IMPERIUM—M.G.M: Fredda Barlo, Lana Turner; Mr. Imperium, Ezio Pinza; Mrs. Cabot, Marjorie Main; Paul Hunter, Barry Sullivan; Bernand, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Gwen, Debbie Reynolds; Anna Pelan, Ann Codee.

MOB, THE—Columbia: Johnny Damico, Broderick Crawford; Mary Kiernan, Betty Buehler; Thomas Clancy, Richard Kiley; Lieutenant Banks, Otto Hulett; Smoothie, Matt Crowley; Gunner, Neville Brand; Joe Castro, Ernest Borgnine; Sergeant Benion, Walter Klavun; Peggy, Lynne Baggett; Doris, Jean Alexander; Police Commissioner, Ralph Dumke; Tony, John Marley; Culio, Frank de Kova; Russell, Jay Adler; Radford, Duke Watson; Gas Station Attendant, Emile Meyer; D.A., Carleton Young.

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox: Mr. Honey, James Stewart; Monica, Marlene Dietrich; Marjorie Corder, Glynis Johns; Dr. Scott, Jack Hawkins; Elspeth Honey, Janette Scott; Shirley Scott, Elizabeth Allan; The Director, Ronald Squire; Peggy, Jill Clifford; Capt. Samuelson, Niall MacGinnis; Dobson, Kenneth More.

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PARDON MY FRENCH—U.A.: Paul Rencourt, Paul Henreid; Elizabeth Rockwell, Merle Oberon; Bleubois, Paul Bonifas; Mme. Bleubois, Maximilenne; Poisson, Jim Gerald; Rondeau, Alexandre Rignault; Mobet, Martial Rebe, Yvette, Dora Doll, Mme. Mobet, Lauria Daryl; Inspector, Lucien Callamand; Francois, Victor Merenda; Marie-Claire, Gilberte Defoucault; Jacqueline, Marina; Michel, Gerard Gosset; Andre, Albert Cullz; Marcelle. Nicole Monnin; Pierrot, Andre Aversa.

RHUBARB—Paramount: Eric Yeager, Ray Milland, Polly, Jan Sterling; T. J. Banner, Gene Lockhart; Myra Banner, Elsie Holmes; P. Duncan Munk, Taylor Holmes; Len Sickles, William Frawley; Or lando Dill, Wallard Waterman; Dud Logan, Henry Slate; Doom, James Hayward; Ist Ballplayer, ethony Radecki; 2nd Ballplayer, Leonard Nimoy, Oggie Meadows James J. Griffith; Shorty McGirk. Struther Morton. Reporter, Roberta Richards.

RICH, YOUNG, AND PRETTY—M-G-M: Elizabeth Rogers, Jane Powell; Marie Devarone, Danielle Darrieux; Jim Rogers, Wendell Corey; Paul Sernac, Fernando Lamas; Claude Duval, Marcel Dalio; Henri Milan, Jean Murat; Bob Lennart, Richard Anderson; Glynnie, Una Merkel; Andre Milan Vic Damone

SATURDAY'S HERO—Columbia: Steve Novak, John Derek; Melissa, Donna Reed; I. C. McCabe, Sidney Blackmer; Megroth, Alexander Knox; Eddie Abrams, Elliott Lewis; Coach Tennant, Otto Hulett; Belfrage, Howard St. John; Gene Hausler, Aldo Dare; Francis Clayhorne, Alvin Baldock; Bob Whitter, Wilbur Robertson; Moose Wagner, Charles Mercer Barnes: Joe Mestrovic, Bill Martin; Joey Novak, Mickey Knox; Poppa, Sandro Giglio; Manuel, Tito Vuolo; Red Evans, Don Gisson; Vlatko, Peter Virgo; Jameson, Don Garner; Butler, Robert Foulk; Turner Wylie, John W. Baer; Dr. Comstock, Mervin Williams; John Fitzhugh, Peter Thompson; Toby Peterson. Noel Reyburn; Ted Bricker, Steven Clark.

SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Canfield, Glenn Ford; Marcia Stoddard, Gene Tierney; Granny, Ethel Barrymore; Greer, Zachary Scott; Rachel, Ann Dvorak; Barbara Purcell, Barbara Bates; Limey, Cyril Cusack; Clyde Maxwell, Richard Hylton; Susan Haggerty, Helen Westcott; Harriet, Jeanette Nolan; Mary, Ruth Donnelly: Rudy, Harry Carter; Matt Anderson, Jack Lambert; Millie Gower, Mary Carroll; Pawnee Sam, Houseley Stevenson; Steve Gower, Charles Flynn; Mike Fancher, David Post; Jack Purcell, Max Wagner; Tom Fancher, Raymond Greenleat; Luke Haggerty, William Leicester; Tess, Frances Endfield; Bartender, Bernard Szold: Sheriff. Ray Teal; Jerry, Tom London.

THUNDER ON THE HILL—U-1 Sister Mary, Claudette Colbert; Valerie Carns, Ann Blyth; Dr. Jeffreys Robert Douglas; Isabel Jeffreys, Anne Crawford; Sidney Kingham, Philip Friend; Mother Superior, Gladys Cooper; Willie, Michael Pate; Abel Harmer, John Abbott; Sister Josephine, Conne Gilchrist; Melling, Gavin Muir; Nurse Phillips, Phyllis Stanley; Pierce, Norma Varden; Nurse Colby, Valerie Cardew; Mrs. Smithson, Queenie Leonard; Mr. Smithson, Patrick O'Moore.

WELL, THE—U.A.: Carolyn, Gwendolyn Laster; Ben Kellogg, Richard Rober; Mrs. Crawford, Maidie Normon; Grandfather, George Hamilton; Mr. Crawford, Ernest Anderson; Mickey, Dick Simmons; Stan, Lane Chandler; Peter, Pat Mitchell; Schoolteacher, Margaret Wells; Woody, Wheaton Chambers; Frank, Michael Ross; Chet, Russell Trent; Hal, Allen Mathews; Fred, John Philips; Art, Walter Morrison; Caseey, Christine Larson; Quigley, Jess Kirkpatrick; Gleason, Roy Engel; Gaines, Alfred Grant; Milkman, Ed Max; Baggage Man, Guy Beach; Wylie. Robert Osterloh; Claude Packard, Henry Morgan; Sam Packard, Barry Kelly; Chip, Walter Kelly; Lois, Mary Ellen Kay; Sally, Beverly Jons; Student, Elzie Emanuel; Mayor, Tom Powers; Dr. Billnags, Bill Walker; Lobel, Douglas Evans; Manners, Sherry Hall.







French, young and pretty

Danielle Darrieux

• She was heralded as being the greatest gift from France since the Statue of Liberty. The critics adored her. Audiences did, too. She promised to be the most important stellar import since Garbo. Yet Danielle Darrieux, in 1938, forgot a five-year million-dollar contract, packed her forty-seven trunks and bid a not too fond adieu to Hollywood. She would be happy, she made it clear, if she never saw California again.

Now Danielle, just thirty-four, is again to be seen in an American picture, "Rich, Young and Pretty." And again she is enchanting audiences with the vivacious charm that has made her a Continental favorite ever since her debut at fourteen in "Le Bal," after answering a magazine ad for a child actress.

What induced her to return for the role of Jane Powell's mother, no one knows. She's not saying. Perhaps it was an impulse to return and conquer. Perhaps she was intrigued with the idea of appearing in a Technicolor musical.

The reason for her departure thirteen years ago was Universal's signing her first husband, Henri Decoin, to a writer's job without the slightest intention of letting him do much writing. This treatment of Henri, Danielle resented.

They were divorced in 1941, and soor after this it was reported that he openly stated she was entertaining the Nazis.

Danielle was cleared of all collaboration charges when she told her story. She entertained German soldiers, she explained because only by agreeing to perform for them could she obtain permission to see and later marry her fiance Porfirio Rubi-rosa, a German prisoner. This marriage for which she again risked her reputation and career—and which marked her for death by the French underground—also was to end in divorce when Rubirosa fel in love with heiress Doris Duke.

Now Danielle is back in Paris. But she intends to return to Hollywood soon when she's free of French picture commitments she's free of French picture commitments As before the war, she's France's numbe one star. She lives with her husband Georges Mitsinkides in a rambling 18tl Century house completely surrounded by magnificent gardens. Her home is a virtual menagerie with three dogs, three cat and innumerable birds everywhere. Sh rarely talks about herself personally built guick to describe her travels and the countries she's visited. countries she's visited.

Her tastes are typically French. She en joys being a celebrity, likes highly sea soned food and having breakfast in bec and is a stickler for femininity.

Her only regret is that she hasn't as ye had a child—which would bring her th greatest happiness of her life.

Soon the search will be over. A talented girl will take her place as the winner. But close behind her are

talented hundreds who will continue going their way

THE chosen three in Photoplay's Scholarship Contest soon will be on their way to the Pasadena Playhouse, to their final auditions before Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Joseph Mankiewicz, Stanley Kramer, Hollywood Editor Lyle Rooks and Dean Thomas Browne Henry.

At this writing these three finalists are about to be chosen from the five hundred would-be actresses recently auditioned throughout the country in one of the most thorough and exhaustive talent searches ever undertaken. For those who go to California have to be the best, the most deserving, the most talented. Audition board ratings are being studied, recordings replayed, letters re-read, pictures reviewed, school records and recommendations checked. And the group narrows, slowly, but excitingly.

The three aren't the only lucky ones. Also on their way now—to a place in the dramatic profession, are the hundred top running contestants selected from the audition group. For they, too, have proven they have what it takes in determination, talent and ingenuity.

Who are these girls? What are they like? Where do they come from?

They are everyone-and anyone. Some are barely seventeen years old. Some are about to turn twenty-five. Some have brand-new high-school diplomas, others have sheepskins marked Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts. They were born in Texas, Rhode Island and China, too. They live in all forty-eight states. They come from large metropolitan areas where competition is keen and ever present. They come from villages so small there is no competition and no opportunity either. But one thing they have in common-somehow, someway, almost every one has maneuvered herself into a spot close to her chosen profession.

If there was no summer theatre, they organized non-professional groups—through church, Y, or school. If the local playhouse was crammed with name stars, they signed up as apprentices, hoping for only a walk-on. (Continued on page 91)

the photoplay scholarship parade



THIS IS A PICTURE OF A GUY MAKING LOVE?

(That's what he thinks!)

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A DOLL TAKING OVER!

(As every woman knows!)





Te has a girl...a date at the altar...and a radio program! She's got a program that's older than Eve's!







ELEANOR **FRED** MacMURRAY - PARKER

> MILLIONAIRE FOR

CHRISTY'S

MAN-DATES

"Any secretary with !! and () () can get any guy in a,

"How can a girl send \$100 a week home on a \$50-aweek salary?

"This is the story of Operation Mink -- and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)"

RICHARD CARLSON . UNA MERKEL

CHRIS PIN MARTIN . DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE . KAY BUCKLEY Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB . Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

Screenplay by KEN ENGLUND · Original Story by ROBERT HARARI Music by VICTOR YOUNG . A THOR PRODUCTION Released by TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX





Many Brave Hearts

by IDA ZEITLIN

Black dust everywhere,
sifting in from the coal
mines. But never enough to
dim the spirit of a town
—or the boy it bred

It happens every so often. It happened in the opening scene of "Annie, Get Your Gun." Out strode this character, big, bold and easy, laughter in his roving eye and music in his throat:

Who's got the stuff that makes the Wild West wild? Who pleases every woman, man and child?

A current went zinging from screen to audience. Spirits lifted to the magnet of voice and presence alike. They'd never seen nor heard of the guy but, within seconds, contact had been established. The affair was on. Rhett moved over to make room for another romantic Butler in the person of Howard Keel.

Now the most dazzling "Show Boat" of them all rolls along, with Keel aboard as Ravenal, and the customers holler for him louder than ever. Out at Warners a while back nobody hollered when one Harry Keel, on vacation from "Oklahoma!," showed for his scheduled test. They just peacefully turned him down. Ditto Hal Wallis. So much for the blind spots of executives. At M-G-M, watching the Warner test, Arthur Freed's vision was 20-20.

Howard Keel: Excitement in song

Blackwell Jr.



As a shoe shiner, young Harry Keel earned passes to the local motion picture theatre



The Keel home in Gillespie which mother supported as the town's paperhanger



Coal mine No. 3. Every woman and child in Gillespie kept their ears tuned to the mine whistle. Three blasts meant an accident

photoplay feature attraction

Many Brave Hearts

Howard Keel, looking back over
his years of struggle, thinks of a

crack of Grandma's: "You

know, there's just one
trouble with this life. You've got to live
it all before you know how to live it"



First big car. His mother sent this snap home to show their luck had turned at last



As Curley in "Oklahoma," with Betty Jayne Watson. He repeated role on London stage



Until late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. A true bass, in baritone roles key is lowered for him. Above in "Carousel"

"There's my Frank Butler. Get him."

They got him and changed his front name to Howard. "Howard, Hezekiah or Huckleberry Finn," said the new boy, "I don't give a hoot. But Keel I keep."

A true bass, his voice has never been properly heard on stage or screen. In baritone roles, they lower the key for him. Till his late teens, he sang only where nobody could hear him. Then he began meeting people who urged him to study. Some he eyed balefully, convinced they were handing him a



While in London he made first picture, "The Small Voice" with Valerie Hobson



Mom and small, twinkly Grandma Osterkamp, who kept Keel family alive with food from farm, visit Howard, Kathryn Grayson on "Show Boat" set

line. Others meant well, he decided, but had holes in the head.

Keel rises six feet four, and the first thing to hit you about him is his masculinity. Beside him, his fairhaired wife looks like an exquisitely molded half-pint. Helen Anderson was a dancer in "Oklahoma!" Her marriage to Keel in January, 1949 and the birth of their daughter a year later, wrote finis to her career. One reason lies deep-rooted in her husband's childhood. Keel's touch is light for the most part, but on this subject he talks with deadly earnestness. "If it's humanly possible, even if the kids have to do without, one parent should be at home. Otherwise it's murder—"

Helen's of Swedish extraction, and they named their baby Kaiya Liane. "Which was darn clever of us," her father points out, "since we didn't discover till later that Kaiya means happiness." Because he's a perfectionist who refuses to compromise, they live in a rented house. When they find one that suits them from nook to cranny, they'll buy. "I was born," says Keel dryly, "with a lump of coal in my mouth. But tastes develop. Also we're furnishing (Continued on page 109)

"Even if the kids have to do without, one parent should be at home," says Howard, with ex-dancer wife, Helen Anderson



Gigi might still be answering to "Toots" if Liz

Taylor hadn't been given a role in an outdoor picture

Apper

A SK any Hollywood star what thrills him—next to signing a big contract—and he will tell you that it's the small sincere wag of a welcoming tail when he comes home at night after a day at the studio.

Ask any Hollywood star where to expect a loyalty he can count on—and he will tell you that it's his for life in the watchdog lying on his hearth.

Ask any Hollywood star where she can look for enduring love and she will tell you that she has found it in the staunch heart of her dog.

The answer is always the same.

It's Fido—just a pooch with a busy tail—who chews up expensive furniture—bites the gold heels off mules—and sometimes brings the police (Continued on page 76)

Tales

"Lead on, MacDuff," said Deborah Kerr.

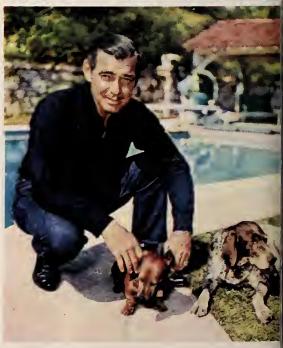
And Duffy's heart did a Highland fling.

Grandfather Fala had the President

—but Duffy's a ladies' mon!

Smit





If Clark Gable had listened to Bob, right, he wouldn't have been up a tree!

Dachshund, Rover, is new Gable pet

Hubbell

from Hollywood

BY BETH BROWN

Meet Jezebel, the tire-terror . . . Tchaikowsky, the frustrated actor . . . Cliquot, who loves pretty clothes. Meet all the dogs whose hearts belong to their star owners

Cliquot, Joan Crawford's poodle, may have a passion for pretty things—but on Saturday night he's just like any other dog!







Jezebel may be all the world to Alan Ladd but to the neighbors she just means—a flat tire!

Smith

When Janet Leigh gets up to dance—Lass is no gentle
man! Father of goldand-white Lass and
Co-ed is famous Lassie

Apger

When he smiles, he makes you happy. When he sings, you want to hum. With Gordon MacRae it's that certain something that puts you under his spell

THAT OLD MACRAE MAGIC

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Gordon, with Meredith, Gar, Sheila and Heather, likes to get up early, put on old shirt, slacks and have a catch with the kids before breakfast



With Heather, Sheila at pool of new home. Says Gordon, "For me a young marriage was right—I wouldn't have made the same progress as a bachelor"

THERE is an august quiet about the big "front office" of Jack Warner. The walls are soundproof. The carpets are heavily piled. The heavy doors swing silently. Only one thing shatters this quiet, ever—Jack Warner! Just as he shattered it that spring day back in 1946.

"Where's that would-be actor Bill Orr asked me to see?" he suddenly bellowed. "If he thinks I'm waiting around for anyone looking for a job. . ."

Jack's secretary, who had gone down the hall, didn't answer.

But Gordon MacRae did. "I've been here an hour," he said. And he grinned.

"Who let you in?" By this time Jack was slightly red in the face, furious that his secretary was not there to protect him from intruders.

"I'm Gordon MacRae. We have an appointment," Gordon was very casual, very calm.

"By this time," says Jack, telling the story, "MacRae thought I was crazy."

"I am Gordon MacRae, sir," Gordon persisted.

Jack (Continued on page 103)

Smilin' through: Gordon MacRae appears next in "Starlift"



A warning to Joan Evans from a woman who watched other girls grow up too fast—and come to unhappiness

act your age, JOAN

BY HEDDA HOPPER



Without Joan's background it is doubtful she could have survived her first year in Hollywood. It was tough. Above, with actor Lee Kirby. Right, beside fireplace of apartment in parents' home

ONE of the tragedies of Hollywood is the toll so often taken of the girls who are forced to grow up too fast.

Look at Judy Garland. Barely in her 'teens when Metro signed her, she grew up like lightning. When most kids her age were doing algebra and American history she was doing night clubs and jam sessions (along with her algebra and history, of course, which California state law demands). At seventeen she was well on her way to the sensationally unhappy publicity heaped upon her last year when she attempted to take her life . . .

Look at Deanna Durbin. She never had time to be a normal teenager and now—at twenty-nine—she is reported to be less happy in her third marriage than she hoped to be. And, instead of being the bright singing star she should have been, she is an almost forgotten star . . .

Shirley Temple took a few years of something very close to a living (Continued on page 95)









didn't reckon on Van becoming an actor, too

• He abhors hill-billy programs.

He is an habitual ashtray emptier and believes that snobbery is a symptom of inner fright.

He was christened Charles Van Dell Johnson. His hair is the color of an adolescent blush and he loves to run the vacuum cleaner because he finds it the greatest relaxation. "You think of absolutely nothing." He is 6'2".

He feels "Go for Broke" gave him the biggest and most needed boost of his career. His wartime popularity hit a slump with the coming of Farley Granger and John Derek—but now his fan mail is on the rise again. This time, however, the interest is for Van Johnson, the actor, rather than Van, the personality kid.

He is fond of bow ties, skiing and anchovies. He doesn't believe in fortune-tellers but enjoys listening to them.

He smokes four or five cigarettes a day.

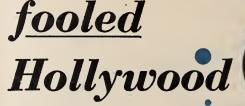
He is completely baffled by machinery and thinks the most beautiful sight he has ever seen was Sun Valley—"Just before dawn—the stars and moon shining—the lights still on—horses and sleighs moving about..." (P.S. He was on his honeymoon.)

He's a fair horseman and (Continued on page 70)



Van and Evie Johnson. He married a brunette—but blondes—Wow!

how Ava Gardner







As a Southern belle, Ava has chance to show her dramatic talents in "Lone Star." Top picture, with Clark Gable. Second, in costume for role. Opposite, with Frank Sinatra —no longer dodging the reporters THE first question any editor or reporter visiting in Hollywood asks is, "What's new? Who's exciting?" Usually there's a difference of pinion. But this summer wherever you asked this question the answer was the same:

"Ava Gardner!"

"She is," some would add, "far and away the most beautiful girl in town. Her bone structure is better than Taylor's, really. And her figure is better than Grable's!"

Others would say, "She always was beautiful. But she's learned to act. As Julie in 'Show Boat' she turns in a great performance. The studio is all out for her. She can write her own ticket."

Or: "She's a man's woman; loaded with sex appeal."

A year ago it was a different story. Wherever you went then people shook their heads and told you, solemnly, that Ava was through, absolutely finished, unless she would agree to tell Frankie goodbye and settle down to good hard work and study.

Then the Technicolored "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" and the Technicolored "Show Boat" revealed Ava as the beauty she actually is, with her green eyes, smoky dark hair and smooth pallor. Then Nancy Sinatra, realizing her marriage to Frank belonged to the past but not to the future, consented to a divorce.

Amazing how fast a tide can turn...

The Hollywood premiere of "Show Boat" was a brilliant gala. The forecourt of the Egyptian Theatre was banked with great bales of cotton. Negro boys jigged to the music of a banjo. A mike was set up (Continued on page 81)



BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Why do they hate Hollywood?

People have all sorts of reasons for leaving Hollywood. But Greer Garson's is unique. She prefers Buddy Fogelson's cattle! Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich made a play for Broadway, learned facts about Hollywood







Marlon Brando was far from dazzled until he found gold in the Hollywood hills. Now Broadway's lights have grown dimmer

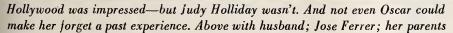


Rex Harrison, with Lilli Palmer, was bitter. But time, it seems, has ripened his taste for Hollywood

Sheilah's mad enough to pound out some

home truths about the stars who work on the cash—and carry it elsewhere—plan







Farley Granger fell in love with Paris
—now Hollywood's just a pay station

HE first time Farley Granger saw Paris, he whooped, "This is for me." Now you have to tie him down to keep him in Hollywood between pictures. When each last foot of film is canned, when the final piece of publicity has been performed, Farley boards the nearest plane for Paris, and lives there happily ever after on his Hollywood dollars—until Mr. Sam Goldwyn sounds the tocsin to call him back to work.

Farley isn't the only star who makes his money in Hollywood but, given one choice, spends it elsewhere. It's become very chic to take the "Hollywood is provincial" attitude, to say, "Between pictures I must have the stimulation of New York or Paris, London or Rome—where people are more cosmopolitan, where the culture is older."

Take Judy Holliday. At the very instant when Hollywood awarded her its highest honor, the gold Oscar for the Best Performance (Continued on page 90)

If you want to be dressed like a star-

just tell us what

a wedding dress means to you



Now comes the chance of a lifetime, a chance to have a wedding dress—or a cocktail dress, or a dance dress or an afternoon dress—created especially for you by Edith Head, star designer at the Paramount Studios, and custommade to your measurements in the Studio's fine workrooms.

Ordinarily, Edith Head designs only for stars like Jane Wyman, Elizabeth Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Corinne Calvet, Betty Hutton and Mona Freeman, among others. They agree, all these stars, that Edith knows how to bring out a girl's greatest beauty.

Now, for the first time, someone who is not a star will have the benefit of the Head talents. For when Edie, as the stars call her, in a romantic mood over the wedding dress she designed for Jane Wyman, the Cinderella bride in the new Bing Crosby picture, "Here Comes the Groom," agreed to participate in this contest, the editors of Photoplay went into immediate action.

All you have to do to stake your claim to this dress, or any one of the six other prizes listed on the facing page, is write a letter, of one hundred words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you.

What could be easier? A wedding dress is the stuff of dreams to all women, whether they look forward to one, plan one, or remember one they wore years ago. Your letter will be judged for the thought it contains, not for literary style. Which means that anyone who ever has dreamed about a wedding dress is a likely winner.

Get busy! But before you put one word on paper read the rules on page 81 carefully.

Edith Head, star designer at Paramount

Studios, who will create a dress especially for winner. Above, her sketch of wedding dress Jane Wyman wears as Cinderella bride in "Here Comes the Groom." Right,

Jane Wyman in scene from picture



your chance to win

Tollywood-designed Dres.

7 exciting prizes

Grand Prize:

1. A wedding, evening, cocktail or afternoon dress designed and made especially for the winner by Edith Head, Designer for Paramount Studios

Other Prizes:

2. An afternoon dress designed especially for the winner by Edith Head and made in New York of William Heller worsted jersey (See the Fashion Section, Pages 66 to 69,

for illustrations of the following prizes.) 3. Ben Kalish rabbit jacket in beige, gray, black, navy or brown

4. Sherbrooke cravenetted suede

cloth coat in purple, gray, beige or copper 5. Seasonaire two-toned gray rayon flannel suit

6. Nan Buntly suit in gray rayon flannel or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin

7. Bobbie Brooks bolero suit in light or dark gray or brown flannel

entry blank:

Attached is my letter, of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to me

Name dress size Street

City

Mail to Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest, Box 1543, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.





In Paris, reporter Bing Crosby, leaving for U.S. and marriage to long-suffering fiancee, is delayed when he decides to adopt war orphans Beverly Washburn, Jacky Gencil. Furious . . .



proceeds to carry out threat to marry someone else, becomes engaged to her wealthy boss, Franchot Tone



Bing discovers dowdy Alexis Smith is carrying torch for cousin Franchot. He and editor Robert Keith give her quick glamour course. She learns ...



... fast! When she makes a play for Franchot at wedding rehearsal, the hair begins to fly as two girls wrestle

But Bing's orphans have to have a mother. His

Bing's blissful as they drive away-he has a wife and the orphans have a mother. But Jane has the last laugh!





PINT-SIZED PARADISE

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

Bouncy, exuberant, delightful Betty Hutton has changed her style! Not her uninhibited singing, nor her unparalleled zest for living, but her sophisticated mirrored and peach-colored modern studio dressing-room on the Paramount lot has given way to one in a charming, informal French Provincial style. It's as suited to Betty as her own close-cropped blonde curls. Though it looks just right for her, Betty didn't select one item. You'd swear she did, and she feels as though she did, because she adores everything about her pint-size setting. This proves that Ray Morey, set decorator, knows Betty, almost better than she knows herself. It also proves that a tiny apartment can have just as much style and appeal as a larger home, that size doesn't mean a thing.

The ideas incorporated in Betty's dressing-room (Continued on page 105)



Walls, living-room sofa are covered in same green tweed. Novel lamps have shades hung from ceiling so separate bases can be changed. Betty's in "The Greatest Show on Earth"



Louvered shutters, when closed, give privacy to sleeping alcove. For dining, Betty pulls up foldaway tables, uses couch as comfortable bench

Below, bar-alcove end of living-room. French Provincial desk, left, conceals speaker connected to phonograph in Betty's dressing-room behind doors in rear



Photographs by de Gennaro

Tiny kitchen is behind bar, with cabinets under counter. Shutters hide refrigerator-stove combination

Cramped for space? No room to decorate? Betty Hutton's home on the

lot proves size doesn't mean a thing

photoplay magazine)
in Up #9
color photograph by Peskin

Cyd Charisse

prairie Flower

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



As a child, Cyd was so thin her parents started her dancing, to build her up. Today, she's 5' 6½" tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds. Cyd appears next in "North Country"

On their rare days
off together, Cyd and
Tony Martin like to
sit in the sun by the
pool and listen to
the ball games



In Hollywood, the accent's on her acting.

But dark-haired, exotic Cyd Charisse

still has her heart in her dancing feet

Tony Ir. startled his dark-haired, dark eyed parents by being a blue-eyed blond!

• Cyd Charisse is often accredited with being Spanish, Italian, Russian and French. When she goes through Gallup, New Mexico, she gets a cut price on turquoise. Recently a Cherokee fan wrote expressing approval, "That I was finally playing myself in the role of an Indian girl, with Stewart Granger, in 'North Country.'

"Despite the fact 'enchilada' is about the extent of my Spanish and I can count to ten in Russian—but nobody ever wants to count to ten in Russian," she laughs.

Small wonder that at times this beautiful ballerina feels like a maid without a country. But Cyd Charisse would have you know that she hails from the wi-i-i-de open spaces. From Amarillo, Texas—and how wide and how open can they get?

On occasion Cyd has even had difficulty persuading the home folks that she's a Texan. They eye her as a beautiful stray, a movie maverick in their midst. But (Continued on page 93)





Photograph by Engstead: June's in "Too Young to Kiss"

June Allyson

Sunshine on a wheatfield . . . tomboy in a pink negligee determination cloaked in humor . . . a kitten, chasing an autumn leaf . . . the appeal of a loving heart Verd-Elen The most popular girl in the
... bare feet on a grassy slope ...
waves breaking

The most popular girl in the high-school year book

waves breaking on golden sands . . . a china doll in gingham slacks

Photograph by Fink and Smith: Vera-Ellen's in "Belle of New York"



photoplay fashions



Designed for the girl who

must count the cost—a

wardrobe with that luxury

look at a low, low price

- Fooled? So were we, when we saw this debonair jacket that looks like a million and is really rabbit fur. Without the belt it's a neat little straight box jacket. By Ben Kalish, it's luxury at your price—\$59.95 plus tax. In beige, gray, black, navy, brown, 10-18. Tweed skirt, \$12.95, Veaumont beaded cloche, \$6.95. Complete ensemble at all Peck & Peck stores
- Below, Jean Hagen in original coat designed by Helen Rose for her role in M-G-M's "No Questions Asked." At right, the Sherbrooke adaptation, in cravenetted suede cloth, good for any weather. News note is Milium lining which keeps you warm in winter, cool on warmer days. In a new fall color—purple—with velvet collar and cuffs. Also in gray, beige, copper, 8-18. Around \$49.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., Davison, Paxon, Atlanta, Ga. Velvet accessories—Freidman Lobel bag. Dani hat

Photographed by Engstead



Above ensemble modeled by M-G-M's bright young star, Phyllis Kirk



Richly rewarding with suits is this calf pouch By Companion, colors, arour available

ith suits is this
calf pouch bag with handy flap closing.
By Companion, it comes in all solid
colors, around 87.98, plus tax. Also
available in gray or brown flannel





Suits on this page modeled by **Gene Tierney** star of Warners' "Close to My Heart."

Suited to your purse: Be smart for your money in suit, left, with its slightly flared skirt, short fitted jacket with notched collar, self buttons. In gray rayon flannel or red, tan, green, dark brown rayon sharkskin, 10-18, 7-15, by Nan Buntly. Under \$22.00
 at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.

name your suit!

Sally Forrest appears next in RKO's "Hard, Fast and Beautiful"

• You're in the money with this youthful bolero-type suit. In all wool gray flannel, so important this fall, the jacket is straight cut, unlined, with button trim, mandarin neck. Slim skirt is peg-topped, with hip pocket. By Bobbie Brooks in light or dark gray or brown, 7-15, at around \$17.95. At McCreery's, New York, N. Y. Debway hat.



Photographs by Dirone

Add a polish with leather: Handsewn glacé shorties come in all colors. By Superb, around \$7.50. High-heeled calf pump has self-bow, perforated detail. By Trim Tred, around \$12.95

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 80



NEWS! Barbizon makes Blowses, too!...

Yes, Barbizon...makers of those beautiful, wonder-fitting "Body-Contour"* Slips now brings you the ultimate in classic tailored shirtwaists...perfect in every detail from the daintiest stitching and mother-of-pearl buttons to the smart, convertible collar and the French cuff-link cuffs. In pristine white, pure silk crepe Dosché...the fabric Barbizon weaves to such perfection. Ask for Barbizon "Tops" in your regular dress size, at your favorite store. 10 to 20 and 38 to 44. Short Sleeves \$7. Long Sleeves \$8.

Rarbizon...Makers of Famous "Body-Contour"* Lingerie and Blouses

Rhode Island Redhead

(Continued from page 51) wears a St Christopher medal around his neck. H deplores double features.

His favorite restaurant is any hot-do stand. He is loath to criticize others.

He loves candy, carries no money cliand cherishes a wooden elephant pre sented to him by a group of fans wh have since become his personal friends He has never played golf.

He never wears garters.

He is even-tempered, was especially good at spelling in school, and has just bough a home in Beverly Hills which contain no swimming pool or tennis court.

He never reads poetry and believes tha good taste is a product of instinct morthan of education. His eyes are blue and

he weighs 185 pounds.

He is a clock-winder, a good swimmer always punctual and if he hadn't become an actor he would like to have owned drugstore.

He is bored at baseball games, invariably hums the latest Cole Porter tunes, and never carries a nail file or comb.

HE CAN never remember beyond the first number and first initial of his ca license plate. He likes avocados, believe in astrology, and was born in a two-stor: frame house in Newport, R.I., where hi father. Charles E. Johnson, was and stil is a very good plumber. He can't stand small towns.

He took care of his own clothes as a youth and up until he got his big break "I can still iron a shirt—and that's the test of a good ironer."

'He readily admits to a mistake, likes a cocktail before dinner, seldom drinks after and his outlook on life is chiefly characterized by tolerance and his favorite guide "Do unto others as ye would have then do unto you." He is righthanded and at

tends an Episcopal church every Sunday

Van Johnson is called Buster by Clarl Gable and Junior by Spencer Tracy. He never speeds, has no extravagances and his observation about the weake sex is: "I married a brunette, but I low blondes, and redheads! Wow!!"

He is known as a beaut timer but never

He is known as a heavy tipper but neve gambles or risks money. He was born of August 25. He played football on the higl school team and married Eve Abbott Wyni in an elopement to Juarez, Mexico, or January 25, 1947.

He does not read the comic strips.

He cannot stand television.

His childhood idol was Tom Mix, he dislikes radio political commentators, and prefers belts to suspenders. "Keeps my stomach in." When asked what he remem bered most vividly about Europe, he re plied: "Vivien Leigh.

He is the father of a little girl, christened Schuyler Van. He is constantly watering the plants in the house and hif avorite quotations are: "A place for everything and everything in its place" from the play, "Craig's Wife," and "Never pu off till tomorrow what you can do today, which he learned from his father.

He never wears an undershirt. He is an exceptionally good dancer likes cold showers and cannot bear listening to people "tearing somebody apart."

He doesn't believe anything is a bargain He has a good memory for names, ha trouble remembering telephone numbers and bet but once on a horse race—six dollars—and lost ". . . I never got over it. rs—and lost ". . . I never got over it.
He has no taste for puttering around a

garden. He likes walking in the rain, prefers suits of light-weight gabardine in natural beige, and deplores the influence of radio, syndicated columns and diges magazines: "People don't get a chance to

think any more. 'Thinking' is manufactured for them.

He was very girl-shy as a boy.

He speaks no other languages, has a camel's-hair coat which he only wears in his work, and thinks slacks unattractive on women: "Unless they look like Katharine Hepburn.'

He has a keen sense of humor and is He has a keen sense of humor and is adept at shorthand which he learned at high school. He still employs shorthand in making notes on scripts.

He dropped the Dell in his baptismal name when he started school. His latest picture is "When in Rome."

He wrote three short-short stories while in high school but, "They always came back." He is a solid mass of freckles.

He has a very special admiration for Tom Lewis, husband of Loretta Young, loves all kinds of seafood, and is supersti-tious about passing a salt cellar and three-on-a-match.

He likes concerts but never goes to any. He likes a generous application of garlic in salads, and bemoans his shortcomings as a businessman. "It really doesn't in-

terest me.

He doesn't like prizefights or wrestling. He is a silver-wiper in hotels and restaurants-a throwback to his struggling days when he wasn't sure of cleanliness in the eating places he could afford. He is essentially an optimist.

Van Johnson modestly claims that he is "the luckiest guy in the world," prefers a trench coat to an overcoat, and hopes someday to make a boat trip around the

world, visiting China, Japan and Sweden.
He loves to take pills and will swallow anything prescribed by the doctor, and when visiting a zoo he lingers longest where the elephants are.

He has never played cards. "I don't know one card from another."

He is particularly fond of Latin-American music, has normal eyesight and firmly believes that environment is more important than heredity. He takes an aspirin after late nights out.

He chews gum and thinks "Battleground" his best picture. He never took a girl to a dance until his junior year at high. He first evinced interest in acting when he was in grade school, setting up a "theatre" in the Johnson backyard and charging an admission of one cent.

He would like someday to learn French,

Italian and to play the piano. He sleeps "like a rock."

He is not impulsive, was a chronic daydreamer at school, (Continued on page 73)



Tea for two: Van Johnson with Photoplay writer and columnist Edith Gwynn





(Continued from page 71) and thinks the gesture of men removing hats in business elevators "impractical and an awkward nuisance."

He is a bathroom bowl-wiper-out, always leaving them spick and span. He has or directing a picture. He once worked for nine dollars a week, plus room and board, as a master of ceremonies, dancer and singer at a Catskill resort theatre.

He is at heart a sentimental idealist and has a curious faculty for remembering in detail what people wore the first time the met them and the last time he saw them. He never gets moody: "My old Swedish blood, I guess." He loves all kinds of animals and hopes

someday to own a French bull terrier. He has a "photographic" mind and studies

his dialogue in the mornings.

He tires easily at sports. He is not addicted to collecting anything. "It isn't good when possessions possess

"A good actress is one who admits she's still learning to act."

. . . . BARBARA STANWYCK

you." He is fond of dry wines.

He has never carried a fountain pen, has few regrets in life, and at eighteen worked for his father as a bookkeeper. He plays a fair game of tennis and never wins because he insists on playing against crack players.

He is a good spectator at golf and hockey matches and when attending a stage per-formance never leaves his seat until the final curtain. He will eat anything pre-

pared with cheese.

His only hobby is home movies which he splices himself. He dabbles at painting but seldom finishes one unless he accomplishes it in one sitting. He once was one of the "Eight Men of Manhattan," a New York night-club show.

He is fond of potatoes au gratin.

He suffered terrible stagefright on the night he made a personal appearance with "Battleground" at the London opening.

He likes deep-sea fishing, is a prodigious reader of old and new film scripts, and sees at least three feature films a week.

He is constantly dreaming that he is back in the chorus and that he cannot remember the routines. He once visited the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., and cannot erase from his memory Lindbergh's plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis" and Mary Pickford's curls.

He prepares a proud breakfast of eggs scrambled with paprika and watercress. He exercises with barbells but they bore him. He always puts on the suit hanging on the left end of his clothesrack; when retiring he hangs it on the right end, and thus keeps his wardrobe rotating

He likes hot-rock steam baths and thinks the growing number of college graduates is not necessarily a sign of our increasing culture. He has no desire to own a boat.

He likes writing letters which he always types. He has visited the Metropolitan Museum but once. He would rather live in Beverly Hills than anywhere else, and for no reason at all he feels he is com-pletely devoid of confidence, and because of this he never feels he has done a good job on the screen. "I die a million deaths thinking I've failed."

Van Johnson tried out for each play at high school, but never succeeded in making the grade—the school dramatic coach simply couldn't see him.

THE END



PHOTOPLAY

Photoplay Fashion Editor



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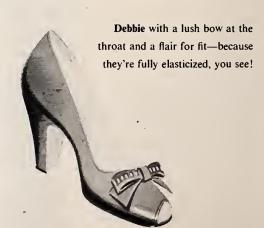
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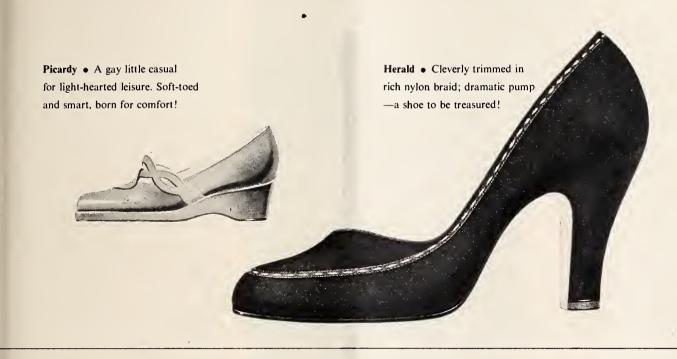


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Tales from Hollywood

(Continued from page 44) to the door with a summons because his bark annoys the neighbors.

Dogs fill a great need in the lives of many people. But they fill a greater need in the complex lives of the stars. It's small wonder there's a solid bond between the movie actor and his four-legged partner.

No wonder the dog in Hollywood puts on

the Hollywc dog!

Some of the lucky pooches—such as Daisy of the Blondie series, who's just a mongrel (with her own big bank account!) —ride around in private station wagons. Some of the canine celebrities, like Lassie, have their own personal valets. Like the children of the rich, many a Hollywood dog goes to private school and patronizes the best of beauty parlors. Some of them work for a living and others stay at home. . .

Take Duffy, for instance.
He lives with Deborah Kerr. Duffy is a Scottie. He was born at Hyde Park. His grandfather was the famous Fala.

The tiny pup was given by the President to his son Elliott. Any other pup would have been pretty proud to be a member of such a prominent family, living at the White House and meeting all sorts of folks in high society, senators, ambassadors and royalty from abroad. But not Duffy.

Duffy was a sad little fellow. Kings and

queens and big politicians did not impress him. He went around worried. He had a personal problem, a biting secret which made his nights long and sleepless. You see, when you are the grandson of a famous grandfather like Fala—you're always tak-ing a back seat. You're the dog who gets the pat and not the bone—the dog who is always being told by the cameraman to please, please step out of the camera range while they shoot Fala's portrait.

Please don't get the idea that Duffy

didn't love his grandfather, Fala. A dog's life is rooted in enduring affection and Duffy never forgot that Elliott was his

master.

Then one day, the White House kitchen buzzed with undue excitement. A big movie star was coming to Hyde Park. Duffy didn't know what a movie star looked like. But he knew what the stars looked like—for he often lay on the grass at night peering up at the sky and dreaming of going away—some place far away—where he would be the one and only in someone's home and heart.

At ten o'clock that morning, the car pulled up to the door and Duffy ran out with the others to get an eyeful of Jupiter or Mars or Venus. Yes, there stood Venus—but on the earth and in the flesh the most beautiful dazzler he'd ever seen.

Her name was Deborah Kerr.

Duffy looked at Deborah. Deborah looked at Duffy. Then a strange thing hap-

pened. In a flash-just like that-Deborah held out her arms and Duffy jumped right into them. His heart was beating hard as he melted into her embrace. Not a word was said, yet he knew at once that he had "come home." But could he stay here?

What would his master say?
Elliott, having witnessed the strange miracle of a small dog and a great star falling in love with each other at first sight, had no choice. He had to be generous. When Deborah left, he asked if she would care to take a certain little package with

her. That little package was Duffy.
Of course Duffy wasn't named Duffy then. But when Deborah was taking the pup back home with her, leading him through the station on a leash, suddenly a line came to her, paraphrasing from one Shakespeare's "Macbeth": "Lead on, Mac-Duff." And right there and then the pup was formally christened. Only later did Deborah learn that the first Scottie that President Roosevelt owned was named Duffy, too.

And so, today Duffy lives in Hollywood, boss of his own domain. He no longer shines by reflected glory.

CLARK GABLE'S dog is a German, short-haired pointer named Bob. Bob is twelve years young. Although Bob shares the limelight of a

great star, they have a secret passion in common. Work has its place in their lives and Gable is a dependable worker. But between pictures, he gives way to the wanderlust that has made him restless all his life. Gable loves the wide open spaces of lonely places and often takes Bob with him.

The two have shared many an exciting hour together in the distant reaches of the wilderness. They have had some exciting experiences and several close calls with death. They have shared some humorous moments, too. One of these bears telling:

It happened on their last hunting trip in the mountains of Mexico. They had made camp for the night and had settled down for a comfortable sleep under the stars. All was quiet and peaceful. Suddenly, Clark stirred awake. He felt restless. He longed to get up and be on the go.

Jack Conway, the movie director, had

accompanied him on the trip. Clark shook Jack awake. They would take a short moonlight stroll together. Of course, Bob wanted to go, too. But Clark commanded him to stay behind and guard the camp. Bob protested with all his canine heart. Clark was adamant. Bob must remain.

Well, the night faded into dawn and there was no sign of the two adventurers. Dawn faded into noon. Where were those fearless men? Finally, at two o'clock, they staggered back into camp, punch-drunk from lack of sleep, from hunger and weariness. Their clothes were torn, their face:

scratched, their expressions sheepish.

It seems that a big grizzly bear had picked up their scent soon after they left camp and had chased them over a mile along that moonlit trail. They finally scrambled up a tree. The long night dragged—the long hours passed. The bear did not give up. Not until the hot noon sun was high in the sky did he go away.

The camp guide listened to their story without a word. But Bob's face broke into a canine grin of large proportion. Good sport that he was, Clark admitted openly that the bear would never have attacked them if Bob had been with them.

The dog who rushes to answer the front doorbell at Joan Crawford"s house is a

French poodle named Cliquot.

Cliquot is a lively young fellow. Holly-wood suits him to a T. There's always some excitement going on and Cliquot just loves to be in the middle of things. He loves good food, silk covers on his dog bed and believe it or not-pretty clothes.

No ordinary leash or harness for Cliquot. He must wear something special and be

groomed right to the teeth.

Of course, although a fashion plate, there's still some "dog" to Cliquot. Joan doesn't need a calendar to tell her what day of the week it is. She needs only to look at her white poodle who keeps changing to deeper and deeper shades of dirty gray as Saturday bath day approaches.

Ît's lucky for Cliquot that he selected Joan Crawford as his mistress. She has a wonderful style sense. Not long ago, she called Cliquot to her bedroom for a private consultation. A dressmaker was present. Cliquot was measured for a new outfit that was going to be the last word in canine haberdashery.

The outfit was finally finished. A private

rehearsal was called. Cliquot could scarcely sleep that night, waiting for dawn to break so he could get dressed and go to the studio with Joan. They arrived on the set. And did eyes pop! Joan marched in first— wearing a beautiful red and white sweater —and right at her heels was none other than your friend Cliquot—in a red and white sweater to match.

Jezebel—Jez for short—is a caramel-custard-colored female boxer. She was presented to Alan Ladd by Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount Studios. But at the time, Alan had no idea that Jezebel's

favorite dish would be tires a la carte.

Now these cannot be ordinary tires, secondhand, let's say, lying on some secondhand lot-or even at home, in the Alan Ladd garage. No, Jez prefers tires on an automobile that is in use, preferably on one that is standing in a driveway with the motor running. It could be Alan's car,



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My name

My age

with Alan already late for the studio. Or, better still, it could be a car belonging to a neighbor living down the street. A flat or two is nothing in Jezebel's life. But it's everything in the life of the man down the street who has to punch a clock at the office.

There have been some heavy arguments on Alan's street. Nobody knows why Jez chews tires. Perhaps they take the place of chewing gum. It's anyone's guess. Time and again, Alan has been politely invited to give up his dog. But he refuses on the grounds that he loves her.

Now Alan's a guy who also loves his sleep. When Alan is sleeping, the whole house walks on tiptoe. But just let Jez "want out" and not so much as a boo out of Alan. He leaps to his feet to take her down the street for her airing. The last time this happened Jez kept pulling towards the driveway of a neighbor's house. Alan couldn't understand it then. But he did the next day. He got a bill for the new tires on the neighbor's new car.

JANET LEIGH early in her career was assigned to the motion picture, "The Hills of Home" featuring Lassie, the well-known canine star.

Lassie's name led the cast of characters. Lassie boasted seven stand-ins. Janet had a lesser billing. Janet had a single standin. Janet was no star. But Janet did not complain. Like everyone else in the world, she had only to be introduced to Lassie to fall in love with this magnificent collie. Here was an animal of matchless beauty who walked the earth with dignity, quiet, calm; a sermon in manners and morals.

calm; a sermon in manners and morals.

Lassie approved of Janet, too. And, when the picture was finished there was a surprise gift for the girl who did not think it beneath her to play second fiddle to a dog. In the litter of beautiful newborns was one particularly striking puppy. This puppy was given to Janet. Janet named it Lass. The first picture in which Janet starred in her own right called for a singing and dancing role. Long months of rehearsal lay ahead, grueling work on the dance floor and at the piano. For some strange reason, Lass did not approve of Janet's dancing. She would leap upon her mistress almost with violence, tripping her up and bringing her down to the floor. Fin-



Tchaikowsky realized a doggy dream when he won role with Steve Cochran in "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison"





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ally Janet was forced to lock her up when she practiced her dance steps. But oddly encugh, Lass seemed to approve of her singing. Janet no sooner began to rehearse her singing roles than the dog turned from Hyde to Jekyll and sat quiet, with warm approval in her eyes.

That same approval went out to Tony Curtis, whom Janet married in June. Lass approved of the match right from the start. As a matter of fact, Tony, who's crazy about dogs, approved of Lass. And, since the community property law in California calls for fifty-fifty ownership of all real estate, bank accounts, jewelry and pets—Tony now owns half of Lass and diligently airs his 50 per cent.

LIZABETH TAYLOR is the mistress of

a toy French poodle named Gigi. Liz, Gigi and Peggy Rutledge, secretarycompanion to the star, live in their own apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. When Liz is working at the studio, Peggy is busy answering fan mail at home. Gigi is just as busy in the wardrobe division. He loves to invade the closets and disarrange bags and boxes. Shoes are his favorite target. By the time he is finished with his little job, there are shoes all over the house. It sometimes takes hours to find them all and match up the missing pairs.

People often ask Liz how she came to name him Gigi. When Liz lived in Eng-land, it was customary for children to call all horses gee-gee. When Liz began to ride her own horse, whether it was brown or black, male or female, Gee-gee was al-ways its name. Then Liz was transplanted

She was now in California—a very bright star in pictures. And one fine day, she found herself mistress of a fine day, For weeks Liz called her new pooch Honey. Then she changed it to other endearments such as Sweetie-pie, Toots and Trinkets. Her friends all teased her. These were no names for a growing dog of such high pedigree. Why not give him a name like Champion? Or Gallant? Or Jade?

But Liz shook her pretty head. Time went on and still her dog answered to a

string of pet names but had no name of

his own.

Then one day, Liz was slated for a Technicolor picture which called for outdoor shots full of mountains, meadows—and horses! She was back in the days of Geegee. Gee-gee! Here was the name for her

dog.

The spelling of Gee-gee has changed to

conform with his elegant French manners.
There's music in the air over at Steve Cochran's house. It's Tchaikowsky playing

the piano!

Tchaikowsky is a mongrel, twelve years old. But he does not look his age. Also, he does not happen to be man's best friend.

He and Steve have had bitter arguments.

Tchaikowsky had always been of the firm conviction that he was gifted with great acting ability. Steve, on the other hand, not only doubted his acting ability

but refused to have more than one actor under the same roof.

So, one morning, Tchaikowsky decided to take a drastic measure. He ran away from home and stayed away for five days.

He visited the studios where Steve had worked. He dropped in on directors who knew him. He paid a call at the agency which handled Steve's affairs. He knew all the familiar haunts, having accompanied Steve many a time. But nobody recognized the great talent crying for expressions of the statement of t

nized the great talent crying for expression in that small, mongrel body.

Tchaikowsky turned off Hollywood Boulevard and started toward the hills. He was a pretty tired fellow as he sat down under a tree to think. He had been away from home five days. Perhaps he had better go back. After all, the meak were regular and the bones were big.

He was crossing Sunset Boulevard, when all of a sudden, he saw a giant poultry.

all of a sudden, he saw a giant poultry truck on its way to market. Who knows? Perhaps dogs are not so dumb as they seem to be. Perhaps Tchaikowsky had heard Steve discuss the potent power of

breaking into print.

Tchaikowsky went after that truck
Those chickens, he decided, were his meat
Sunset Boulevard soon became a sham-

ble of cars, cops, newshounds, crowds flying feathers, a big angry truck driver and a small, determined dog. Tchaikowsky was soon cornered, caught and recognized The police called Warners, who called Steve, who bailed out Tchaikowsky. It was one exciting night on Sunset Boulevard

Steve was very glad to get his dog back He hadn't done much sleeping with the dog away. It had given him time to do some thinking. Steve had become resigned to the

idea of having two actors in the family.

What's more, he went to work on it. He hired a trainer for Tchaikowsky. In short

hired a trainer for Tchaikowsky. In short order, upon command, Tchaikowsky could not only sit up, lie down, shake hands fetch cigarettes but play the piano.

What's more, Tchaikowsky finally got his break in pictures the way so many struggling actors do—by being in the right place at the right time.

Director Crane Wilbur needed a dog for a scene in "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison." The part required a nondescript mongrel to follow around at the heels of Prison." The part required a nondescript mongrel to follow around at the heels of a convict. Tchaikowsky happened to be there at the time. Of course, his unique ability to appear completely nondescript immediately won him the role.

Today, he is the happiest dog in Hollywood. It's his dream to outdo Lassie That's why Steve has signed up a good agent to represent Tchaikowsky. He no longer chases trucks full of chickens up

agent to represent Tchaikowsky. He no longer chases trucks full of chickens up Sunset Boulevard. He now sits at home nights poring over old Lassie scripts! (Janet Leigh is in "Angels in the Outfield," Joan Crawford in "Goodbye, My Fancy," Liz Taylor in "Love Is Better Than Ever," Clark Gable in "Lone Star," Alar Ladd in "Red Mountain" and Deborah Keri in "Quo Vadis.")

The End

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photoplay pattern of the month

How Ava Gardner Fooled Hollywood

(Continued from page 52) before a reproduction of the Cotton Blossom's helm room, copied from the actual show boat, so the master of ceremonies could interview all the stars . . . Kathryn Grayson, Clark Gable, Dan Dailey who came with Ann Miller, Joan Crawford with David Miller, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Tony Curtain Lines Leich And Condons and tis and Janet Leigh. Ava Gardner and—that was the question! For Ava and Frankie had been most discreet. They had appeared in public together only rarely.

And always they had asked the camera
boys not to photograph them. Upon this occasion, obviously, no such request would

be possible.

Necks craned when Ava stepped from her car, radiantly beautiful in emerald green satin draped with black lace, with

black sequin flowers on the bodice and wearing her diamond necklace. . . "Frankie! Frankie!" The crowds waiting on the sidelines called excitedly the instant

they saw him.

Arm in arm Ava and Frankie walked down the Egyptian's forecourt. The photographers swarmed about them. They posed, over and over, happy and smil-

There were cheers. There were whistles. Not only from the crowds outside but from the audience inside too as "Show Boat" finally floated downstream.

Later at Romanoff's it was planned to give Ava a standing cheer when it was discovered she and Frankie had a reservation. Only they never arrived. Frankie had to report on a night location for "Meet Danny Wilson" at eleven o'clock. A standby car was waiting when he came out of the theatre. And Ava went with him.

It really looks now as if it wouldn't be long before the girl who fooled Hollywood would be Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

THE END

Hollywood-designed Dress Contest Rules

(For Contest on Page 56)

1. Fill in the coupon on page 57—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Attach to the coupon a letter of 100 words or less, telling what a wedding dress means to you. Write on one side of the paper only and print your name, address and age at the end of the letter. Mail your entry to: Photoplay Wedding Dress Contest, Box 1543, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. By filling in this coupon each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight October 15, 1951.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications or their advertising agencies.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be ac-

cepted. 5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay Magazine. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties. 6. All entries become the property of Mac-fadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned. 7. The winner will be announced in the February 1952 issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.



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Rest Cure For Your Charm

Everybody knows what a dash of surprise can do for a girl in the matter of appearance:

You're a sweater-and-saddle-shoes kid, for instance. Then on the night of the big formal you float into the ballroom in billowing clouds of pale blue organza. Your girl friends look at you as though they'd never seen you before, certainly never appreciated the competition. And your best beau sticks by your side all evening, reluctant to trade even a single dance for fear his miraculous Cinderella will vanish as mysteriously as she appeared.

I have long been convinced that the same sort of sleightof-hand technique can work similar wonders with your charm. No matter what the outward characteristics we customarily show to the world, we have—all of us—quite contradictory hidden selves which, given a chance to come out into the open now and then, can reveal us as dramatically more interesting and attractive people.

Are you one of those extrovert souls, the doers, the drivers, the talkers, always in the middle of a crowd? Then I'll wager you hunger sometimes-I know I do-for quiet and solitude, for a day when there is absolutely nothing you have to do, no one you really must see. Give in to that urge. Cancel all your plans for twenty-four hours. Put off until tomorrow what you had planned to do todayit isn't so all-fired important. Get out of the house and away from the phone. Lie down under a tree with a book. Forget the book, and just look at the sky. You'll come back to your work, and your friends and your fun, relaxed and refreshed.

Just a momentary change of pace is all it amounts to—but it pays remarkable dividends in new energy and a fresh point of view.

I call this a rest cure for charm. I've relied on it for years. It's sanity-saving!

And it will work, I am convinced, for everyone, not just for the eager beavers.

You quiet types who live inwardly, who always manage to stay a little bit apart from the crowd, will have to go at it from the opposite direction. For your charm "rest cure" you will have to risk getting physically (as against mentally) tired for a change.

Call up all the people you know and invite them to a party. Take a trip, make a real effort to get to know the people you meet. Make yourself talk. From all that voluntary solitude of yours you should have saved up reams of conversation-making ideas.

You, too, will have given the hidden layer of your personality a chance to expand. You will have uncovered charm your best friends didn't suspect you possessed.

Hidden charm — buried treasure—lies in every one of us—if we will only tap it —by being flexible enough, courageous enough, to reach for it.

That Teen-Age Skin Bogey

I have been hearing so many heartbroken wails from teen-age readers of this department, that I feel it is high time we face up here to that nightmare of the middle teens, bad skin.

It's easy enough for someone who has lived through that painful period, and almost forgotten it, to poohpooh the problem. It will pass, of course. Those ugly blemishes on the face and shoulders and back which blague so many young girls are a by-product of the glandular changes taking place in the body at that period, and they will go away in time.

But they can leave scars—
if not on the skin itself,
then on the personality—
from the inferiority feelings and lack of confidence
that (Continued on page 92)



if you by Joan Crawford
Next to be seen in "That
Woman is Dangerous"

Ucunt to be

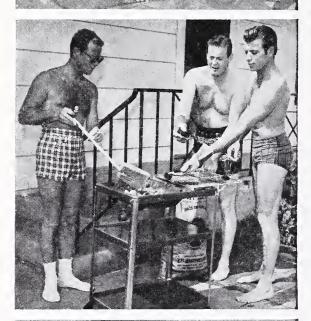
charming



No one knew Mona and Pat were putting in a pool—until that Sunday when they invited

Monie, with Mona, is so proud of her spectacles, she's reluctant to take them off even when she goes swimming

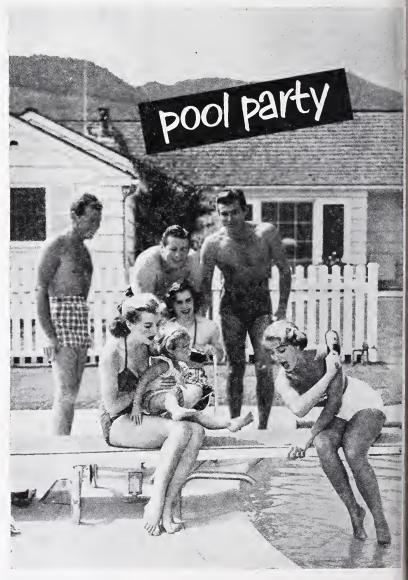






friends to go swimming in their back yard

• When Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney built their new house, certain things had to wait—a big red leather chair to stand beside the fireplace, a rear terrace, iron furniture—and a swimming pool. All the first things became realities, but grass still grew where the pool was supposed to be. Every week, saving faithfully, Mona and Pat told Monie, "We can't have a pool until you learn to swim." Monie learned to swim.



Pat Nerney, Don and Marion DeFore, John Bromfield, Corinne Calvet and Monie watch as Mona christens pool with Coke. Pat spent the afternoon diving for broken glass

"When a man likes to cook, he's usually a good cook," says Mona, "and shouldn't be disturbed at his work." But Don and John offer advice anyway

"Come and get it!" calls Mona. John and Marion line up for the hot dogs, hamburgers and the specialty of the house, a hot sauce which Mona prepares



Faith's ring

SHE'S ENGAGED

Charming FAITH ROBBINS of Short Hills, New Jersey, and James T. Phillips of New York announced their engagement on Easter Eve. Their exciting plans included an afternoon wedding with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor in the wedding procession, escorting Faith.





SHE'S LOVELY

Faith's sunshiny, blue eyes have a sweetly serious look that belies her fascinating dimples. Her dark brown hair frames a complexion velvetsoft and perfect as pink hawthorn blossoms. Hers is a face that shows you at once the enchanting warmth of her Inner Self.

FAITH ROBBINS—She's gay, a perfect darling, and her lovely Pond's complexion is something to envy.

Look your best and you can't help having fun,

WHEN YOU KNOW you look your nicest, it gives you a wonderful confidence.

Faith feels that every girl's key to her own best looks is a soft, smooth complexion. The secret of Faith's lovely skin is Pond's. "Cream-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is just fabulous—leaves my skin so clean, so soft. I wouldn't skip it for a single night," she says.

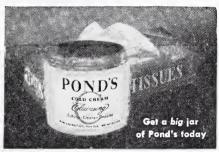
Your skin, too, will love Pond's cream cleansing. It can't be drying. Every night (for day cleansings, too) use your Pond's Cold Cream as Faith does. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing. Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up. Sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off. Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—don't you like the soft, sparkling complexion your mirror shows you?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you look your best, a world of happiness sparkles in your face, attracting others to you on sight!



Start your Pond's beauty care now. Help your face show a lovelier You!



Tursettes

One 'safety-margin' size adequate for all users!

Eliminates hard cardboard Applicators

Don't be embarrassed any longer by being forced to ask for special sizes in tampons. Why catalogue yourself? Pursettes—a revolutionary new improvement in internal sanitary protection—have one 'safety-margin' size, especially developed by a famous surgeon so that they are adequate for all users.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct' —the only tampons with *lubricated* tip-to make insertion easier than ever before. They eliminate all bothersome fumbling with hard cardboard applicators.

Purposely small in size * * yet Pursettes assure astounding absorb-

ency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water. YOU'LL BE CON-VINCED!

To be modern change to Pursettes for new silhouette security, comfort and convenience.







plastic purse cantainer, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (loaks like a small lighter ar compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

(Continued from page 13) Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and for two years I have been going steady with a boy who is now twenty-two. He has been drafted, so we decided—after he had been gone about two months—that we would get married as soon as he had leave.

When he wrote to his family, telling of our plans, they suggested that he wait to get married until after he was out of the service.

That plan would mean waiting at least eighteen months, perhaps two years longer. What am I supposed to be doing in the meantime?

Before this, I had been close friends with his family, but now there is a strain between us. I feel that my boy friend is revealing that he is tied to his mother's apron strings; this is the first big decision he has had to make and he isn't making it at all. He is letting his family make up his mind about getting married. My parents think it would be all right for us to get married, but then, I've always been able to depend upon them. Since this happened I have been terribly depressed and blue. I feel that I have discovered a serious weakness in this boy and I am wondering if I should break off

Of course, I won't do anything drastic till I hear from you.

Claudia McI.

First of all, let's consider what this boy is doing. He's serving his country. He was called to give a few years of his youth for the cause of world betterment. If you had been born male instead of female, you would have been called, too. However, simply because you are a girl instead of a man, you are not excused, ethically, from serving this land. You don't have to don uniform, learn close order drill, serve K.P., take orders cheer-

fully, and—in the extremity—fight.
All you have to do is to attempt to be a steadfast woman. Perhaps it is, in some respects, more difficult to have the courage of the commonplace. Perhaps it isn't easy to be cheerful over thwarted dreams, to triumph over loneliness, to work at a job competently and proudly whether that job be paid work or volunteer service. Easy or not, you should do it in a spirit of world onwardness.

I want you to consider what marriage really is. It isn't a hope chest, a series of bridal showers, a white satin gown, a white lace veil and a perpetual honeymoon. It is a day-to-day partnership in which two people learn to adjust to one another, learn to build a small unit of civilization which will serve the community. It can also be, in the personal sense, a source of intense well being.

If this boy means so little to you that you can't wait two years to marry him, your marriage wouldn't have much chance of survival, so why get excited? If you don't agree, you can always tell me why, you know!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I hate to bother you, but I am perfectly miserable and simply have to talk to some-one. I am sweet (that's a laugh) sixteen, and believe me I've never been kissed. I am 5' 51/2"; 136 lbs; my measurements are bust, 36; waist, 26; hips, 36½. You can see that I'm a big moose of a girl. Furthermore, I have fine, mousy-colored, straight hair, and I have oily and blemished skin. My father sent me to a dermatologist but he said that my trouble was caused by overactive oil glands and that time would take care of that. Time is what I don't have any of if I'm to get any fun out of my

school days. I am a junior in high school and go to boarding school because my mother died when I was seven years old. I spend almost every weekend with my father, but I don't think he is very proud of me.

You see, I also wear braces on my teeth,

and I have to wear glasses.

I know you are going to think me silly for saying that I wish I had an aunt or a big sister I could go to and be told that everything would turn out okay. I get hurt easily and I wish there were someone who would put her arms around me and let me cry it out. I suppose I'm childish. Furthermore, I'm not musical, I'm not athletic, and I'm only an average student. I'm that most awful thing in the world, a mediocrity.

I don't know what I expect you to do about this letter, but I want to thank you for having the patience to read it.

An ugly duckling

I'll tell you what: whenever you feel blue, sit down and write me a long letter about your unhappiness. It helps to be able to sort out one's woes as one must do

to catalogue them on paper

Let's take up your problems one by one: Your height is perfect. Your proportions are good. It isn't so much how much you weigh that is important, but how that weight is distributed. If there is a ten-inch difference between your bust measure and your waist measure, then your hip measure should be about equal to your bust measure, or perhaps an inch smaller. You can see, from this rule, that a good brisk walk of two miles a day and cutting down on sweets would soon reduce your hip measurement to perfec-

Ask your dermatologist about using a sulphur soap-sometimes it does mira-

Your braces will soon be taken off your teeth and you'll have a lovely smile. As for your glasses, select an interesting frame for them, or possibly experiment with corneal lenses. Talk to your father about this idea.

There is no reason for your hair to be uninteresting. There is always a permanent wave of some sort which will give your hair body, and the new hair colorings, if used by the amateur with great moderation, give hair interesting high-

Look upon yourself as a house in the process of construction. There is never anything very beautiful about any edifice during its building stages. Patience, confidence, a plan to which you stick, and work, produce dazzling results.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration.

Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

Mw... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap ... prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle... contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



Alice in wonderland

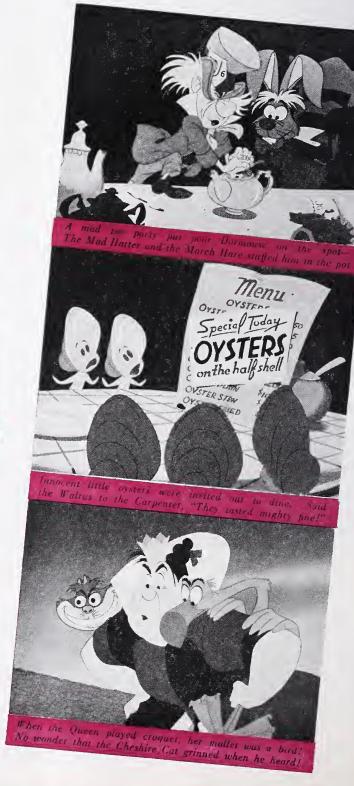
Animated by the magic touch of Walt Disney,
the bewildered characters of Lewis Carroll's
famous classic become an enchanting reality



TWO YEARS, four hundred artists, almost one million drawings went into the making of Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland."

Alice, as Lewis Carroll imagined her, was British. Disney insisted, therefore, that her voice be British—but not too British.

They listened to 400 voice recordings—and Kathryn Beaumont, twelve-year-old English actress, was chosen. The voices of the other characters also are supplied by other established actors.





Sensitive skin. "Occasionally, my sensitive skin used to look flaky," says Marilyn Lavis of Toronto. "But now Noxzema helps keep it looking soft and smooth."



Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial or your money back!

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With just *one* cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother, fresher!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

It works-or your money back!

Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn't help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Money-Saving Offer! Get your jar of greaseless, medicated Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax—43% more for your money compared to the small size!

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a dainp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!





Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin all day!

Evening — At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!





Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Remember–Noxzema is greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use this dainty cream!

*externally-caused

Money Saving Offer
NOXZEMA Skin
Cream
BIG 85¢ JAR now 59¢ plus
LIMITED TIME ONLY



Why Do They Hate Hollywood?

(Continued from page 55) of the Year by an actress, Judy was spouting her blonde head off in Life magazine about what an awful place Hollywood was. She was shocked, said the article, by the Hollywood divorce rate. She loathed, continued the publication, the inflexible social stratas of the film capital. She would never sign a long-term contract with any studio that kept her here longer than for one picture a year (at the most three months). Summed up simply, said the story, Holliday Hated Hollywood.

Reading between the lines, I came up with a familiar grievance—Judy couldn't forgive Hollywood for her early failure here. Katharine Hepburn went to bat for her in "Adam's Rib"—which was the step-ping stone to "Born Yesterday." And even for that, in spite of her success in the play,

Judy was the last one tested.

M AYBE success will change Judy's hate song. It did with Marlon Brando. From the safe distance of his Broadway hit, "A Streetcar Named Desire," Marlon branded Hollywood a city of imbeciles. And when he did capitulate for \$75,000 to star in "The Men," the suspicious guy was so determined to remain uncorrupted by Hollywood's devilish attractions that he warned his press agent in advance to refuse all invitations to parties. It was a bit of an anti-climax when no invitations came to be refused.

Marlon showed his contempt for Hollywood by wearing the oldest and most tattered (I won't go into whether they were clean or dirty) clothes he could scare the natives with, in this free and easy sartorial city. When his hate turned to terms of endearment for our fair city, I took the trouble to check why, and found that Marlon had tried to crash Hollywood a few years previously and had taken a beating worse than Judy's. But with his pockets loaded with Hollywood dollars and his ears filled with praise, Marlon finally admitted that Hollywood wasn't such a bad place after all. Thank you, Marlon

Brando, for nothing. But it isn't always failure at the beginning that causes hatred of Hollywood. Some stars hate it before they have any idea of what we're like; remember James Mason's diatribe to reporters in London and New York. Hollywood was a revolting place, he said in so many thousands and thousands of words. He gets embarrassed now when you remind him of his pre-Hollywood vitriolic statements. For now only a fool would try to persuade him to live anywhere else. He's so sold on our climate and our way of life, he wants everyone to live here and that includes his wife's first husband, Roy Kellino, a nice chap who lives with them.

I never thought that Olivia de Havilland could give us the old heave-ho. But her

marriage changed everything.

When Olivia left Hollywood to star on Broadway in "Romeo and Juliet," she expected to be absent for two years. I'm told that Mr. Goodrich did not allow his wife to read the reviews of the New York critics so Olivia honestly believed the play closed after only seven weeks because of the high cost of production. If true, Marcus was unfair to Olivia. You can't live in an ivory tower and give your public what it wants. At any rate, Miss de Havilland is once more reading movie scripts and is graciously prepared to accept the big cinema salary that spells security.

Stars like John Garfield openly admit

that they only make pictures in Hollywood to give them enough to live on comfortably while they experiment with plays in New York. To this reporter, it seems a mite ungrateful. If you earn your money here, why not spend some of it here—experimenting with worthwhile films?

Garfield has another reason—in fact several, for preferring life in New York.

"I don't feel right in Hollywood. New York is more stimulating. And my wife is happier there." So are a lot of other movie stars' wives. Mrs. Gary Cooper always preferred her socialite life on the East Coast. Well, now, since her parting from Gary, she can have it.

I had a long conversation with directorwriter Joe Mankiewicz when I heard, on the heels of his winning so many awards

the heels of his winning so many awards for "All About Eve," that he was selling his home here to live in New York.

"Why are you leaving us?" I asked Joe.
"I'm not leaving entirely," said Joe. "I'll be back to make one picture a year (the old security cushion). But the reason I'm going to live in the East is chiefly because I'm want to expose my children to books and want to expose my children to books and ideas. This is an intellectual fog belt with twelve-year-old minds making movies for grown-up audiences. It's also impossible to be alone in Hollywood."

Sometimes an actress forsakes Hollywood when her star in the film heaven is shining less brightly. I'm sure this is the only factor behind Ginger Rogers's decision to abandon her lovely soda fountain on

"Many men would turn over a new leaf if they could only tear out some of the old pages."

. . . BOB HOPE

top of a Beverly Hills canyon, for the sky-scraper canyons of Manhattan.

Montgomery Clift's press agent proud-announced that Monty recently recently turned down approximately a hundred movie scripts. Personally I think that is foolish. The public loves Monty. But you have to give the public something to feed on, or in time they forget you-no matter how much they love you. And no one knows this better than Monty. "I want to make at least two pictures a year," he told me. That was more than a year and a half ago when he was working in "A Place in the Sun." He's done nothing since. Monty's picture price is \$100,000. His living expenses average maybe \$50 a week. So you can see he doesn't have to make more to live where he likes—New York, Europe: Whether we lose Greer Garson perma-

nently depends on the success or failure of her recent pictures. Greer doesn't hate Hollywood. She's too smart to hate anything that has given her so much. But she's also smart enough to know when to cry "enough." And she does look so beautiful with her white cows and bulls, down on the ranch with her millionaire

husband, Buddy Fogelson.

Sometimes they go away for years, then come back for more of the same-and I do mean money. Rita Hayworth-I really thought she had parted with pictures forever. Oh, how she hated to get up in the morning-to work. But I guess she hated Prince Aly's lack of consideration even more. Rita loved Hollywood in the days of her marriages to Ed Judson and Orson Welles. When she parted with the genius, she suddenly had nothing to do or think about here. Her first trip to Europe opened new fascinating vistas where a girl didn't have to do anything, or think at all, and there were so many parties to fill in the

long hours. It will be interesting to see how long Rita remains with us.

I'll make a bet that Ingrid Bergman never returns to Hollywood. Even to visit. She was bored with the film city even be-fore Rossellini. That was why she did her play "Joan of Lorraine" in New York. Her failure in "Arch of Triumph" just as surely opened the route to Rossellini as Germany's emotional and factual bankruptcy made it possible for a man like Hitler to take over. But Ingrid hasn't lost her liking for what American currency can do. All of her salary for "Stromboli" was turned into lire in this country before she received it in Rome. She received a better rate of exchange here.

ESTLESS ladies of Hollywood who find our climate and way of life, shall we say, enervating, include Ava Gardner, Yvonne de Carlo and Joan Fontaine. It's hard to keep track of them. Joan dashes to Europe, to South America, to Europe again, without even making an excuse to herself.

Ava, since she discovered Sinatra and Spain, has been on a non-stop travel circuit, halted only when she comes to earth in Hollywood for a movie. Ava's wings are clipped somewhat because she is under contract to a studio-M-G-M-and she can fly away to spend her salary only when the studio gives the go-away signal.

Yvonne hasn't been the same stay-at-

home girl since she made her first trip to Europe after the war. She loves it there, hiding herself in the unpublicized parts of the countries where she can live like a queen on her appetizing American dollars.

Deanna Durbin was so angry when the story was published that she was selling her three homes in California to live for good in Paris. She called me and asked me to deny the story—which wasn't mine.
"I love Hollywood," said D. D. indignantly.
"It has done so much for me. I will always live here." So I printed the denial. That was two years ago. She sold her three homes, now lives high in Paris on money she made as a star in Hollywood.

Judy Garland, I think, wherever she goes always will come home. Deanna saved her money. Judy didn't. Besides, Judy, in her heart, loves Hollywood.

I hear that Rex Harrison, who said such bitter things about our town not too long ago, now wants to return. Once he spouted, "Hollywood is such a bore—there are no clubs here such as we have in London. Suppose I wanted to meet you at the club —what club? The Beverly Hills Club—it's full of women." So Rex started his own club with David Niven, Herbert Marshall, Robert Coote and the men of the British film colony. It lasted two weeks.

reason—they missed the women.

But Rex and Lilli liked it here, really.
Why not? They had the most beautiful home in Mandeville Canyon complete with Palomino horses. It was the Carole Landis business, I'm sure, that turned the

movie milk sour for Rex.

Douglas Fairbanks doesn't hate Hollywood, but he loves to live in Britain where they refer to him as "Sir Douglas." His father's American fortune hasn't hurt him there, as Douglas would be the first to admit.

I don't like this "I hate Hollywood" vogue. Because I love the town. Besides, if you don't put back into the soil what you take from it, the land, in time becomes barren. That could happen here—but I doubt that it ever will. You see, I don't believe most of the stars who say they hate Hollywood. With few exceptions they always come running back so fast.

THE END

The Photoplay Scholarship Parade

(Continued from page 37) They conducted their own classes in dramatics for the "younger set," did everything from babysitting to singing in the town grill to pay for ballet or voice or speech lessons.

Some said their schools offered no dramatic training, not even a club. But there were speech courses and readings and their enthusiasm encouraged their fellow students to put on scenes, then one-acts and finally full-length plays. And in a few cases, a drama society was born.

Others said that their towns of five thou-

sand-or eight thousand-were too small to offer any opportunity. But, actresses at heart, they talked local radio stations into allotting them air time. Just fifteen minutes a week for interviews, chit-chat on high school news or talk about the latest movies.

If their schools had no newspaper, they went to the town paper, talked their way into writing occasional columns on movies, theatre, dramatic news. And some turned staff reporters and critics.

NOT all of these girls will make the grade
—for many are still new to the profession. But all have proven they know where they want to go-and this is the first milestone on the road to success.

A few contestants who never had appeared before an audience—who had only the desire and ambition—sailed right through the recording stage in spite of their lack of training. This could happen because this contest was designed to en-courage new talent. Generally, however, those who rated highest in all three stages of this contest, did so because they've been planning a long while for this moment. It is characteristic of those who really want to be actresses that they stay close to the theatre, even after they have arrived.

Judy Holliday, who easily could rest awhile on her Oscar for her portrayal of Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday," toured the country this summer with the road company of "Dream Girl." Shelley Winters, who proved herself beyond doubt in "A Place in the Sun," spent part of her vaca-tion last summer at the Actors Studio in New York, brushing up on techniques. Peggy Dow, signed by Universal, was lost for a time in the studio shuffle. She sold her secondhand car and with the money bought a tape recorder, practiced evenings in front of a full-length mirror, recording every script she could borrow from the studio. When her chance came for a screen test, she made history. Her test is still being shown to newcomers as an example of the ideal.

At M-G-M, the younger players formed a discussion group. They meet at each other's homes, perform, criticize each other's techniques. Back on the other side of the fence is Claudette Colbert who came East to star in Noel Coward's new play, "Island Fling," premiered at country playhouses. Gregory Peck could use some spare time loafing, but always takes off to the La Jolla Playhouse when free.

The proof is obvious. Those who really

want to act-act. And although no one knows who the three finalists of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest are, it's even money that at some time, they used sheer will to open up roads others might have overlooked. For determination is as necessary a qualification for becoming an actress as the desire or the talent.

The names of the finalists in this great search for dramatic talent will appear next month. Watch for these three who came so far in this intensive search. Look came so lai ... for their stories!







"My husband is tearing our place apart!

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands.



"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion.



"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just coat skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture.



my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio



"So no matter how I abuse Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7-to-1. Jergens is closeups - and for Dick." still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.

If You Want to Be Charmina

(Continued from page 83) come from look ing "hideous" at a time when it seem urgently important to look beautiful.

To find out how to advise you on this

I dropped by to see my favorite teenager my goddaughter, Joan Evans. Joan, despite her scant seventeen sum-

mers, manages to keep a radiantly beautiful complexion. No pimples or ugly acroever mar her lovely skin, and she wears a minimum of make-up off screen so it is certain in Joan's case that this is no skillfu

cover-up job.

I asked her straight out how she did it adding that you readers really needed help and I wanted the straight dope.

AS JOAN sees it, a teenager has a three-way job to do in outwitting the bad skin bogey. She says you have to go at it inside, outside, and—this is hardest—face up to and solve any emotional problems you have. Because, unless you want bad skin

to give you away as a troubled, tension-ridden adolescent, you have to be happy.

The inside attack involves diet. That's hard, too. You have to make up your mind that sweets and starches are out for the duration, and settle down to three or four years of sensible eating: meat, green leafy salads, fruits and vegetables and milk. (Incidentally, this diet will make miraculous changes in your figure, too.)

Joan says she has restricted her diet for so long that she doesn't even like the forbidden foods any more. "At first, when

I had to substitute fruit or vegetable juice for a malted milk for my mid-afternoon pick-up snack, it was a wrench. Now I actually prefer my 'clear skin cocktail.'"

To work from the outside, your tools are soap and water in large amounts, a light cream or a light-textured skin oil to keep

your well-scrubbed face smooth and moist.

If this counsel comes too late, and the acne or pimples are already there—get on with the program anyhow. Diet and simple cleanliness will defeat them before too long. Meantime, use one of the new cover-up creams which can make a skin blemish almost invisible. Some of these have a medicated base. Better ask your doctor before using such a cream indiscriminately.

Finally, how can you get rid of the tensions which conspire with faulty diet and improper cleansing habits to play

havoc with your skin?

Joan Evans says, "Decide what you want to do with your life, and start doing it."

"I'm lucky," she told me. "I knew when I was still a kid that I wanted to be an actress. And I started right then to prepare for my chance when it came. A lot of my friends are older than I am and still have no idea what they want to do. They're unsettled and uncertain, all choppy inside and splotchy out.

Set your sights on a goal and then start moving toward it. That seems to be the kernel of Joan's advice to girls her age.

Teen-age skin trouble is only another symptom of adolescent indecision. So get moving. Once you've picked a destination, it's easy to buy a ticket.

Some of you may have charm problems which I haven't touched upon. If so, do not hesitate to write me about them. Write me, too, if you have any charm tips that have worked for you and which you would like to share. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. While I will not be able to answer you personally, I will, I assure you, read and analyze all the letters I receive.

THE END

Prairie Flower

(Continued from page 63) they don't dispute the fact that hers is the kind of Texas beauty that would inspire anybody to stand

them off at the Alamo.

She's 5' 61/2" tall, with pin-up proportions that add up to 118 pounds, and she never worries about them adding up to more.
"On the contrary," Cyd says, "I've never been able to gain. I've been taking vitamins almost from the day I was born.

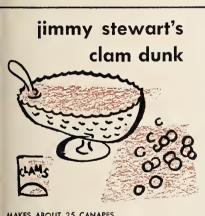
She was born Tula Ellice Finklea. The Frenchy Charisse she got from her former husband, choreographer Nico Charisse, whom she married when she was seven-teen. The name Cyd, now so euphonious, was given her by her brother when they were children. His attempts to say "sister" always wound up "Cyd"—and the nickname has stuck with her ever since. Her father, Ernest E. G. Finklea, ran a

ewelry store in Amarillo, but he'd always loved the ballet. He would drive to Dallas—600 miles—just to see the Ballet Russe when it was playing there. As a child, Cyd was so thin and undernourished her parents decided dancing lessons would provide the needed exercise. Cyd's father loved to see her dance. He had a mirror and bar built into her bedroom, and he was her first paying audience. "I was always practicing at home, pirouetting around in the middle of the floor, and Daddy would toss me nickels and dimes to keep me dancing," she reminisces.

When Cyd was twelve, her Amarillo teacher advised more advanced training, and her parents settled her in Hollywood with a family friend to study. "We didn't even think of motion pictures. Toumanova was my ideal, the ballet my dream. I thought the greatest thing in this life would be to be a ballerina."

When she was fourteen she was back

home vacationing when the late Colonel de Masil, whom she'd met when the Ballet Russe was playing Los Angeles, phoned long distance offering her a job with them.



MAKES ABOUT 25 CANAPES

- 6 ounces cream cheese
- can minced clams, (5 ounces) drained
- 2 tablespoons clam juice
- I tablespoon horseradish
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika

Mix cream cheese, clams and clam juice together and beat to the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Add horseradish and paprika and mix thoroughly. Serve with small crackers or potato chips.



93

This Gorgeous Book is Really . . .

Lollywood in review



Elizabeth Taylor



Farley Granger

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Here is the most colorful and glamorous movie book of the year. It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely

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STARS OF THE FUTURE—Photographs of Hollywood's most promising up-and-coming personalities. You will see them here, learn their prospects for the future and when they become stars, you can say, "I knew about them when . . .'

PLAYERS AND CASTS OF 1950—A complete chart covering thirty pages, of all the players and casts of

less old pictures from Photoplay's fabulous collection! A photographic treasure cliest of the early days in movie-making! Valuable collector's items you will find only in PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1951.

Her parents talked it over, and a few day, later Cyd and her father were on a train bound for Cincinnati, where she was to joir the company. Just when they were set to sail for Europe, word came that her father was dying. Cyd left for his bedside, the company sailing without her. The following year she rejoined the Ballet. In France she married Nico Charisse, her former teacher, also a member of the company.

She was discovered by motion pictures when David Lichine persuaded her to be his partner in a number for a Columbia musical, "Something to Shout About." Today at Metro she's an exciting star property

both as ballerina and dramatic actress.
"I married the only girl in Texas who doesn't have oil," Tony Martin says teasingly to Cyd, but with a spark in his brown eyes that denotes he considers himself far from short-changed.

THEY first met through their mutual friend and agent, Nat Goldstone. Nat arranged for Cyd to be Tony's partner at a dinner he gave at the Bel-Air Hotel. She thought Tony very handsome and romantic-looking but before the evening was over she tabbed him nice—but not for her. "T." as she calls him, was just out of the Army, and after having been stationed in far-flung outposts in India, he was eager to catch up on what was new. The party went on to Ciro's to catch a new act opening there and Tony kept tablehopping, catching up with old friends. Like any girl, Cyd's typically feminine reaction was a fuming, Well—if this was how he was -if this was how he would act.

When Tony telephoned, inquiring what she'd be doing the following Saturday night, he got a chilly busy signal. Then what about Sunday? he asked. She was very busy Sunday too, she said. Finally there were no days left. He guessed she just didn't want to go out with him. She was just *very* busy, she said.

A few months later Nat Goldstone invited

her to a preview of "Black Narcissus" with himself and Mrs. Goldstone. But when the Goldstones arrived, Tony was with them. "That night 'T' was so sweet and charming I completely reversed my opinion."

Tony Jr., born a year ago, somewhat startled his proud parents by having blue eyes and a head of healthy blond hair. "It seems so funny—with both of us so dark. When we go out as a threesome, people are always giving us a surprised how-did-this-happen-look," laughs Cyd.

With Cyd's nine-year-old son Nicky (by her previous marriage) they live in a white brick colonial house in Beverly Glen.

On a rare day off together, the Martins like to "just sit by the pool and sun. Tony loves the sun, and so do I. We just sit there, usually listening to ball games on the radio, until there's no sun left."

Tony takes a flattering interest in Cyd's clothes and likes to see her in suits. "When he's in Chicago he has his tailor make me tailored 'mannish' suits too—to match his And those wild plaid sports coats men wear—Tony keeps buying them in small sizes for me."

Tony is always getting servicemen into his radio broadcast, and one night recent-ly he and Cyd took two Marines who were standing backstage at the radio station on to Ciro's with them. Cyd danced with them, many stars stopped by their table and met them. At the last accounting these two Marines hadn't come back to earth yet. "We will both be walking on clouds for days," they wrote.

Which is logical enough. Cyd Charisse could believably enough have even a Marine walking on a cloud. And that long, low, howbeit respectful, whistle can be universally understood—from Texas to to Ciro's with them. Cyd danced with

be universally understood—from Texas to
Teheran THE END

Act Your Age, Joan

(Continued from page 49) hell before she got her bearings and made a fresh start—outside of the industry—which finds her currently happy....

Elizabeth Taylor, a divorcee at eighteen, has been threatened with a nervous break-

down and ulcers. . .

All of which brings me to Joan Evans. Joan, at seventeen, looks and acts twenty, at least. Like all the girls who come to Hollywood, she has had to telescope the years of her youth, has had no chance to be a normal fifteen, sixteen or seventeen—to take one step at a time.

It may be that Joan never will miss any of the things she normally would have learned in those years. So far, certainly, she has handled her personal and professional life very well indeed. She is

intelligent and aware to a degree.

BUT I have a word of warning for Joan. With all my heart I want to urge her not to continue to mature beyond her years, to stop growing up for a little while, to mark time, to wait—and then wait some more—before she decides some man is the One and Only.

Joan, I must explain, is not and never has been an average girl. Her unusual background, long before pictures, cut the pattern for the unusual present—for her being able to handle her personal and professional life as well as she has so

ar.

Her mother is a successful writer under her maiden name, Katherine Albert. Her father, Dale Eunson, is a well-known fiction writer, editor, and playwright. Joan is their only child. From the time she learned to walk and talk she has been treated as a reasoning member of her family. Joan tells me that one of her earliest memories of punishment was Dale's saying to her, "You're behaving like a child."

Katherine and Dale, as writers, always worked at home. There, I think, lies Joan Evans's hope of escaping the unhappiness that usually besets girls who grow up too

fast. Let me explain:

All through her formative, impressionable years Joan saw the two people she loved best working, accepting the responsibility which editors and publishers and producers placed upon them when they gave them assignments and deadlines. Time after time, too, she saw them go back to their typewriters after dinner and stay at them until late at night—because of something they thought could be done better, or because someone was depending upon them. She came to admire people who work hard, who deplore irresponsible behavior, and who still manage to have a great deal of fun.

Without this background I doubt that Joan could have survived her first year in Hollywood. It was tough, so tough that she still talks about it with sympathy for the fourteen-year-old girl she was then.

"If I had not wanted to be an actress more than anything in the world I never would have finished 'Roseanna McCoy,'" she says. "Irving Reis was a hard task-master. He never spared me or my pride. When he didn't like what I did he would say so, in no uncertain terms, before the entire company of professionals. I was young and inexperienced. Half the time I didn't know what I was doing. But I knew I wanted to learn. And instead of rebelling, I knuckled down.

"I had to keep up in my schooling that year also. And I must admit there were times when I thought about quitting. Katherine used to say, 'You don't have to stay, you know. I want you to be happy and fulfilled as a human being. Beside that,



Ladies, it's really too bad that the men don't have the babies

Diaper rash, scald, cradle cap, all such skin irritations can make baby's life miserable, as every Mother knows.

Now you may ask, what does a mere man know about caring for the precious, tender, rose-petal skin of that Bundle from Heaven?

He knows plenty! From experience. He'd know that Mennen Baby Oil is the oil to use because he knows that Mennen is a synonym for the finest in human skin care. He found that out the moment he lathered his downy, 'teen-age fuzz for his first shave. Found it out through the years with all Mennen skin preparations!

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discards the irksome harness of belts. pins and external pads. It is worn internally. It cannot be seen or felt when in use.

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How Tampax does help a woman maintain her poise and self-confidence at such times! It has no outside bulk to twist, bulge or show "edges" under clothing. No chafing is possible. No odor can form. May be worn in tub or shower. (No need to change bathing habits when you use Tampax.)

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

being an actress is unimportant.' But I couldn't stand to admit failure. So I kept on. And, of course, at the end of that time I was much older. Who wouldn't have

Which is the very point I want to make. Most girls try to grow up by rebellion, by indulging themselves in clothes and pleasure and by striking attitudes which belong to the years they have not yet reached. Thus they arrive at a false maturity with insufficient mental or emotional stability to see them through. Joan Evans grew up contrariwise, by disciplining herself, by accepting the responsibility that faced her if she was to reach her goal, and refusing to be sidetracked.

JOAN is well aware of the years she has skipped. But she doesn't feel they are any loss. She says firmly, "In some ways I'm glad that I escaped the so-called normal years between fifteen and sighteen mal years between fifteen and eighteen. I read so many letters from high-school girls who are finding those years painful. They don't know what they want—they don't know where they're going. I think I was lucky that from the time I was fourteen I knew

"I remember when Katherine worried because I was maturing so fast. One day she confided some of these misgivings to our friend Angovar, the dress designer. Angovar helped convince Katherine that it was all right. She said what I have just said: 'If Joan had missed the years be-tween seven and ten, say, it would be bad. But to escape the agonies we all suffered between fifteen and eighteen-I don't think you have anything to worry about.

Maybe someday she'll thank you.'"
Who is to say? Joan doesn't know now. Personally, I do not at all agree that the average girl should skip any of her average years. When I see teenagers fresh out of beauty salons, their hair dyed, their lips rouged, their heels high and their neck-lines low, I want to shout at them, "Don't be fools! Quit trying for fifteen until you've had fourteen. Or sixteen before you've been fifteen. Eighteen is a wonderful age—only if you're ready for it." But I can't say that to Joan because she was ready for it. As she says, "I didn't skip anything really. I had it all. I just had it faster than most girls-in that difficult first year.'

Joan has always admired her parents more than anybody else in the world. "Not long ago anything Katherine or Dale said was gospel," she told me. "It didn't occur to me until recently that I might have an opinion which was different from theirs. But one of the nice things about my parents is that now, when I disagree with them, we get into a big argument—the way any three normal people do. And they respect my opinion—as I respect theirs—because I'm an individual and have a right to an individual opinion. They have never said to me, 'This-or this-is so because I say it is so, and therefore you must believe it."

Also, from the time Joan was a tiny thing she has called her parents by their first names.

"Some people disapprove of my calling my parents Katherine and Dale," Joan

said. "But how I came to do it is a tunny story. Before I was born Katherine said to Dale, 'What do you want the baby to call you?' 'Well,' Dale said, 'the baby won't know me very well so I guess Mr. Eunson would be the proper greeting.'

That's like Dale

"But Katherine, referring to him, always called him Dale. 'Give Dale the evening paper,' she would say. Or, 'Bring me the salted peanuts, Joan.' She never spoke to me in the third person, never said, 'Bring Mommy her knitting.'
"And anyway," Joan laughed, "by the time I was able to talk I knew Dale well

enough to call him by his first name, and he liked it. The three of us always have

"You've handled yourself extremely well," I told Joan, "in spite of skipping—or compressing—a few years. Let's say you are unusual—which you are—not at all the norm, because of your background and the good effect it has had upon you.

"But you're not over all the hurdles, you know. Girls who grow up too fast usually don't handle the romance department too well. They get to thinking they know more about men and life and mar-

riage than they do, really . . ."

"I've thought I was in love several times, and I suppose if you think you are, you are!" Joan grinned at me. "But when I marry I just can't imagine settling for

anything less than Katherine and Dale have had. They're pretty old-fashioned about marriage, in spite of being modern and liberal about almost everything else.

"Besides, I hate failure. So I'd hate to fail at marriage—the most important human relationship of all. And you see so much of it out here—both marriage

and failure, I mean.
"I'm stubborn too. So I want to be very, very sure before I marry. And why

She spread her arms to encompass the comfortable private apartment she has in the Eunson house. "Katherine and Dale give me all the freedom I can use as long as I respect it. I don't have to marry to get away from anything. So many girls marry the first man who asks them because they want out, they want escape. I'm the fortunate one. I've got nothing I want to escape from, and I have a career that is terribly important to me. Of course someday I want to marry—when I'm sure I've found the right marriage."

She's a smart cookie, Miss Joan Evans. Otherwise she never would have measured up as she has, matured the true way by accepting responsibility and using selfdiscipline. That's not easy at any age.
I want to see her come through—all the

way—with happy, flying colors, and I think she has a good chance of doing it. She's got a sound head-not merely a pretty face—on those broad shoulders. She knows what she wants, and I want to see her get most of it—including a good guy who has a job and a life of his own, quite apart from her stardom.

I want Joan to stay on the credit side of the ledger, where she is now-and give us a happy ending.

THE END

The Hollywood Girls Select:

THE MALE PIN-UPS OF 1951

In COLOR—In the November PHOTOPLAY

INSIDE STUFF



Dan Dailey—coached by Ike Danning for Dizzy Dean role-missed a fast one and went around with a black eye

(Continued from page 23) ley Granger, and the rest of the gents stayed outside in the pool-inside, Ava Gardner, Alexis Smith, Mona Freeman, Shelley Winters, Coleen Gray, Vera-Ellen and the other fair femmes helped Janet squeal and swoon. "Don't forget," beamed the beautiful bride, "about the seventh package. The owner will be the next one to have a baby!" Was Arlene Dahl's face red! Director George Sidney's giant bar of soap with a card reading: "Hope your shower is a huge success," got the loudest laugh. (Continued from page 23)

laugh.

"My wife received terrific loot," sighed Tony, "but there wasn't even an electric train in it for me!"

For Gents Only: It was five in the afternoon. In less than three hours the gay and gala premiere of "Bright Victory" at the Carthay Circle Theatre was to take place. First, Jeff Chandler called the U-I publicity office. He hadn't gotten around to asking anyone. Whom could he take to the premiere? Rock Hudson called next. Until that very moment it had slipped his mind. Could they get a date for him? With the entire depart-



Barbara Lawrence and Johnny Murphy have that newly-wed look in their eyes

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE ?



What's best to limber meat grinders?

Chicken banes Salad oil Bacan fat Balky meat grinders get back to workwhen you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a pure tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!



How to foil a dripping faucet?

Attach a string Try a cark Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how Kleenex tissues save your nerves-for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.



Chair marks on carpets call for-

Cleaning fluid

☐ Steaming

Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give you a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And no other tissue has that handy Kleenex box!



To peel peaches quickly, try-

A teakettle Steel waal A scaut knife

Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save beauty-care time, trouble use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the perfect balance of softness and strength.

Kleenex*ends waste - saves money...

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. C INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO. 2. YOU GET JUST ONE ... L. INSTEAD OF MANY ... 3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX This Kleenex "window" shows you when It's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy You'll always have a good supply



STOP cooking the same HUMDRUM MEALS

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old tiresome dishes day after day. For, with the aid of the new Magic Cook Book, you can put sparkle and variety into every meal. And you needn't strain your budget either.

New Mouth-Watering Recipes

The Magic Cook Book is different from the usual cook book. Its luscious recipes were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. The result is the most thrilling collection of mouth-watering dishes you could ever hope for.

This wonderful new book contains over 1500 exciting recipes—and they are all simple to prepare. Each recipe in this unusual cook book is described in the easy step-by-step style. Now you just can't go wrong. Even beginners can prepare scrumptious meals at the very first attempt.

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With four pictures scheduled, Debbie Reynolds splurged on swimming pool and invited pals Penny Kirk and Rosalie Waller to try it out for size

INSIDE STUFF

ment dialing every single siren in town, in walked New York actor John Hudson, who is so excellent in the picture. "I'm new in Hollywood," he moaned, "I don't know any girls yet, can't you find one for me?" To make a sad story short, John went by himself, while Rock and Jeff went—together! "Unfair to Hollywood women" is what their signs should read and we won't blame local lovelies if they picket those mean ol' men!

Party Preview: Cal was convulsed by the beautiful Mrs. Randolph Scott's reason for giving a housewarming cocktail party. Their very modern new Beverly Hills home with its private putting course for you-know-who, is the talk of the town. "Randy was always bringing someone home to see the place," mused Pat, "it really wasn't ready for a party but I knew if I waited much longer, there wouldn't be anyone left to invite!" So the Scotts gave a party. When June Allyson and Donna Reed weren't exchanging snapshots of their kiddies, they were exclaiming over the Scotts' sliding walls that bring the beautiful outside into the beautiful inside. Paeans of praise came from Irene Dunne, Ann Sothern, Loretta Young, the Ray Millands and the George Murphys—to name a few of the two hundred guests. Cal saw the lovely Jane Bryan (the former Warner star) who didn't remember him. Also, the great silent screen beauty, Corinne Griffith, whom Cal will never forget.

Cal Wonders: Why Jane Greer, who has such a terrific sense of humor, is so shy about showing it at Hollywood parties . . . Why someone doesn't tell Sonja Henie the facts of Hollywood life, so she won't repeat a recent blunder and seat guests who haven't spoken in years next to each other at the same table!



Cause for celebration: Proud Cyd Charisse plays hostess to Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger at husband Tony Martin's sensational Cocoanut Grove opening

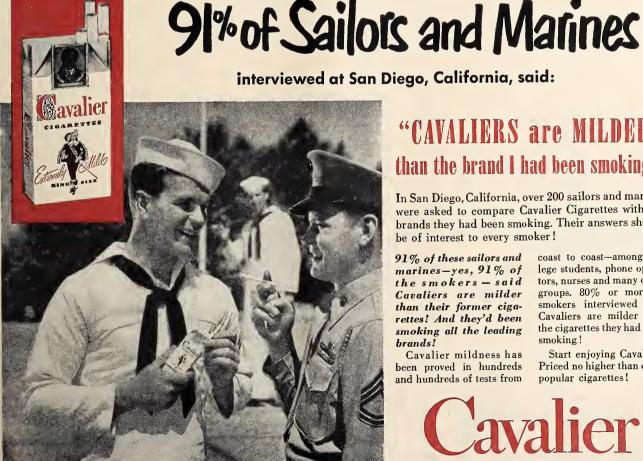
INSIDE STUFF...



Table for two: Bob Topping and Lana Turner at the Beverly Lana's busy rehearsing for "The Merry Widow"

Hollywood in Shorts: You-all deep in the heart of Texas will be seeing a lot of Jimmy Stewart. He just purchased a large ranch and will devote his spare large ranch and will devote his spare time to raising Angora sheep for the sweater-girl industry. That's a "yarn," hon! . . . She's loaded with pep and personality. Debbie Reynolds is alsoloaded. With royalties received from "Aba Daba Honeymoon" record sales, she treated herself to a swimming pool and bought a Jaguar car for her dad. . . Even if the Crosbys went so far as to sign a property settlement (as rumored). sign a property settlement (as rumored), after the preview of "Here Comes the Groom," the enthusiastic Groaner's wife rushed right home "to get his autograph!" . . . Titles don't scare director David Miller, who currently is spending behavior of the control of enchanted evenings with Joan Crawford. The name of their next film flicker?
"This Woman Is Dangerous" . . . Shelley
Winters and Farley Granger are breaking in the act they'll do for our boys overseas, by trying it out for soldiers on leave in Hollywood.

Town Talk Is: That Cornel Wilde's generous settlement on Patricia Knight represents cash and holdings amounting close to a half million dollars . . . That Barbara Stanwyck was touched to tears when Robert Taylor sent her a diamondstudded heart on her birthday . . . That Sandler's Ltd. in Beverly Hills has a special drawer marked "Van Johnson," which is filled with his favorite red sox. On birthdays and holidays, Van's friends come in and buy them for him by the dozen . . . That Peter Lawford and Robert Walker are so well "oiled," since that gusher gushed (they bought it together) the gentlemen may soon take up acting



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"CAVALIERS are MILDER than the brand I had been smoking!"

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker!

91% of these sailors and marines-yes, 91% of the smokers - said Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from coast to coast-among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

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KING-SIZE CIGARETTES - EXTREMELY MILD



Do You Know About This Newer Effective Technique FOR FEMININE HYGIENE?

Greaseless Suppository Assures
Hours of Continuous Action.
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Beautiful Target: Ann Blyth may take Cal to task for printing this story. Pernicious press agents have been having a ball at her expense but because she is so kind and considerate of everyone's feelings, Ann won't protest. Since her return from Europe they've linked her name with every actor on the way up in Hollywood. Sometimes she's reported to be in a dozen different places during one evening. Recently a magazine (not Photoplay) fabricated a tender little yarn based on her great romance with Dick Contino. Ann went out with him exactly once! Yes, the details of their parting at the airport were such sweet sorrow, because Dick wasn't even present!

Benny for Your Thoughts: Instead of spoiling her, those endless advantages bestowed upon the Jack Bennys' daughter have only added to her sweetness and charm. And now at seventeen, the beautiful, blonde Joan is in love with Vic Damone. Whenever he has time and money to spare, Vic calls Joan from Fort Dix, where he's temporarily stationed. So, while the comedian and his troupe were in Korea entertaining our boys, Mary Livingston decided to take her daughter to New York, where she could see Vic when he was on leave. The Bennys still believe they have a little girl on their hands, but they're wise enough not to let her in on their secret.

It Seems to Cal That: A stitch in time, in the case of Bill Holden, would save the studios a fortune. Family and friends are worried over his highly nervous condition. During the past year Bill's made five pictures for Paramount and Columbia, who share his contract. He needs a good rest badly . . . Those rumors concerning Ty Power seem pretty preposterous. How could he be broke and still live that lush life on the Continent? And would a

man shell out shekels for a new Bel-Air home, if he wanted to live in the East and return to the theatre? We doubt it.

Dinner Belles: June Haver, Connie Moore and Patricia Neal will never forget the most unusual banquet they ever attended. Missing were those inevitable searchlights, the usual mob of screaming fans. The occasion was the annual spring dinner of the Paralyzed Veterans Association. Each actress was guest of honor at a long table where their hosts lined up on one side—in wheel chairs. Between courses the actresses traded places to talk to as many of the paraplegics as possible. "The boys are simply wonderful," June's beautiful blue eyes glow when she tells about it. "You wouldn't dare feel sorry for them, because they refuse to feel sorry for themselves. They kid each other and make jokes at one another's expense. They are great human beings." June, Pat and Connie, who are also constant visitors at the Veterans' hospitals are equally as great in their unselfish endeavors.

One Man's Family: Turn back the pages of Hollywood history and there he is—a tall-for-his-age, gangling lad delivering his papers to the doorsteps of the silent motion picture stars. Now it's 1951 and there he is again, but this time he's watching a tall, gangling lad up there on a platform with his graduating class. There was pride in Joel McCrea's face as he sat in the auditorium of Berkeley Hall, a private school in Beverly Hills. Frances Dee was by his side her hair slightly gray and looking lovely as ever. Cal couldn't help thinking as he sat there observing the McCreas: Wha inconspicuous representative lives they've lived the last twenty years. How graciously they've worn their success. Our town can well be proud of them.

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want in the fresh approach of this splendid book.

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Armed with the information contained in this upto-date book you can be sure that your wedding will be correct in every detail. Glance at the partial Table of Contents listed below and note how thoroughly Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings.



Proper Introductions

One of the most important phases of good manners is knowing exactly how to intro-duce people—and how to respond to in-troductions. Yet the uninformed always fail on this point of etiquette. Don't embarrass your friends—let Elsa Maxwell tell you



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ding Breakfast, Cocktail or Tea Party, Buffet Supper, Dinner, The Toast, The Home Wedding. INTRODUCTIONS—Introducing Relatives, When You Introduce Yourself, Group Introductions, Proper Responses to Introductions, Hand-Shaking, Who Stands—and When, Gloves, Doffing the Hat, Saying Goodbye. MANNERS IN PUBLIC PLACES—Greetings on the Street, Doors, In Transit, Taxicabs, The Theatre, In Church, Restaurants. VISITING CARDS AND THEIR USE—Size, Names and Titles, The Mr. and Mrs. Card, The Foldover Card, The Message Card, Leaving a Visiting Card, INVITATIONS—Formal Invitations, Telephone Invitations,

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(F) ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Disney-RKO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. A must for children of all ages. (Sept.)

V/ (F) AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley, automatically retired at sixty-five, dyes his beard and cuts up with Constance Bennett—ex-hoss Albert Dekker's wife—to prove that there's life in the old boy yet. A cute comedy with Jean Peters, Marilyn Monroe, David Wayne. (Aug.)

V/2 (F) BEST OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: The Younger Brothers and the James boys are riding and shooting again—this time along with Robert Ryan, an ex-Army major out to avenge a false murder charge. With Bob Preston, Claire Trevor, Jack Buetel. (Aug.)

V/2 (F) CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER—Warners: Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure during the Napoleonic Waragainst England in this Technicolor classic. (July)

V/ (F) COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—U-1: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello take to the hills of find some buried gold when night-club singer Dorothy Shay discovers that Lou's a long lost member of the feudin' McCoys, (Aug.)

V/ (F) EXCUSE MY DUST—M.G-M: Fairly entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Skelton, as an inventor who tries to perfect the horseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest, the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonald Carey some necessary plot complications. (Aug.)

entertaining Technicolor musical with Red Sketon, as an inventor who tries to perfect the hoseless carriage, providing the laughs; Sally Forrest the dances and romance; Monica Lewis, the songs and Macdonaid Carey some necessary plot complications. (Aug.)

(F) KON-TIKI—Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RK Documentary films of actual 4,300-mile sea voya taken by raft by Thor Heyerdahl and five compaions. Not for the easily sea-sick. (July)

(F) LAST OUTPOST, THE—Pine-Thome Paramount: Still another Civil War era Weste with Yankees, rebels and Injuns shootin; it up. W Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming. (July)

(A) LONG DARK HALL, THE—U.A.: British import with plenty of suspense revolvi around trial and conviction of Rex Harrison for the murder of Patricia Wayne. Lilli Palmer, Mrs. Hrison off-screen, plays his faithful wife. (Aug.)

(F) MAN WITH MY FACE, THE—Gardn U.A.: Barry Nelson is forced to prove his oidentity after he returns home one night to find double in possession of his wife, his home and log. With Carole Matthews. (July)

(F) MARK OF THE RENEGADE—U. A fast moving adventure film set in olden gold California with Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Chariand Gilhert Roland involved in fiestas, duels, intrigand romance. (Sept.)

(F) NEW MEXICO—Allen-U.A.: A scenica beautiful Western with Lew Ayres as a Union catain, who, after attempting to defend maltreat Indians, is forced to track them down. With Maril Maxwell. (July)

(July)

(A) PEKING EXPRESS—Paramount: Itrigue in the Orient with UN doctor Joseph Cotte French singer Corinne Calvet and missionary Fmund Gwenn held as hostages by black markete Marvin Miller. (Sept.)

(A) PLACE IN THE SUN, A—Paramoun The three stars give superlative performances in thearthreaking and modern screen version of "American Tragedy," with Monty Clift as the cfused young man whose ambition and love for I Taylor leads to Shelley Winters' undoing. (Sep.)

(F) PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF, THE U-I: Tony Curtis comes into his own as a star this Technicolor Arahian Nights tale about a roinfant reared by renegades, who finally claims birthright. With Piper Laurie. (July)

(F) SEALED CARGO—RKO: When Da Andrews. where of a small Canadian fishing be during World War II sights a wrecked Damischooner, he becomes involved in intrigue and meder. With Carla Balenda, Claude Raines

finds regeneration in his own way. With Di Haymes, Roland Young, Lionel Stander, Nina For (Sept.)

(Sept.)

(A) STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—Wers: Neurotic Robert Walker meets tennis chains Farley Granger in a cluh car, discusses a diabolischeme for a double murder and then, without Fley's knowledge, carries out his end of it. Whappens next makes this a chilling, thrilling adviture. With Ruth Roman, Pat Hitchcock, (Aug.)

(A) STREETCAR NAMED DESTRE, A Warners: Magnificent screen version of the pabout a tragic Southern belle Vivien Leigh, Mar Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden give Acade Award caliber performances. (Sept.)

(F) STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—M-G. A light-weight but entertaining comedy filled womplications when middle-aged opera star Ezio Pir falls for naive Southern girl Janet Leigh. Waria Palmer. (Sept.)

(F) TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL 20th Century-Fox: A controversial but straig forward exposé of cruelties of college sorority snishness. With Jeanne Crain, Dale Rohertson, Mi Gaynor, Jean Peters. (July)

(F) THAT'S MY BOY—Paramount: You laugh till your sides split when stringbean Jet Lewis sets out to he a football star with the help college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Mar. Marshall. (Sept.)

(A) THING, THE—RKO: A chilling scien

Lewis sets out to he a football star with the help college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Mar Marshall. (Sept.)

// (A) THING, THE—RKO: A chilling scien fiction adventure about a "thing" from another plathat lands at North Pole in a flying saucer with intention of destroying the earth. With Ken Tob Dewey Martin, Margaret Sheridan. (July)

//2 (A) TWO OF A KIND—Columbia: Rout melodrama in which Liz Scott and Alexander Kr consoire to have Edmond O'Brien pose as long! son of a millionaire in order to make some et money. With Terry Moore. (Sept.)

//2 (F) WARPATH—Paramount: A rough a vigorous Western in which Edmond O'Brien enli as a private in the Seventh Cavalry to track do the men responsible for his fiancee's death. Welly Bergen, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker. (Sept.)

//2 (F) WHEN I GROW UP—U.A.: Bol Driscoll plays a dual role in this tender fam portrait about a boy, his dad, and grand-dad a problems two of them faced in their youth. (Au Columbia: A lecture on labor problems with Lle Bridges as a union leader who is made president the factory and is forced to do the very things had fought against in the past. With Dorothy Garleton Carpenter, Diana Douglas. (Sept.)

That Old MacRae Magic

Continued from page 46) pressed the nusic department lever on his intercom elephone. "Get someone up here with ome music, someone who can play it...." le waved his hand towards the piano that tands in his suite, just as if the person o whom he was talking on the intercom ould see him.

Gordon laughed. And Jack's fury nounted.

"All right," he bellowed, "if you can

ing, sing. Gordon let out with those full round otes we all love so well. And Jack nearly

"Know 'Rose of Tralee'?" he asked,

hen Gordon had finished.

At once Gordon started singing. Before e had gone more than a few bars, Jack as humming with him. .

Gordon's success, I think, lies in some-hing over and beyond his voice itself, o much vitality and happiness and other ood things combine in his singing that his inging-far more than beautiful sound-

something shared. With Gordon a voice is something for hich you are grateful and which you eep in tune. But you do not take any lolatrous attitude about it until, in the

"Ever since Eve chased Adam with n apple, women have pursued mena way to make men pursue them."

. . . SUSAN HAYWARD

nd, it consumes you, your life and the ves of those who love you. I've known ngers whose diet, love life, waking hours at talking hours were regulated by what as and wasn't good for the "Voice," a rankenstein monster with which their milies were doomed to live.

On last Fourth of July, for instance, ollywood was surprised when Gordon ng at the American Legion's celebration the big Coliseum. He had planned fire-orks at home for the kids. But when the mmittee asked if he would appear and ng "God Bless America" and "The Love-est Night of the Year" it never occurred

"The kids will see bigger and better reworks at the Coliseum," he told Sheila. They can nap in the afternoon. It won't art them to stay up late this once."

Sheila was hesitant. "But you'll have

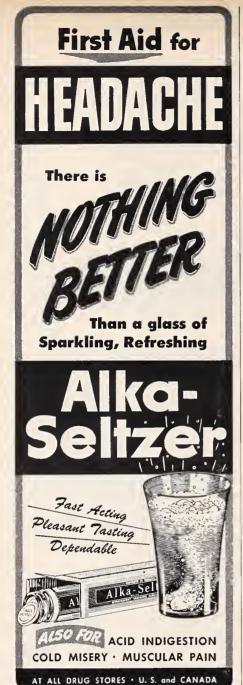
o time to rehearse."
"That's okay," Gordon told her, "I'll talk
the orchestra leader on the 'phone, tell m the key I want. . . ." He sang like a dream too.

Gordon, however, is no character. He's as merican as the New Jersey suburb in hich he was born on March 12, 1921, and hich he was born on March 12, 1921, and e Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts here he prepared for the college which e quit for the stage. He knows the andings of all the teams in both major agues and the batting averages of e players. He has a passion for golf, ays on the team at the Lakeside Couny Club, not far from the Warner studios e would, above all, like to meet Winston nurchill. He can whistle like a fool. nurchill. He can whistle like a fool, hich he isn't. He thinks his wife is a markable woman. He's as proud as the ckens of his Cadillac and Buick. He wishes had more time to spend with the small acRaes, Meredith Lynn, six, Heather Alin, four, William Gordon, three, nicknamed ar. But he's pretty busy singing on the













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Railroad Hour on Monday evenings and making movies so he can give his family all the things he wants for them, his current project being to install a heating system in the swimming pool of the new house up in the Hollywood hills—so Sheila and the kids can swim all year 'round. He likes to get up early, put on an old shirt and slacks and have a catch with the kids before breakfast.

Another of his projects is music lessons for his children.

"I want all three of them to play some instrument," he says. "Not so they can play professionally, just for their pleasure. I'd like to have a family orchestra—have the family get together evenings and make music, the way families used to do when they gathered around the piano. Even if the playing and the singing weren't good— it was good for the family. There's something about people making music to-gether. . . ." And he puffs on his pipe, gether. . . ." And he puffs on his pipe, content in another of the simple basic theories by which he lives.

AST summer while I was in Europe the MacRaes occupied my apartment at the Park Sheraton, which was a surprise to me until Gordon told me about it at luncheon one day.

"I loved the place," he said. "The dark green walls—with the big rooms. That was what sold me, Elsa, the size of those

rooms.

"Sheila looked at it first, then took me around. The minute I walked in I said, "This is it!" I go for rooms a man can really

stretch in. .

Sheila, you'll notice, looked at the apartment first. But it was Gordon who made the decision. That's their pattern, a pattern I suspect they resolved in their first tempestuous year of married life-for them definitely the hardest-when they quarreled often and more than once nearly separated. Gordon decides things. Sheila agrees. And Sheila is a happy woman if I ever saw one, the only actress I know who has turned her back upon an acting career in favor of a family without ever lapsing into bitter remarks about it.

The most difficult adjustments Gordon and Sheila had to make was fusing two distinctly opposite personalities. He tried to temper her shyness. She tried to curb his excessive (to her) forwardness. She was hurt when, on their honeymoon, traveling with the band, Gordon appeared to enjoy the company of his fellow bands-men as much as, if not more than, hers. Always he wanted to stay in the hotel where the band stayed. She, on the other hand, wanted them to get away, to be by themselves. It was the same when they went out to dinner. He always chose a big, noisy place and a table large enough to accommodate any of the band who might join them. She wanted a romantic hideaway.

Finally, miserable if she was separated from Gordon even briefly, Sheila began going to the theatre, hovering in the wings during rehearsals. And inevitably, Gordon began to resent her possessiveness.

It was Gordon's mother who saved the day, really. "Now that you two are traveling all over the country," she told Sheila wisely, "why don't you map out tours for Gordon's spare time, take in all the points of historical and scenic interest.

It worked. For it gave Sheila a chance to be alone with Gordon. And he, in turn, was even more stimulated by their sightseeing than he previously had been by the camaraderie of the band.

There were money problems too, of course. On more than one occasion after they had checked blithely into a hotel Gordon would be surprised to find he didn't have enough money to get out,

whereupon they would wire his mother for funds. Gordon's greatest extravagances were his gifts to Sheila. They were glamorous. But they were real headaches, too, when they were meant going without necessities. without necessities.

His presents to Sheila continue. He's always giving her charms for a bracelet he bought her years ago. The first charm marking the first movie he made for Warners, is a small camera with a heart super-imposed on it that bears the legend, "You are the heart of the work." When he signed his Railroad Hour radio contract Sheila got a tiny gold locomotive. And to celebrate her first role in "Caged" he gave her a gold horseshoe.

They faced their greatest financial difficulties when Gordon went into the Army Sheila refused to be separated from him. She tried doing a show on Broadway, but when she found she was pregnant she took off for Texas and Gordon and got a job or a local radio station. Meredith was practically born at the mike. Here their quarrels continued, although Gordon now insists this attitude of Sheila's was largely responsible for keeping their marriage to-gether. One day in Texas, packing for one of their hectic moves from one Army post to another, Sheila lost her wedding ring. When Gordon scolded her for her carelessness she wept and packed. This time, she insisted, she was leaving him for good. She only got a few blocks, how-ever, before she returned for a mutually contrite reconciliation.

All of which, childish as it all was a the time, served to strengthen their characters and build the groundwork for the mature, understanding attitude they have

for each other today.

It would take time for a woman, as young as Sheila was when she and Gordor married, to weigh his happy-go-easy way against the breadth and set of his chin-and to accept the fact that he would be easy up to a certain point, and then he would not be fooling. Also, by the same token, that he was a man into whose hand she could put her life and it would be

For, above all, Gordon believes in marriage, a man's need of a wife, and his grea misfortune when the woman he marrie is not the right woman for him.

NEVER could describe," he says, "the help Sheila has been in my struggle fo recognition as a singer and an actor. I wa twenty when we married. I would not-I know it and Sheila must know it toohave made the same progress had I re mained a bachelor. For me a young mar riage was right.

"After all, the earlier a man has to settl down and become a responsible citizenthe better-for the earlier he will get se in a mature pattern, start making progress

"I only began to get ahead in my caree when I married and settled down—becaus

I had to, not for any loftier reason."

The MacRaes' recent New York sojour was, on the surface, so Gordon could mak personal appearances. Actually it was be cause Gordon has his canny eyes on TV His contract, like most Hollywood con tracts, does not permit him to do mon than look at a TV screen. But he know this state of affairs cannot last—any mon than the old taboo against movie stars o radio lasted. And watching the TV screen he's noticed that singers are likely t appear at a disadvantage.

They just stand there and sing," he say "are not too interesting. So I figured if made a lot of personal appearances I have a chance to work out some casu business. . . . get my bearings. . . . so may be I won't appear too stiff when I get the inevitable message that the studio ha

ifted the TV ban and I'm to go on for some pecial thingamajig the next night.

Gordon's attitude was quite the same hat day nearly four years ago when my lear but bellicose friend, Jack Warner, laving heard him sing, brought out a ountain pen and contract. Gordon brought ut his agent.

"Bing Crosby can sing," Gordon pointed ut, asking for a guarantee about his roles, but he got nowhere until he could act, oo. Same thing with Frank Sinatra. . . ."

One of my favorite MacRae stories conerns a woman star with whom he was cheduled to appear in an early movie. When she saw him she was disappointed When she saw him she was disappointed n his height—five feet, eleven inches. She vould not, she felt, look petite enough by omparison. "Gordon MacRae," she told he director, "must wear lifts."

This was reported to Gordon.
"I understand you think I'm not quite all enough to play opposite you," he told his star when they met.

his star when they met.
"That is correct." She looked down her

iquant nose at him.

"But," Gordon could see himself losing he part, "I am five feet eleven. I am not hort. I—"

hort. I—"
"You will wear lifts—or we will not lay together." And she walked away.
"Just a minute!" Only Gordon's eyes, upils narrow, showed his anger. "I'll nake a bargain with you! When your

oice gives the audience a lift—then I'll

ut lifts in my shoes."

They did not play together. But it wasn't lordon who didn't get the part.

This attitude was very brash of him, of ourse. But he was scared and he was urt-and to be brash rather than to give ordon. Just as it is, if you'll remember our history, typically American.

THE END

Pint-sized Paradise

Continued from page 61) could be dapted to almost any apartment, espec-ally a small apartment. The living-room rea is 11 x 18, the kitchen and sleeping rea together are 8 x 10 and that's not pacious. But the place excites the oh's nd ah's of everyone who sees it.
In the 8 x 10 section, the tiny kitchen

s tucked away behind a bar, so that either ood or drinks can be served successfully this area. Opposite, the built-in couch ccupies an alcove, separated from the ving-room by a low partition which is ppped with movable louvered shutters. his studio couch is the size of a twin bed, o it can be used for sleeping. The space lso doubles as a dining-room, for Betty ometimes serves meals on foldaway tables which set up nicely in front of the couch. Iot that she does any great entertaining here for, after all, this is her studio ressing-room. But the idea's good and eautifully adaptable to an apartment. Beyond this area, shuttered doors lead

the bath-dressing-room, complete with large built-in dressing table and ward-

obes with sliding doors.
Regarding the decoration, almost everyhing is in some shade of green. Because of his, there are no great color contrasts to ivert the eye, and so this small area looks great deal larger. Another trick of illu-ion is obtained by the mirrors placed all long one wall to make the narrow 11 x 18

oom seem wider.
Instead of paper or paint, the walls wear fabric, a heavy cotton tweed in various ones of green with gold metallic thread voven in. The same material covers the uilt-in sofa which rounds a corner in







hair beauty rinse







the living-room section and is used also for the couch in the sleeping alcove.

To achieve this decorative effect in your home, you could use the same idea of fabric on the walls. It need not be as expensive a fabric as this. Burlap gives a wonderful texture to walls, and if the natural color doesn't appeal to you, paint it whatever color you wish after it is installed. You can either tack it around the edges or cement it to the walls, whichever method seems easiest. A small-patterned cotton looks well in Provincial rooms, but always try to choose a material that will add either texture or pattern to your walls. Otherwise, you might as well paint them.

Repeating the wall fabric on two of the largest furniture pieces minimizes their size for they blend with the wall, and seem smaller, an advantage in a limited area.

To round out the scheme, forest-green cotton boucle carpets the floor, the ceiling's a pale green, and on the walnut French Provincial chairs heavy linen repeats several shades of blue-green in a stylized pine-tree design. For contrast, there's a ruffle of heavy cotton taffeta plaid in blue green, cherry red and white under the French Provincial scallop at the top of the window shutters, and underlining the scallops that frame both sleeping and kitchen alcoves. These scallops travel around the top of the room as a molding.

One error common to most amateur decorators is that of spottiness. Professionals avoid it. The scallops in Betty's room eliminate spottiness, because they carry around the room. Decorator Ray Morey wanted the plaid to do the same thing. Since there was no place for a ruffle on the mirrored wall, he made shades of the plaid for the brass student lamps that stand on the spinet, and he used it too as a ruffle around the piano stool. Consequently, wherever you look, you get a glimpse of plaid.

If you would like to use a ruffle tucked under a cornice, you'll find they're easy to make. "Even I could whip some up," says Betty, "and if I can, that's really something!" Hem the bottom, then shirr or gather the top until the fabric's the desired length. Sew it to a piece of tape, then tack or staple the ruffle to the cornice.

With all of the fabric on the walls there was little need for draperies. So the windows are covered with indoor shutters. The movable louvers control the light, and they swing open on hinges to expose the entire window. Additional shutters are around the back and on one side of the sleeping alcove, so that closed they give complete privacy, yet if Betty has a few people in, they can be swung open to make the room seem larger.

Frankly, these are somewhat costly, but if you consider the high replacement of

draperies and curtains, they're well wor the investment. They never wear o However, if they're still beyond yo reach, give a thought to standard shutte with fixed louvers. These will create t same effect and are not as costly.

same effect and are not as costly.

All of the furniture is of walnut French Provincial style—so both the shuters and the woodwork use the same finit Here is how this was achieved: The wo was sanded until it was smooth to t fingers, then one coat of walnut stain w applied. Two may be used if a dark tone is preferred. This may be cover either with lacquer or varnish, then wax to get a soft finish.

A MISTAKE many people make is to lo their rooms down with too much furn ture. In Betty's dressing-room, plenty seating space is provided with a minimu of pieces. With one mirrored wall this particularly important for, although their mirror makes the room seem larger, reflects all of the furniture, so that the appears to be twice as much.

The two built-in pieces—the corner so in the living-room and the couch in t alcove—offer the major seating accomm dations, and a few chairs provide the restudio couches tucked back against t wall would create the same effect.

Betty's favorite is the corner sofa, f it's wonderfully comfortable, and she catuck the numerous small pillows aroun her. The pillows serve a decorative pu pose, too, by combining all of the colo and fabrics in the room to make the so a focal point.

Betty's thrilled with the clever lam Ray Morey dreamed up for her, and ruefully wishes he could copyright the idea. Look closely at the pictures of the two large table lamps. You'll see a consuspending the shades from the ceiling. Actually bases and shades are separated and the bases are decorative cerampieces, which Betty can change as wishes. The lamp fixture is suspended with the shade, from the ceiling by mea of a silk cord. The silk cord is wrapparound the electric cord and a wire which bears the weight of the fixture. It's hur from a pulley in the ceiling, goes to a other pulley by the wall, and down to the switch and outlet, a tie-off in the wall tie off the cord. You can buy these pulles at any specialty hardware store. Tailor shades fit almost any ceramic, such as the of Betty's, which are made of ecru shatung, edged with two ruffles, one of ecr

"Want to hear some new records?" ca Betty through the dressing-room door guests waiting in the living-room area. the affirmative answer, music fills t room, though no radio, record player

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Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M EDT, NBC speaker can be seen. At that Betty chuckles. Her beautiful little French Provincial desk conceals a speaker behind a pair of grilled doors, connected with the

record player in the next room.

Though no pictures cover the wall, lovely antique plates add a note of color, old ironstone plates grouped over the desk and a couple on the kitchen wall. Interesting old hand-painted French earthenware plates decorate the wall by the sofa, and there's nothing on the wall stretching between these two. "If I had placed any there," said Ray, "it would be confusing. You see, wall decoration should tie in with a furniture pieces. These plates over the furniture pieces. Those plates over the desk become a grouping with the desk, and those by the sofa continue the line of the cornice to round out the unit.

MANY people fill any blank wall area with pictures or plates or a shelf, regardless of the furniture placement in the room.

You shouldn't do that. It's spotty.

Even though you know that the sleeping alcove and the kitchen occupy a space only ten feet wide and eight feet long, it's hard to believe it. The bed has a handy built-in cabinet at one end, which would be handy for bedding, although Betty prefers it to hold creams and lotions and a book or two. The bar opposite curves as it goes from living-room to dressing-room door, and just this slight curve makes a tremendous difference in space. It widens the passageway so that one isn't conscious of its narrowness.

A cork and plastic top covers the bar counter and all working space in the tiny kitchen behind the bar. So cleverly is it worked out to be a part of the entire room, that it doesn't seem like a kitchen at all. The green cotton tweed minimizes the bar front and extends to the walls except for the shining copper which backs the tiny steel sink and surrounds the amazing refrigerator-and-stove combination. Yes, I said combination, for the four burners are on the top of the small refrigerator. It's tucked into a tiny yard-square alcove where it just fits, hidden from the living-room by the bar front and the shutter above. With plenty of cupboards lining the back of the bar, the kitchen really works.

For the final touch, there's a large brass planter at the base of the alcove partition on the living-room side. It has a galvanized liner so that the plants have proper drainage, and they're growing luxuriantly. Between these and the gay plates on the wall, Betty has little need of flowers at any time, though occasionally a vase, filled to the brim with blossoms, stands on the ledge that backs up the built-in sofa, and adds its color. On this same ledge Betty has all of her personal treasures that can double as smoking accessories. The little French saucers, each marked with the price of an apéritif, are ash trays, and there's a delightful old ironstone tobacco jar which Betty uses for cigarettes, the cigarettes standing conveniently in the

pipe rack.
"If it weren't for the girls," sighed Betty, referring to daughters Candy and Lindsay, "I'd almost hate to leave here each day, I like it so much!" And aside from the fact that it has made the most

from the fact that it has made the most of limited space, her dressing-room is really well decorated.

So take heart, if you're an apartment dweller. Whether yours is in a large building or on top of a garage, no more can you use that old alibi of "This place is much too small. I can't do anything with it." You'd settle for Betty's dressing-room any day, wouldn't you? So why not latch on to a few of the space-making latch on to a few of the space-making ideas and adapt them to your own place?

THE END







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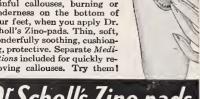


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London Letter on Liz

(Continued from page 39) kicking her shoes off, has lost her shoes, in fact, under the most impressive dinner tables. Last year celebrities like Mrs. Truman, Franklin Roosevelt Jr., and Cornelia Otis Skinner unknowingly kicked one of her slippers around under the luncheon table which launched the Infantile Paralysis Drive. The newsreel shots of this occasion show Liz, balanced on one foot, fishing around frantically for the missing shoe.

Any Taylor set reveals three or four pairs of slippers lying in odd places—slippers that have been brought to her by various kind souls who feared she would get a splinter in her foot or catch cold. Always, she thanks such kind souls like a lady and, as soon as they leave, heaves the slippers into the discard.

A letter from our London reporter reveals it's the same now that Liz is in staid old London. Her first act when she gets home is to kick off her shoes.

She is again stopping at the Savoy where she lived on her honeymoon. This time, however, instead of a flower-filled bridal suite with picture windows opening on the Thames, Liz occupies less pretentious rooms overlooking the Strand. The day we saw her, there was a typewriter on the table and scripts, together with a dozen red roses and a cactus plant.
"My neck," she moaned, "is killing me.

I'm playing Rebecca, you know in 'Ivan-hoe.' And every morning at six o'clock they tape me into a wig that weighs two pounds. It's full of pins that stick into me all day long. By night I really have a neck ache—and a headache."

She was wearing a tailored pink cotton

shirt, a quilted skirt and ballet slippers.
"It's wonderful to be here," she went on, leaning her dark closely cropped head against the pillows. "I thought we against the philows. I thought we wouldn't know anybody, but many friends are here . . . George Sanders, Michael Wilding, Danny Kaye, Orson Welles . . ."

"And Joan Fontaine . . ." interrupted

Peggy Rutledge, her secretary.
"Oh, yes, Joan too . . ." said Liz. "But I wasn't thinking of the girls—just men!"

She grinned. She hasn't lost her interest in men, in spite of her disillusioning experience. "It's instinct for a woman to like marriage," she said. "I'll marry again, I think-but I don't know when.

But ask her what she thinks marriage should consist of and she answers sadly, "I'm not a very good person to give any-one advice."

London isn't the gay round of parties it was when she was here the last time.

There are no press interviews, no flash bulbs. The studio bosses have kept her strictly to themselves. Her regime is strict. Her day starts at 5:15. "Sometimes too early to eat!" Then a forty-minute drive to Elstree, followed by a long session with hairdressers and wardrobe.

"We wear long dresses of wool jersey and heavy capes," she said, "and it sometimes takes half an hour to lace up a dress!"

On the set by nine o'clock and back from the studio at six at night. "Evenings I stay home and improve my mind," she

stay home and improve my mind," she cracked, "by reading mystery stories."

However, she did go to Covent Garden to see the ballet. And as on the one or two other occasions when she permitted herself an evening out, she wore a short formal; white accordion pleated organdy, with a strapless bodice and the very full skirt covered in black chantilly lace.

She's introduced a new style in London, incidentally has all the British London,

incidentally—has all the British belles ripping the sleeves out of turtle-neck sweaters and combining them with a full short skirt for evening.

She brought quantities of luggage, actually, all still marked with initials E.T.H. but filled—she says—with incongruous but filled—she says—with incongruous things like dresses without belts and shoes without mates. "I packed on two days' notice," is her explanation, "hardly knew what I threw into the bags."

When "Ivanhoe" is finished she hopes to go to Paris for a short visit. "But I can't afford to shop there. I just want to see the town again—and perhaps go to the south of France, lie in the sun and swim, and then on to Rome."

and then on to Rome.'

There's a schedule, too, arranged to show Peggy Rutledge the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, and a drive to Kent to see Liz's godfather's home where she learned to ride.

When her old school Byron House wrote and asked if she would come back and talk to the pupils about the old days, she was pleased. "It was nice of them to ask me," she said, "but—I don't like to reminisce."

That's true—she doesn't like to think about the old days. She's keeping those black-lashed blue eyes of hers, resolutely and hopefully, on the future.

We asked her who sent her the cactus

plant that stood on the table.
"That!" Her ballet slippers went flying across the room and lay higgledy piggledy in a corner. "Somebody sent me that," she said ambiguously, pointing with her bare foot, "to remind me of California."

THE END

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'MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Many Brave Hearts

(Continued from page 43) without benefit of decorator. If it stinks, it'll stink accord-

ing to our own personalities."

They did have help, though. One day Howard called a Mrs. Grace Keel. "Mother, how'd you like to hang the new dining-room paper?"
"Fine. Okay."
"Come over tomorrow evening and we'll

do it together."
"You keep out of it, amateur. I'll do it myself."

That she turned professional paperhanger twenty-five years ago was due to necessity, home training and the spunk she got straight from her mother. To Grandma Osterkamp, now a spry octogenarian and the fourth woman in Howard's life, an obstacle was equivalent to a challenge. She aimed to knock out a hallway in the family farmhouse. "Can't be done," said her husband. "Certainly not," said Grandma. So she and Grace did it, and presented the finished product to the master of the

HOWARD can't remember when his mother didn't work. His father was a miner. But those were depression days, with their misery and revolt against intolerable conditions, heightened in Gillespie, Illinois, by the evils of absentee ownership. Grimly the townsfolk summed it up. " mule's worth more than a man. If a mule dies in the mines, they have to buy another. They don't even have to bury the man."

To supplement the family income, Grace

Keel hung paper, earning as much as three dollars a day in season. Bill and Howard were left to themselves. Naturally they fought. Being six years older, Bill naturally licked the stuffing out of junior. It was

murder.

There's no self-pity in Keel. Kids who have it too easy, he thinks, often lose their drive. He didn't have it too easy, their drive. He didn't have it too easy, nor was poverty alone responsible. In Gillespie, no one was rich. But his was the special problem of a youngster flung thin-skinned into a spiky world that bruised and bewildered him. Why, for instance, did he stand in a corner and cry if Bill took a licking, while the other way round was a big joke to his brother? Groping for companionship among the boys of his own age, he found himself rejected. He was the skinny one, the runt, last to be picked when they chose up sides for base-ball. Rejection bred anxieties and strains which led to more rejection, and so the vicious circle went.

Only on circus days did he come into his own. Dad liked taking kids to the circus. "Bring your friends along." For a few hours he'd bask in the social approval of his peers, knowing all the time they were playing him for a sucker and tomorrow he'd be back on the outside looking in. But he asked them, anyway, easing his loneliness briefly with make-believe, pretending the sham was real. To a trusted contemporary, he might have revealed his hurts. To his elders, he couldn't. So he sealed them in-

side and let them go.

At eleven he was old enough to feel a sharp sense of loss in his father's death. No more fishing trips. No more climbing into bed with Dad, listening wide-eyed to tall tales of his Navy days when he sailed round the world on the flagship Tennessee. No more concerts. Dad was a music-lover who'd pile them into the jalopy and go jolting thirty miles to hear a band. Before the depression he'd bought a player-piano which went the way of all instalment stuff. But he insisted that both boys learn to play an instrument. They wound up as trombonists.

These were the scattered bright spots



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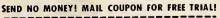


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which faded when his father died and things really got tough. Grace Keel took on the heart-breaking and back-breaking load of trying to make ends meet. Between paperhanging, she baked, washed and ironed for the slightly more prosperous. All the kids could do was chop coal from shale for heat. In that poverty-ridden town of 3,000, odd jobs were at a premium. Half the time they dined on rolled oats and gravy. Grandma brought what she could from the farm, but the farm was going to

pot with the rest of the country.

Bill joined the CCC and landed in California. Howard, grown tall now though serawny as ever, went out for high-school football, which ties up with one of his more corroding memories. Though he made no letters, he did make the scrub team and sat through a whole season warming the bench. Still no ball of fire, he could have bettered his game except for an idiosyncrasy. Against kids he knew, something kept him from playing rough. With strangers, these inhibitions fell away. So the scrub team was playing another

scrub team, with the home boys way ahead and Howard tense between hope and dread. His eyes followed the coach in agonized prayer. "Throw me in, throw me in, we can't lose now anyway, give me a chance to prove something, throw me in." Carefully overlooking him, the coach threw everyone in but Howard. The game ended. A desolate youngster rose and turned his

Probably no one else remembers that game. Keel never will forget it. "If he'd let me just walk through and make one scrimmage, I'd have jumped through hoops for him. As it is, he's the only man I ever hated. Someday I'd like to meet him and tell him what I think of him."

BILL kept urging the family to come to California. The doctor said it might help Mom's asthma and put some needed flesh on Howard's bones. Almost overnight Mom made her decision and took action. By the skin of her teeth she'd hung on to the old tin Lizzie. They'd travel in that. Neighbors helped patch it up. Selling everything salable brought just about enough to finance the trip, with no margins for error and narrow ones for food. Joined by a kid in town to whom California beckoned, they set out at 5 A. M. one summer morning. People who'd watched Grace Keel's long struggle against heavy odds were on hand to bid them godspeed. Men cleared their throats and offered gruff advice. One woman, eyeing the rickety caravan, broke into a wail. "Don't go, Grace. You'll never make it."

It was Grace who comforted the other. "I'll make it all right. I've got to make it.

Somehow Lizzie held out. Somehow the funds held out till they reached Fall Brook, not far from Los Angeles. There Mom went to work as cook in a hotel, and Howard enrolled for his senior year in high school.

"Funny thing about kids," he says thoughtfully. "You move to a new neigh-borhood and really start living." The new kids accepted him on equal terms. For them the tensions that had tangled his childhood didn't exist. Consequently, they grew less important to Howard. He breathed more freely, filled out, played baseball and basketball, sprouted a small shoot of self-confidence and loved California. All but the orange trees. After school, Howard hoed weeds under orange trees. The water basins were a good ten feet across and you earned three cents a tree.

His only career dream had been of medicine and he might as well have reached for the moon. After graduation, they moved to Los Angeles. While Mom worked briefly for a private family, Howard stayed with his uncle-a temporary arrangement till he could find gainful employment. But the

prospect of bearding the world scared the seventeen-year-old into a coma, and Uncle George—a hardworking man with two kids of his own in a four-room house—steeled himself to necessity. "You've got to get a job," he told his nephew, "and a place to stay."

Not long ago his uncle recalled this to Howard. "It's been on my conscience for a long time. You were kind of young-

"Take it off your conscience, Uncle George." You did me a favor. When people have a crutch to lean on, they're going to lean."

THE sign in the window of the White Log Tavern said: "Waiter and Dishwasher Wanted for Night Work." Ten times he passed it, then took himself by the scruff of the neck and kicked himself in.

"Ever do this kind of work before?" asked the man.

'Sure. Busboy."

"Okay. Thirteen a week and two meals,

hot cakes or hamburgers."

A job, just like that. A room with a kind woman named Mrs. Kellogg. Three months of prosperity, and one evening he was dressing for a date when they called him to work. By now the early confusions had given way to awareness. He knew that he didn't like being pushed around. What had flayed the child ignited the young man's temper. "This is my night off."

"You've got to work anyway."
"I quit—"

"You're fired—"
"I said it first," he bellowed, and hung up.
In '36 jobs weren't hanging on trees. Kind Mrs. Kellogg let the rent ride, but food was something else again. "You had dinner?" she'd inquire, after a swift glance at the sagging shoulders. "Yeah."

"I've got some peas and stuff left over. Why don't you finish them?"

"Well-maybe I will-" And he'd wolf

them down.

Eventually he became a parking lot attendant. For nine dollars per, minus meals, he worked a twelve-hour shift. One stylish feature was the lot's location, opposite Paramount. Among others, he parked the car of Fred MacMurray. Had some prophet foretold that one day he'd star with MacMurray in "Callaway Went Thataway," he'd have looked for the gent's second head, with holes in both.

Economic advancement came indirectly through his mother. They thought the world of her at the sorority house on the UCLA campus where she worked. And someone wangled her son a job at Douglas. Within seven months he was riding high as a full-fledged skinfitter. Impetuosity unhorsed him. Being too fast, he made too many mistakes. Making too many mistakes, he got demoted. One day he stuck the left-hand sheet on the right-hand side of the fuselage, cussed himself out and quit. By the time the foreman got around to reasoning with him, shame had set in but mulishness won the bout. At eighteen, when you say you quit, you quit. He stomped over to North American, and a good thing too, since that's where he met Art Shields and Walter Young.

They were neither talent scouts nor impresarios, but a couple of kids who became his close friends and, by dint of good fellowship, unleashed his vocal cords. On the beach one Sunday, a sense of well-being going to Howard's head, he lifted his voice where others could hear it. "Brother, you can sing!" his friends said. "Yeah, yeah—" Nevertheless, their honest

admiration warmed him, and they needled him on to his first public effort. Friday was amateur night at the Casino Gardens. Howard on one side while Walter kicked his shins on the other. "You can do better."
"Damn right I can," he heard himself

saying, to his own amazement. Which left him no choice but to head for the stage. In a key five times too low for anyone else, he sang "That Old Feeling." It would be nice to report that the house fell down, only Tommy Tucker's band, came over to the boys' table. "You shouldn't be singing popular stuff," she told Howard. "Your voice is good enough for light opera."

Embarrassment shrivelled him.

Art and Walter had a landlady affectionately known as Mom Ryder. A woman of wide sympathies, she loved music, worked in civic affairs and treated the boys as family rather than boarders. One Saturday they asked Howard over to hear the U.S.C.-U.C.L.A. football game. U.C.L.A. tied U.S.C. As Bruin rooters, the boys went into high. The final quarter, and bedlam broke loose. The Trojans fumbled the ball on their own one-yard line, where U.C.L.A. recovered it. They couldn't miss. Well, they did, and the air in Mom

Ryder's living-room turned blue. She sat down at the piano. "Come on, boys, it's only a game." Three sore losers needed an emotional vent. Art gave Howard a shove. "Go on, sing!" He let go for all three.

"Hmm," said Mom Ryder. "You ought to take lessons." She applied for him at the Paris Inn, which specialized in singing waiters. Howard worked up enough enthusiasm to quit North American. Because, for services rendered, the Paris Inn gave you singing lessons with a famous teacher. In an I'll-show-them spirit, Howard entered the glamorous life.

This consisted of rassling dishes from ten-thirty one morning till two the next, with three afternoon hours all to himself. Now and then he sang for the trade. Any mention of lessons was brushed aside. He loathed being played for a sucker. The well-known grinding started inside of him.

One midnight, with the joint jumping, he dashed to the kitchen for three ne casned to the kitchen for three pitchers of water. As he loaded the tray, in popped the head busboy. "Come on, get going!" That did it. Three pitchers went crashing to the floor, and Howard felt better. "You know," he inquired, "what you can do with your job?" you can do with your job?"

He returned to Douglas and moved into



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IZE

Mom Ryder's with the boys. His future now lay in aircraft. Six months later however, he was taking lessons from Ralph Blohm at Los Angeles High's night classes When Richard Lert and George Houston, staging opera in English at the Pasadena Auditorium, applied for talent, Blohm sent Howard to audition. He knocked nobody dead, but they were interested enough to ask him to sit in on rehearsals and later, to study the role of Plunkett in "Martha." His routine was something for a horse. Night shift at Douglas, five hours of sleep, rehearsal, dinner, lessons, back to Douglas. Punchy after four months, he was meditating another farewell to music. Then a fellow went to Texas

OHIS fellow had been scheduled to sing the Prophet in Handel's "Saul and David," which Lert was preparing with the Pasadena Symphony. His emergency exit left the conductor wild-eyed. At Mom Ryder's the phone rang for Howard. "He's asleep," she protested. "He doesn't get much sleep." "It's an S.O.S. Please—"

Keel drove to the rescue. Nothing would come of this, as nothing had come of his previous ventures. Might be fun, though.

He learned the role in two days. For the first time he rehearsed with full orchestra. He recognized the quality of his fellow-soloists, George London, Brian Sullivan unknowns then, now hailed in the worlds of concert and opera. Excitement began prickling through him. He rented a set of tails and felt elegant in them. But elegance proved no prop when the night came. For one hour he paced, sweating out his first appearance in the third act. Handel, after all, wasn't a popular tune, nor was the Pasadena Symphony Mom Ryder's piano. What if he stepped off on the wrong key? What if-

Remember you're the best damn singer in the whole world. Look at your audience

and mentally spit in its eye

His knees stiffened. The pounding eased under his ribs. He let the words shoot again and again through his nerves . . . Remember you're the best. Tibbett? Who's Tibbett? Phooey on Tibbett! . Mesmerizing himself, he walked out, moved his eyes coolly over the crowd and sang. The big low tones might have been tailored for his voice.

"You have a lot of talent," George Houston told Howard. "Let's see what we can do with it." Maybe he caught the leery glint in the other's eye, maybe not. "Only let's get one thing clearly understood first. I want nothing out of this but the pleasure of working with you and trying to help."

Life hadn't made Keel overtrustful either of human nature or himself. Why should a guy of Houston's stature want to work with him? Still trying to figure the angle, he began taking lessons and found that no angle existed. Houston's words meant precisely what they said. He helped for the sake of music and the sake of helping. On Howard he inflicted the urge to sing. Not given to pretty speeches, Howard says quietly of Houston: "He became to me like a father."

1943. Working for Douglas, taking lessons, understudying in Pasadena when he could. A youthful marriage that didn't take and later terminated in divorce. An offer from Douglas to go on the road as sales representative.

He talked it all out with George. "I know it's a big step for you," said his friend, "and I can't advise against it. But don't stop singing. Whenever you get

the chance in public, sing—"
First stop, San Francisco. One night he went to a show, featuring a so-called mentalist. Keel's not superstitious. He thinks all that stuff's the bunk. But everyone else dropped questions into the hopper, why should he be different?

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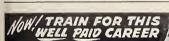


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POPULAR

MERCHANDISE CLUB PLAN Dept. P-10, Lynbrook, N. Y. "H.C.K.," called the mentalist from the stage, shooting Harry Clifford Keel right out of his skin. "Question: Will I ever have a career in music, and when will it start?

—Answer: You will have. In the middle of '44, you'll meet with some success. All of a sudden, things will stop. In the middle of '45 you'll start again, and from there you'll go right on.

Smack in the middle of '44, while stationed at Moline, Howard entered and won the Mississippi Valley Festival contest. In August he won at the Chicago Music Festival. "Through the sheer power of his voice alone," wrote one reviewer. "For he obviously had done little study and he was competing with men who were polished singers and had learned every trick of making an audience love them."

One night his mother called from California. "It's bad news, but I didn't want you to get it from the papers. George died

suddenly today.

He'd been in his forties. It came with a sickening shock, and for a while it took the heart out of music. For a while Howard didn't feel like singing at all. He stuck close to airplanes.

HE year 1945 found Howard back in Cali-THE year 1945 toung noward pack in conference formia, with a small reputation gone before. The National Concert Agency asked him to audition. Lotte Lehmann was present. From the great singer, he drew an approving nod-from the agency, a suggestion he try for pictures. Keel thought they had holes in the head and returned to good old

unglamorous predictable Douglas.
There, one fine day, the agency called him, twittering. Out at Twentieth Century, Oscar Hammerstein was waiting to hear him sing. How soon could he make it?

"I'll have to go home and clean up." "Sure, sure, but how soon? It's Hammerstein, you know. The 'Oklahoma!'

Keel didn't know. Broadway wasn't his beat. The name struck a vaguely familiar note, and that's all. However, if the guy was mixed up with "Oklahoma!" it might be smart to sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning.

Which he did. Also a bass aria from "Simon Bocanegra." Hammerstein's easy, kindly manner relaxed him. But Hammerstein's words sounded as if he had a screw loose. "We need replacements for the leads in 'Oklahoma!' and 'Carousel.' I'd like you to go to New York and try out."

Even if he was hearing straight, he still

couldn't go. Hitler'd just been licked, but Japan remained on the map, and Keel was pegged for war work. Three months and one atom bomb later, Hammerstein wrote that the Theatre Guild was due in L.A. He'd told them about Keel, and arranged for an audition. Howard was tremendously flattered by the letter. He refused, however, to go up in smoke like his pals. "What is this, an act or something?"

they demanded, indignant—
"I'm a bass, dopes. Nobody wants a bass." But the Guild decided that a bass might come in handy, if his name were Keel.

Howard quit Douglas, trained out for New York and reported. They sent him to that evening's performance of "Carousel," the first musical he'd ever laid eyes on. Its color, its melody, its emotional poignancy—and John Raitt, who sang like a bird, left him limp and streaming-eyed. Next day he reported back to the Guild office. "They want you to try out for 'Carousel'," he was told.

With last night's beauty still in his eyes and ears, panic smote and sickened him.

'Are they kidding?"
"I doubt it. Do you want the sides?" "Huh? What are sides?"

"Your part."
"Look—" But there was no help here. "I guess you'd just better give me the whole



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He took it and bought the recordings. At nine-thirty next morning, he was on rehearsal stage. The role had been written for a high baritone. They lowered it for Keel. He didn't know the first thing about acting. But two and a half weeks after seeing his first musical, he stepped out on the stage of St. James Theatre to play one of the biggest parts on Broadway.

There were no reviews. Once a show's rolling, critics don't bother with replacements. But such rounds of applause greeted "Soliloquy" as to hold the performance up and bring Dick Rodgers backstage. "Sounds like they're clapping for Raitt, sounds like,' he grinned.

On Raitt's return from vacation, Keel rehearsed "Oklahoma!" and alternated between the two roles, sometimes playing Bill in the afternoon and Curley at night. Six a day would have been fine with him. The theatre was heaven. He watched the clock till it was time to go back. He took

lessons from Martino Rossi.

His biggest bang came out of bringing his mother to New York. She'd have sat through every performance if he'd let her. Through the first she wept steadily. "You know how women are. They always cry."
Then honesty asserts itself. "Got kind of a lump in my own throat when I knew she was out there."

THEN 1947. To London with "Oklahoma!" and critical raves. Eighteen months of work and play, of growth, new friendships and widening horizons.

Helen Anderson was a dancer in the London company of "Oklahoma!" where Howard played the lead. They became fast friends, but it wasn't until after Helen left for the States that the light dawned on Keel and he realized that this was something beyond friendship. Two weeks of missing her was all he could take. Then he picked up the phone in London and called Florida, where she was taking a brief vacation with her family before going on tour. Across three thousand miles he asked her to marry him and Helen said yes. But first he had a movie to make in England and she was committed to the road show of "Oklahoma!" So it wasn't until January 3, 1949 that they were married in Riverside, California.

This first picture, "The Small Voice," which postponed the marriage, was produced by Anthony Havelock-Allen, the man responsible for "Great Expectations."

1948, and back in the States. His Theatre Guild contract was about to expire. Feeling that his Curley had grown stale, he wanted out. Rodgers and Hammerstein



Howard, with Sheila Clark and Kathryn Grayson in "Show Boat," is a true bass. Key is lowered for him for baritone roles

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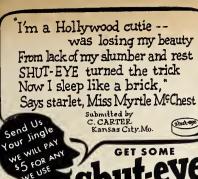
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were nearing the end of their job on a musical to be called "South Pacific," and Howard heard part of the score. His blood sang and his tonsils twitched to get at it. Nothing simpler. They offered him Cable and the possibility of understudying Pinza.

OWEVER, it was at virtually this same moment that Arthur Freed was saying to M-G-M's Bill Grady, "There's my Frank Butler. Get him-

It was the devil's own dilemma. Who would turn down Rodgers and Hammer-stein? A lunatic. On the other hand, if pictures were to be his field, who could ask for a better starter than "Annie"? Tossed from horn to horn, he picked himself up in a highly battered condition and approached his friends, Oscar Hammerstein and Dick Rodgers, sweating. And when he finally said no to them, they were so won-derful that he felt worse than ever.

For a month he rehearsed with Judy Garland. Judy was withdrawn— "and I missed a chance," says he, "to play with the best actress in Hollywood." Betty Hutton replaced her. Came the first day's shooting, and the studio gathered to watch Keel canter in, resplendent, on a horse. With a flair for dramatics, the horse fell on Howard, broke his ankle and laid him up for six weeks. After that, the picture got going and the rest you know.

The kid who used to take other kids to the circus for the sake of a little fake warmth is now adult and clear-eyed. What remains is a sensitivity to sham, but his methods are different. People who try to put one over get short shrift from Keel. "I like to know where I stand with others. They have a right to know the same from me. You've got one life. Why waste any of it on phonies?"

His temper's under firmer rein and, when it flares, the object is usually Keel. Below the self-protective toughness, lies the same thin-skinned youngster, quick to respond to genuine feeling, still a little shy, fundamentally gentle. During a brief period in "Oklahoma!" Betty Jayne Watson, who played the girl, was pregnant. At one point she had to grab and kiss him, which took some stretching. "Please bend down," she whispered. "When I have to reach for you, it hurts." From then on, his head all but touched the floor. About children he's unobtrusively nuts. He carries no snaps of his daughter. But call him early on a non-working day when he loves to sleep late, and he'll tell you, "I was up anyway. The baby's so cute I couldn't resist her.' From Keel to an outsider, that's drooling.

A cherished by-product of his success is that his mother need do nothing now but what she chooses. Mom's tall and dignified. What she chooses, home with her at this writing, is small and twinkly. Howard's called on to arbitrate cases. "She just called on to arbitrate cases. "She just will not take her pills," tattles Mom. "You've got to do something about it."

"Grandma, take your pills. The doctor says they're good for you."
"Phooey," says Grandma.

"Grandma, they cost money."
"That's different. I'll take 'em."

Or the shoe's on the other foot. Mom enjoys playing cards, and so do her friends. Grandma, a great one for keeping her mind alive, thinks cards are for the birds. "Your mother should read a good book." Howard eyes her obliquely. "Granny, you

like a good book? You read it. Let Mom live her own life-

"Sonny, you've got something there—" Looking back over the years of struggle, the dark places, the strange turns that landed him where he is, Keel sometimes thinks of another crack of Grandma's. "You know, there's just one trouble with this life. You've got to live it all before you know how to live it."

THE END



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Farley had glued them to the floor! Shelley swore revenge, Several days went by quietly. Shelley seemed to forget. Then came the scene where Farley carries her upstairs. The . . .



... first time it didn't go right. The director ordered a retake. And another. And another. Farley was gasping. He couldn't figure it out—Shelley seemed to be getting heavier and heavier.



He made one last effort, stumbled and collapsed on the stairs. Shelley landed with a thump in his lap—weights fell out of her skirt. Bang, clump, bang they went, down the stairs.



Farley turned her around by her shoulders. And knew by her face she'd scored at last. He burst out laughing. "I bet," he said, "that's the fastest any woman ever lost weight!"

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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothposte used in the research on tooth decoy recently reported in Reoder's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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HE LED 200 WOMEN ON AN ADVENTURE THAT MOST MEN FEARED TO FACE!

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Each signed a contract to marry a man she selected from pictures of 200 homesteaders. And then faced a journey across the untamed Western wilderness... to meet the stranger with whom she'd begin life anew!



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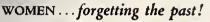
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Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

What should I do? your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

EAR MISS COLBERT:

The story I am about to tell you is, I'm afraid, beyond solution. I am a girl of twenty-one who grew up in a Southern state. My background is simply nothing. My parents live in a shack, no plaster on the walls, not even paint on anything.

During my grade school and high school days I had no friends because I had too much pride to bring them to my home; I am considered attractive and wanted to make something of myself, so I could have had dates, but I refused everyone. When I was out of school I secured a secretarial position and began to save up my money to invest in a real home so that my younger brothers and sisters would not have my experience. However, when I started to improve the house, my father simply raved. He said it was crazy to try to live in a nice way as he and mother throw things when they get mad, so the walls and rugs would be ruined in no time at all.

As soon as I had enough money, I left home and came to this large Eastern city to live with my aunt and uncle. They are substantial people who live well and have pride. Through them I have made wonderful friends. And through them I have met a man I want to marry. He has, in a very and I want to that! I le lias, if a very tactful way, queried me about my parents and why I live so far away from my own family. I am afraid to tell the truth for fear of losing him, but I am afraid not to tell the truth for fear of what he would say if he should happen to meet my family after we were married.

Duana O.

It seems to me that it is not necessary for you to give this man any particular information about your parents until he has asked you to marry him. If he is such a snob that he won't propose until he is certain you had a great-great-grandparent on the Mayflower, he isn't a person with whom you would be happy.

Since you are living with your aunt and uncle, you have a certain amount of evident background, and I think you should accept that as all the information to which anyone is entitled until a definite plan has been made to merge your family with that of your fiance.

You mustn't be too critical of your parents. Actually they are merely old-fash-ioned. Three or four generations ioned. Three or four generations ago many American families lived in very modest homes: log cabins, sod houses, bat and board cottages. These people were so busy keeping body and soul together that they had no time for the refinements of life. Furthermore, in previous eras it has been customary for the father in many homes to dominate all members of the family in a tyrannical, sometimes even a brutal manner.

So, you see, your parents simply haven't progressed with the times. They haven't grown up. If you understand that, you will feel neither bitter resentment toward them nor inferiority in reference to your own position.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twelve years old and unfortunately I have a brother, ten. We do not have many schools in our city, so he and I go to the same school. At recess or when we move from one class to another, from mechanical drawing, say, to social science and I walk with a boy, my brother Walter follows me and imitates everything I do. If I laugh, he laughs and unfortunately he can laugh exactly as I do.

He also pinches his jeans between his fingers and walks like a girl wearing a party dress. He pretends to make pin curls. And everyone thinks he is a scream. I do not agree and he is driving me crazy.

One time he even stole my lipstick which I was not supposed to have, anyhow, but I had scrimped on my cafeteria money to buy it, and he painted his lips and his eyebrows and he looked strictly hideous. But everybody laughed.
I would like to know how a girl who is

almost in her teens can ever go steady and be popular when she is always followed by a little monster like my brother. Everyone says that he will change in time and that I will be glad to have a brother, but

I'm afraid that I cannot wait that long.
Please tell me how I can escape from this unfortunate problem and have a happy life. Would yelling at him do any good?

Gertrude Ann O.

"Unfortunately"—as you say—I don't think "yelling at him" would do the slightest good. I think he would imitate your yell and he would be considered even funnier than usual. You have only one defense: join in the fun. When he mimics you, laugh along with everyone else and suggest that he do the impersonation he worked out a week ago.

Undoubtedly you have seen the old comedy gag in which an actor decides to break down a door, hurls his full weight against it, and finds—as he falls flat on his face—that the door was open all the time. If you will be a sort of "open door," you will find that anyone who tries to break down your resistance will land on his ear. Also: have some fun out of this. Don't take yourself and your own this. Don't take ,.
diguity too seriously.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am engaged to be married in December to a very, very attractive man. I am thirty-one and he is four months younger. He comes from a wonderful family, has his degree from a good college, and is vice-president in his father's company. He served in the Air Force during the war and earned some top citations.

He has a fault—which is to be expected, I suppose. He flirts. For years (we have been engaged nearly four years) I steeled myself to ignore his flirting with every attractive woman we met at social functions. I thought, "Oh, well, he has a gay time with them, but he always comes back to He never neglects me, and when we are alone he tells me that he loves me and

(Continued on page 6)

Detective Story...

From The Smash Broadway Play...Of A Love With No Punches Pulled!

"What did you want, a saint? Or someone with flesh and blood?"

OUGLAS ELEANOR

WILLIAM WYLER'S PRODUCTION OF Sidney Kingsley's

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Based on the play by SIDNEY KINGSLEY · A Paramount Picture





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(Continued from page 4) always will because there is no one like me anywhere.

Recently he has changed. He has become more dignified and quiet. He is still my reliable escort and he agrees to all my plans for our wedding, but he doesn't seem enthusiastic.

I happened to mention this situation to one of his best friends. My friend was evasive at first but she finally admitted that Gilbert is in love with another girl. She is a girl of whom his family wouldn't approve at all, whereas I am like their own daughter. This friend said that Gil-bert intended to marry me, because we have been engaged so long, but that his heart wasn't in it.

What shall I do-hold him to our engagement for the sake of my pride or break our engagement and let him marry this girl who couldn't make him happy? Estella R.

If you have a clear concept of what marriage really is, I don't think you will have any intellectual hesitancy about making the right decision. Naturally, an emotional wrench is inevitable.

As things stand now—if you are certain your friend told you the truth—you know in your heart this man would be marrying you with serious reservations. How could you expect to be happily married under such a handicap?

This man should have the courage of his convictions and be frank with you, giving you a chance to break the engagement. However, it would seem—from the letters I receive—that the world is full of men who would prefer to ruin the lives of three persons out of deference to some outmoded idea of "honor."

I believe that you have two possible courses of action: you can ask this man frankly whether he wants his freedom or whether he really wants to marry you. If you decide to meet the challenge head-on, be prepared for any answer and be a good scout about it. Or you can ask for a postponement of all wedding plans and go away for a period of time, four to six months. Sometimes a man who is abandoned to his folly, changes his mind swiftly about what he really wants of life. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty and for two years I have been going with a fellow who is two years older than I am. He was my first date and I've gone with him ever since. He wanted to marry me last June, but I postponed it until next June. He is a nice and respectful person and I was terribly in love with him at one time, but that love has faded slightly and I am confused. He doesn't do any of the nice little things that a man is supposed to do. He never helps me in the car, he never opens a door for me. When we have dinner out, he orders what he wants, then waits for me to decide. He doesn't stand when my mother or an older woman enters a room.

His family seems nice enough, so I don't know whether his mother didn't teach him manners or whether he didn't want to learn. Is there anything that a girl can do about this problem?

Bebe F.

Frequently the bad manners of young men are the result of the masculine determination to be rough and virile. Sometimes they are merely the expression of self-consciousness.

You might try an indirect approach to teaching your young man manners; the next time he speaks of some man in ad-

miring terms, you might add quickly, "You're right about his athletic ability and there is another thing about him that I admire. He has nice manners. He's quick to open doors for ladies, to remove his hat in an elevator, to observe cour-tesies that are expected of men."

If indirection doesn't work, you might tell this man, frankly, that you expect certain courtesies and explain what they You'd be surprised to know how many wives have to complete the polishing job left incomplete by a weary mother! I receive many letters like yours.

Incidentally, your reference to your escort's inclination to order dinner in haste may be a reflection upon your own dillydallying. There are few things more exasperating to a man and a waiter than the long thought some girls give a menu. You should make up your mind promptly and then refrain from changing it. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since I was out of high school (two years ago) I have lived with these people, doing all their housework and caring for their two children. When I went to work, the agreement was that I would get my room, board and twenty dollars a month.

During these years they have hardly ever paid me and I dislike the lady very much. She is very disagreeable until I say I am going to leave, then she cries and says she cannot get along without me and the children love me better than they do her. She is perfectly healthy, but she is the laziest woman I have ever seen.

I think I would leave tomorrow except

that I have met a very nice boy. We can't get married for at least another year, maybe two, and I don't see how I can stand living here during that time. Still, I can't give up my boy friend either. What should I do?

Stephanie V.

Your salary is much too low-even if you got it.

You should write, at once, to the Labor Law Enforcement Division, Capitol Building, in your state capital. Fortunately you live in a state which protects the rights of its women. Tell the Labor Law Enforcement Division exactly what you have told me and ask them to help you

to collect the back salary you have earned. You will be surprised to discover, I believe, that you will have quite a nice sum of money coming to you. With it you will be able to buy some attractive clothing and find a new job not too far distant and find a new jo from your boy friend. Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest. she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choicea color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease-no wax-no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips colorbeauty that's almost too attractive!

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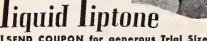
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... they stay delightfully soft and smooth. PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION YOU cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be! Accepted for advertising in publications

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☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tint—Inviting corol-pink.
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Casts of Current Pictures

MMERICAN IN PARIS, AN—M-G-M: Jerry Mullivan, Gene Kelly; Lise Bourvier, Lesic Caron; Adam Cook, Oscar Levant; Heuri Baurel, Georges Guetary; Milo Roberts, Nina Roch.
AVGELS IN THE OUTFIELD M-G-M: Guffy Life Grown of the County of the County

Kenneth Patterson; Sheviff, Jay C. Flippen.

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW—20th CenturyFox: Delilah, Betty Grable; Jeff, Macdonald Carey;
David Hemingway, Rory Calhoun; Christopher
Leeds, Eddie Albert; Tim, Fred Clark; Gloria Carstairs, Lois Andrews; Tillie, Irene Ryan; Specialty
Daucers, Steve Condos, Jerry Brandow; Joe, Arthur
Walge; Charlie, Edwin Max; Barney, Robert Nasb;
Airline Clerk, Don Kohler; Dr. Wheaton, Rodney
Bell; Judge, Harry Antrim; Wardrobe Mistress,
Lovyss Bradley; Hairdresser, Jewel Rose; Secretary,
Carol Savage; Orchestra Leeder, Michael Darrin;
George, Joe Hayworth; Turnkey, Perc Launders.

MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY, A—20th Century-Fox: Peter Ulysses Lockwood, Fred MacMurray; Christy Sloane, Eleanor Parker; Dr. Roland
Cook, Richard Carlson; Patsy, Una Merkel; June
Chandler, Kay Buckley; A. K. Thompson, Douglas
Dumbrille; Benjamin Chandler, Raymond Greenleaf;
Mr. Rapello, Nestor Paiva; Galan, Chris-Pin Martin; Mr. Sloan, Walter Baldwin; Bud, Ralph Hodges;
Sam, Byron Folger; Collector, Ralph Peters; Office
Joker, Gene Gericko; Nurse Jackson, Jo Carroll Dennison; Mechanic, John Indrisano; Herald Photographer, Billy Snyder; Herald Reporter, Charles
Williams; Cab Driver, Al Hill; Hermit, Emmett
Lynn.

ON THE LOOSE—RKO-Filmakers: Jill Bradley.

Williams; Cob Driver, Al Hill; Hermit, Emmett Lynn.

ON THE LOOSE—RKO-Filmakers: Jill Bradley, Joan Evans; Frank Bradley, Melvyn Douglas; Alice Bradley, Lynn Bari; Larry Lindsuy, Robert Arthur; Dr. Philips, Hugh O'Brian; Susan Tanner, Constance Hitton; Bob Vauce, Michael Kuhn; Catherine, Susan Morrow; Mis Druten, Lilian Hamilton; Mrs. Tanner, Elizabeth Flournoy; Mr. Tanner, John Morgan; Ruegg, Lawrence Dobkin; Judge, Tristram Coffin; Prosecuting Attorney, Edwin Reimers. PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE—Warners: Vince Nichols, Dennis Morgan; Carol, Virginia Mayo; Ted Lansing, Gene Nelson; Abby, Lucille Norman; Felix Hoff, S. Z. Sakall; June, Virginia Gibson; Bennisyton, Tom Comway; San Parks, Wallace Ford; Barney, Tom Duggan. PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA, THE—M-GM: Jim Curtayne, Spencer Tracy; Vincent Ricks, Pat O'Brien; Louis Barra, John Hodiak; Ginny Curtayne, Diana Lynn; Johnny O'Hara, Jim Arness; Frankie Korvac, Bill Campbell; Jeff Chaphan, Richard Anderson; Sven Norson, Jay C. Flippen; Knuckles Lansetta, Eduardo Cianelli; Carmelita Lanzetta, Yvette Duguay.
PEOPLE WILL TALK—20th Century-Fox: Dr. Noah Praetorins, Cary Grant; Annabel Higgins, Jeanne Crain; Shunderson, Findlay Currie; Prof. Elvell, Hume Cronyn; Prof. Barker, Walter Slezak; Arthur Higgins, Sidney Blackmer; Dean Lyman Brockwell, Basil Ruysdael; Miss James, Katherine Locke; John Higgins, Will Wright; Miss Pickett, Margaret Hamilton; Mrs. Pegewistle, Esther Somers; Technician, Carleton Young; Business Manager, Larry Dokkin; Doctor, Ray Montgomery; Nurse, Jo Gilbert; Dictician, Ann Morrison; Old Lady, Juha Dean; Secretary, Gail Bouney; Student Manager, William Klein; Haskins, George Offerman; Mabel, Adele Longmire; Coonan, Billy House; Photographer, All Murphy; Toy Salesman, Parley Baer; Cook; Irene Seidner; Gussie, Joyce MacKenzie; Night Matron, Mackey House, Johnson, James Craig; Fluf, William Demarest; Paul-ette, Myrna Dell; Edua, Kay Bury, Johnson, James Craig; Fluf, William Demarest; Paul-ette, Myrna Dell; Edua, Kay Brown; Behr, Jonathan Cott; Boysto



"True wizardry!" exclaims Fath about White Magic. "It works magic for your figure and my fashions-just see!"



"Slim curves ahead!" predicts Fath. "That's why you need the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle-to give you a graceful, slender line!"



Jacques Fath admires a new dress from the collection he designed for Joseph Halpert. "The apron gives it drama, the lines are figure-revealing. No wonder I recommend only Playtex!"

"More Fabulous than ever in

Invisible

says JACQUES FATH, brilliant Paris designer, about the Newest

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle



The first new kind of girdle in 11 years is newer than ever in White Magic. With all the Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom, it has cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. Without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under slenderest clothes. In SIM shiny tubes, at department stores and specialty shops, White Magic, \$5.95 and \$6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in Pink, Blue and White from \$3.95.) Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

Playtex presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic." Top entertainment. CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.





At top: A hug and a horseshoe of flowers from Farley Granger for best girl Shelley Winters, at premiere of "A Place in the Sun," in which she scores. Below, same premiere, the popular Champions, Gower and Marge, who are among "Choose Your Star" winners

cal york's
gossip of hollywood

You'll see a new Jeanne Crain in "Kitty and t Marriage Broker." For her role as model, she was tutored by top model Zori Jannings. At bottom, Howard Keel gives pretty Parisian, Leslie Caron, a lift. Discovered by Gene Kelly, she co-stars in "An American in Paris"





INSIDE

Look who's launching out as a sophisticated lady! It's little Debbie Reynolds, at a premiere with handsome Craig Hill

• It Happened in Hollywood: Any actor t Howard Keel might have startled his neighbors when he set up a full-length mirror in is back yard. The tall troubadour used w golf stroke . . . When they read it here,
that excited crowd below will know the
owner of those feet that protruded from
the window of a high office building on Wilshire Boulevard. It was long, lean and likable
Gregory Peck-stretched out in his dentist's
air! . . . When Alice Faye's curly-topped tantalizer is on the air, silence reigns supreme the James Mason household. Phil Harris is the bantering Britisher's favorite comedian . . Believe it or not, a letter addressed to "Tony's Wife, Hollywood, California," was delivered into the pulsating patties of Janet Leigh!

Short Order Man: Those surprised cash customers had nothing on Cal, when he stopped by "Hamburger Hamlet." "With or without onions?" inquired the gent behind the counter, who reminded us of Jeff handler—and was! It seems the hired help had walked out just as Jeff walked into the most popular sandwich bar on the Sunset trip. Being a good friend and a very hungry one, he put on an apron and went to
work for the evening. No, Harry didn't
put Jeff on the payroll. But Mr. C. gets
to eat off the house until he's consumed

his salary in hamburgers-with or without!

Set Stuff: Poor Jeffrey Hunter (watch him go places and accomplish things!) was so nbarrassed on the "Red Skies of Montana" set.

In his first big fight scene, he accidentally socked Richard Widmark on the jaw and most toppled him. In the next take, poor Richard accidentally gave Jeff a bloody nose! . . . Her role of the nurse in "With a Song My Heart" is Thelma Ritter's first dress-up part and she couldn't be more impressed. he day she walked on the huge ballroom set, that delightful darling looked up and drily cracked: "This is the first time I've ever

cracked: "This is the first time I've ever been in an eight-chandelier picture!"... 'hey were shooting a scene inside a sedan

Listen to Photoplay's Hollywood Columnist

cal york on "hollywood love story"

Every Saturday morning, 11 A.M. EST, NBC . . . the latest Hollywood news and a complete drama of Hollywood life





Since his final goodnight to Irene Wrightsman, Kirk Douglas has been dating June Haver, above, at Kay Thompson opening at Ciro's

that's HOLLYWOOD

for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The easiest way for Mario

Lanza to disprove those



Sidney Skolsky



Lanza

stories about his being temperamental is to stop being temperamental . . . Don't you love those movies in which the heroine can be in a jungle for months and still look as if she just stepped out of a beauty parlor? . . I know that Ava Gardner must be well liked because she has not been criticized for her romance with Frank Sinatra, although Frankie boy has been censured for

with Frank Sinatra, although Frankie boy has been censured for it . . . By the way, I'd like to hear Charles Coburn and Spring Byington sing, "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young" . . . Wonder what actors do with their Oscars? Van Heflin keeps his in a

hidden corner of his den as a receptacle for rubber bands . . . I'm weary of reading the measurements of Dagmar, Russell, Wilson and the other members of the bust brigade. These girls have reached such proportions that it doesn't matter if you give them an inch . . . Tom Jenk wants to go to a movie that is about something. He says, "I want to escape from the escapes" . . . Gene Evans tells me that when he was broke and trying to break into the movies, a friend who worked in a gas station used to let him sleep in the ladies room. Well, the other day, Gene passed that gas station and saw this sign: "Ladies Room—Former Home of Gene Evans."

Marilyn Monroe is still the starlet I'd bet on to be tomorrow's Betty Grable-Lana Turner. I realize it's a parlay bet . . . Gregory Peck claims the toughest assignment an actor can have is to play a scene with an animal. "More people love animals than love actors," he says . . . I just keep on admiring Bing Crosby . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, auditioning a girl dancer, said, "She has the makings of another Gene Kelly."

I'd nominate Clark Gable as the actor who best typifies what a movie hero should

look like. For verification, allow me to quote Phyllis Kirk, who told me, "I can sit with my back to the door and know when he's entering the room" . . . How many blonde actresses are for real? . . . I point to Martin and Lewis to disprove the cliche that new comedians will be scarce because such training grounds as burlesque no longer exist . . . How about those movies in which the hero and heroine walk into a pitch dark room holding one candle and the entire room lights up like a Hollywood premiere? . . . I wish Monica Lewis would stop acting like Grover Whalen, being photographed welcoming every new actor to Hollywood . . Imagine Rita Hayworth telling a writer that his story is unbelievable! . . . John Wayne doesn't pretend to be an actor. Says Wayne: "You act on the stage, but not in the movies" . . . I still can't accept the fact that Sally Forrest has Greta Garbo's dressing room.



Holliday

Jeff Chandler, who requires a king-size bed, uses every square foot of the bed at one time or another during the night . . . It's my decision that Jane Wyman is one of the most versatile, talented actresses in movies. Jane is as great doing comedy and songs in "Here Comes the Groom" as she is being dramatic in "The Blue Veil" . . . And what about those movies in which the busty heroine masquerades as a boy and fools the hero? . . . I'm eager for Judy Holliday's next movie . . . TV has changed everything, including famous sayings. It used to be "A man's home is his castle." Now it's "A man's home is his theatre."



Chandler

I'm still campaigning for Garbo to make a picture, George Sanders to sing in a picture, and for some news in the news reels . . . Barbara Stanwyck can do as much for matrons, with her beautiful graying hair, as Pinza is said to have done for middle-aged men . . Most performers embarrass me when they try to play a drunk. The best portrayal of a drunk I ever saw in a movie was Mickey Rooney's in "National Velvet" . . . An unwritten law of the movies is that the heroine cannot be taller than the hero . . . Wouldn't it be swell if every girl getting up in the morning looked as lovely as heroines do in the movies? . . . Marilyn Maxwell certainly makes a liar out of the verse that men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses . . . I'll always recall Alfred Hitchcock's remark to

wear glasses . . . I'll always recall Alfred Hitchcock's remark to a famous actress who objected to a close-up of her profile, saying coyly, "It's not my best side." To which Hitchy replied, "You're sitting on your best side." That's Hollywood for you.

INSIDI

for "Elopement." Clifton Webb and F gie Gardiner sat in the front seat v little Tommy Rettig between th "Could you get rid of that cigarett gagged Tommy, as Clifton puffed a at him. "Could you get rid of that fac came the quick answer in true "Mr. I vedere" fashion. No, the camera wa shooting!

Farewell Two Arms: Odd indeed the ways of a man with a maid. In week's time, Betty Hutton and produ Norman Krasna became engaged, un gaged, ecstatically happy and miser beyond words. They went together obefore, following her separation from Briskin. When they met again at a game, Norman was disillusioned from recent marriage break-up. Betty was vorced. He asked her for a date and v lightning quickness they fell in love. can't believe this would happen to me soon," he confided to friends. "Betty's most terrific girl I've ever met." Equ enthused, she admitted she had "ne felt this way before." These two v wise enough to know their own minds what happened so suddenly? Hollyw believes that two such positive persor ties unexpectedly discovered things al each other they hadn't recognized fore. Plans had been made, so t engagement was no momentary wl Now Betty's returned Norman's beaut freshwater pearl pin and diamond r and at this writing, neither has he from the other. Hollywood's since hopes for a reconciliation are fading 1 They're nice people who are searching happiness. We wish they could find together.

On the Riviera: Cal kept a strategic while he listened to Corinne Castell about her current trip to Europe. ees seex years since I leave Paree," rolls zose eyes. "I lose all my hackhere, so I take French boat back to keep to spik like native again!" La librance gets its first glimpse of I Bromfield, who is Corinne's hands husband. Naturally, we wanted to keep the strategic of the seep to be seen to be se



"Birthday parties are nice," ref 18 Benjie Gage, just turned two. 1d Mom Esther Williams backs him p

TUFF

als. "Don't forget," her eyes gleamed s she said it, "I am French girl-too!"

It's True: That Ruth Roman prefers to be released from her contract, rather than ontinue playing those mediocre roles hat have mostly been hers since "The hampion." As a "bonus," Warners oaned her to play opposite Russell Nype, he bespectacled crew-cut crooner, in M-G-M's "Young Man in a Hurry"... that Dennis Morgan, who was usually 'unavailable" in the past for photographs with his growing children, has obviously ad a change of heart. Not only is hosing family style, but the handsome Swede with the Irish charm brings the vife and kids to the studio previews he ised to avoid... That whenever the Paramount front office is anxious to locate Bob Hope or Bing Crosby, they call in David the studio bootblack and Whizz-Bang the maintenance man! These two llustrious gentlemen are the only ones who receive postal cards from Ski-Snoot around the Country!

Hearts and Flowers: According to Bob laylor (who's making "Ivanhoe" in London) those alleged dinner and dancing lates with Joan Fontaine and Elizabeth laylor are merely the pipe dreams of British press agents . . . Bob Wagner, who's the best table-hopper since Peter Lawford stopped hopping, has a girl friend who looks enough like Judy Garland to make tourists ask for "Judy's" autograph . . Phil Reed is getting his name in Eastern columns by professing his great love for Barbara Stanwyck, but it isn't getting him any place with Barbara . . . Even more than her own personal happiness, Nancy Sinatra wants a trust fund from Frankie that would protect their children's future . . . Marilyn Monroe's florist was once an F.B.I. man, which is why he won't reveal the name of the gent who sends the beautiful blonde those daily dozen red roses.

Light Housekeeping: Tony Curtis did the shopping and Janet Leigh did the cooking. He set the table while she ar-



Patti-Kate is all set to put on her Bikini bathing suit! Kathryn Grayson's small daughter was one of Benjie Gage's guests

hollywood party line



Ida Lupino and bride Sally Forrest



BY EDITH GWYNN

Big parties this month were scarce. But there was plenty of whoop-de-do along other lines... One of the gayer, smaller dinners was that which Janet Gaynor and famed clothes whipperupper, Adrian, gave. The Adrians are moving into Beverly Hills from the Valley section where their mansion rests upon a knoll and where they have often entertained so charmingly. The guests drank a farewell toast to the gorgeous view from their Northbridge abode. Among them were Merle Oberon, the Ray Millands, the Van Johnsons, the Reggie Gardiners, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Kathryn Grayson and Richard Gully. After dinner there was a hectic argument about who were the most beautiful women in Hollywood. P. S. Nobody won! (But don't miss "The Twelve Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood" in next month's Photoplay—chosen by the town's photographers.)

There were at least five hundred at the lovely outdoor Sally Forrest-Milo

Frank wedding and reception. Raul Lezlos, well-known interior decorator, and his wife, staged it beautifully at their Brentwood home, with great elevated vases of pink, lavender and purple asters, blended with blue delphinium spaced about the swimming pool and at the altar at the end of the garden. The wedding cake (six tiers) weighed almost two hundred pounds! And Sally did a fine job of slicing it, all bedecked in her white satin and tulle (lavishly splattered with lily-of-the-vallcy buds) bridal attire. We had a brief gab with Adele Jergens (in periwinkle blue net shading to deepest indigo) with Glenn Langan—and boy! Are they in love? Answer, YES! Also with Jim Davis, whose career is happily zooming again, Fernando Lamas and his tall, so attractive brunette wife. Ida Lupino, who was matron of honor (she discovered Sally, if you remember) was limp after being on the "receiving line" for hours, but her lovely dress of two white skirts over three azure blue ones, wasn't!

The Runyon Cancer Benefit at Mocambo was really a night! Josephine Baker was star of the show, with George Jessel emceeing. The "show" in the powder room during the evening was just as good. At one point, Janet Leigh, Arlene Dahl, Marie McDonald, Lana Turner (who later helped to hand out the door prizes that went with the \$100-per-plate dinner) were all gabbing before the same mirror. Lana, her hair piled high, in black satin; Marie, in miles and miles of pink net; Janet in the most lovely, translucent shade of pale green net, heart-shaped bodice, tremendously full, floor-length net skirt (at least five skirts!); Arlene, looking like a Dahl in floor-length ball gown of black lace and net.

The other day gapers at the Beverly Hills Hotel had a wonderful time when Rita Hayworth emerged from her bungalow there and strolled to the pool. There was a pleasant gasp as shapely Rita went to her cabin in a slick Jacques Fath sports dress—and another gasp when she waded into the water later with it off—natch! Evidently, though, la Hayworth isn't too, too crazy about her French clothes, because Columbia studio designer, Jean Louis, who's made her clothes (along with delish duds for other stars) for years, got busy the moment Rita arrived in Hollywood, and hasn't stopped dreaming up lovely things for her to wear since!

It's time to think of suits again—from the tailored fall jobs in wonderful new woolens, whose skirts may swirl over a crinoline or cling like a sheath, to the dressiest of dinner suits fashioned from fabulous brocades, heavy silks or velvets. The Hollywoodolls are mad for them. There are also suits of that new fabric, Orlon, which looks like wool, feels like wool, but ain't! What's more, it's uncrushable, holds pleats forever, is washable and doesn't need ironing. Dreamy, huh? (See Photoplay Fashions this month for similar new fabrics.) Joan Bennett and Dorothy Lamour are just "two smart girls" with suits of Orlon. Joan's looks like a hard-finished wool, and its jacket of a soft taupe shade flares slightly over the hips—and also over a deeper shade of taupe skirt, very full. Dotty's is striking, with its black and white checked tweed jacket (bulky above a very slim black broadcloth skirt) and not only the flap pockets of the coat are set diagonally, but it buttons on oblique lines, too. Very slimming.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S

WHISPERING ABOUT



Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger

That lost look on the face of Kirk Douglas since saying a final "Goodnight, Irene," to the Wrightsman girl, his dating June Haver and his desire to date Barbara Stanwyck . . . The impact of grabbing a gander for the first time of Jean Arthur, who's back to make a Paramount picture with Alan Ladd and is almost completely gray now . . Mario Lanza's heartbreak over that unkind article in a national magazine . . Lucille Ball in-

national magazine . . . Lucille Ball informing friends that little Miss Lucie Desiree looks exactly like a cross between Desi Arnaz, who is her father—and Winston Churchill—who isn't!

The eccentricity of new boy wonder Sammy Fuller, which comes under the heading of local color. He directed the fabulous "Steel Helmet," wears boots, an officer's cap and startles the actors into action on the "Fixed Bayonets" set by popping off a pistol . . . Sweet Janie Powell's uncontrolled weeping throughout a screening of "A Place in the Sun" . . . George Jessel introducing Tippy and Cobina, fabulous monkey team at Mocambo, as the "new Martin and Lewis."

That breach between Stewart Granger and some of his friends since his marriage to Jean Simmons . . . Nancy Davis conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene, because she refuses all dates while Ronnie Reagan is on location . . . Peter Lawford and Jean MacDonald, who are no longer supposed to be romantic, sighing by the seaside on the beach at Waikiki.

Celebrating his recovery from a recent operation, Gary Cooper buying a hot tamale for cool, calm and beautiful Patricia Neal, at the Escobar Cafe on Pico Boulevard . . . Joan Crawford suffering in silence and loving every moment of it. Her twins are taking ukulele lessons! . . . Farley Granger breaking his lease when the manager of his Hollywood Strip apartment didn't appreciate the parlor tricks of his French poodle, birthday present from Shelley Winters . . . Saddest little sight of the week: A line drawn through "Mr. Mayer's Chicken Soup," listed on the studio's commissary menu. Up to the time the movie mogul left the M-G-M lot, it was "on" for twenty-seven years!

INSIDE

ranged the flowers. It was their first dinner in their new apartment, so nat urally their first guests had to be good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis. Since his near collapse during a theatrical engagement, the famous comedian hasn' been seeing many people. But Jerry couldn't resist bringing along a catcher's mask to wear at the table—"to protect my beauty against one of Janet's biscuits exploding!" The day he started "Son of Al Baba," Janet gave Tony a leather script cover with his name embossed in he handwriting. What a ribbing he took of the set when Tony showed up with an egg-sized lump on his forehead! Every one tried to blame it on Janet's rolling pin. Actually, Tony got socked by a surf board at Malibu, when Howard Duff gave the newlyweds one week's use of his beach-house for a honeymoon.

Show Business: When Mark Stevens called Cal to tell him about the try-out of his night-club act, he was very amusing The way it happened was anything but funny. When his accompanist got so nervous for Mark, they had to get a substitute on thirty minutes' notice. There the mike went dead, the lighting system was out of order, all Mark's numbers had to be shouted. "Despite the handicaps, it went over very well," said Mark gratefully. "We tried out in an old resort hotel, steeped in tradition and usually patronized by teenagers and elderly people. The night I went on, the maic came into my room. 'Well,' she said, 'how do you like this hotel for the newlyweds—and the newly-deads!' Believe me—she wasn't kidding!"

News Round-Up: Like it or not and Bing Crosby's beginning to, TV is here to stay! The cautious crooner and associates recently purchased a Salinas, California, radio station, for conversion into a TV broadcasting outlet. Der Bingo is also



Barbara Hale and husband Bill Williams join the Hollywood parade to premiere of "Captain Horatio Hornblower." Barbara has just finished "Small Wonder," her first since birth of second baby



Jean Peters went from "Anne of the Indies," in which she plays pirate, to New Mexico, to co-star with Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!" Above, with cameraman

STUFF

part owner of stations in Monterey, Los art owner of stations in Monterey, Los-Angeles, Miami, and has applied for con-truction permits for TV stations in ther cities... The neuroses that caused is draft evasion (according to testi-nony) resulted in six months' imprison-nent and a \$10,000 fine for Dick Contino, he havilded according is It was he bewildered accordionist . . . It was hernia operation for Gary Cooper and nothing more serious as reported.

Baby Daze: This time the Bob Mitchms, who already have two boys, have ordered a little girl. They'll even accept wo baby girls, on account of because here are already three sets of twins in Wrs. Mitchum's family!... The Anthony Valentino) Dexters are so thrilled with heir new baby daughter, they wouldn't hrow rocks at the stork if he paid them nother visit... It's win and lose for the lazzling Twentieth Century-Fox star, Micheline Prelle. She is going to have a paby but Mrs. William Marshall ain't going to get that juicy role in "Five-Fingers"—and Danielle Darrieux is . . . David Brian, who doesn't appreciate being i "heavy" on or off the screen, was ex-onerated by a jury which decided he wasn't the father of the child born to his second wife after they were divorced.

Here and There: Their appearance together at Ciro's caused the usual reconciliation rumors for Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan—also the usual annoyance, because they are friends who enjoy an Marlon Brando's usual cream and raw eggs send his luncheon companions scurrying in all directions.

IMPERTINENT

INDERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Ever hear of Hollywood's ladies in retirement? Well, there's Hedy Lamarr-and Ingrid Bergman—and other movie queens down the years who've announced they'd quit the celluloid. But then the items about pictures they might do pop up in the gossip columns. And sooner or later, they come back.

The latest lady in retirement is beautiful Virginia Mayo. Recently her actor husband, Michael O'Shea, let the secret out that they planned to give up movies in five years and pull weeds on their new ranch in Arizona.

Virginia trekked from the ranch to Holly-wood to collect the screams, whistles and envious "oohs" from her fans at the premiere of "Cap-tain Horatio Hornblower."

There I inquired how she could bear to give

all this up.

But Miss Mayo insists she's one lady who

means it. She says she'd rather be a housewife than a star any day. "I'd rather care for a home and make a career out of that," she said. "I think that's more satisfactory

to a woman.

"The ranch is an investment for our future. We're planning for the worst in the career angle. Especially me. After all, a man can go on when he's old and do character parts. But not someone like me.

"And frankly, I'm not that interested in movies. I'd rather have more time for myself and for living. Movie-making is such a precarious business. Your jobs are

of layer and to having involve-making is such a precarious business. Four jobs are so dependent on other people. We want a little bit of security in our old age. "Making pictures is such a tedious job. It takes all day. And I've never really had any vacation. I work constantly.

"I'd love to retire now, but I can't yet. I need some more money. The ranch

isn't built up yet."

According to the Mayo-O'Shea five-year plan, they hope to be raising cattle on a paying basis by 1957. Then she hopes to quit, or at least, she hedged, "be a

"I like the outdoor life and more leisurely living. I've helped fix up the ranch house and, with our partner's wife, I help with the cooking. I don't know much about cooking," the glamour girl confessed. "But I'm catching up on that."



Greg Bautzer-whose way with the girls is a Hollywood mystery-always seems able to pick up where he left off, took Jane Wyman to big benefit dinner



Bill Holden and director John Farrow went on location with the Navy to make "Submarine Command." After four weeks aboard a sub, Bill says their food and service are best in the world!



Virginia Mayo

The Lady Loves

this wonder pantie—No Bones about it—Stays up without stays

Pamper your figure with a "Perma·lift"* Girdle. No bones to poke or pinch—just the smooth stay-up comfort of the patented Magic Inset to cuddle your curves. Wash it, wear it as often as you like—it just can't roll over, wrinkle or bind—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays. At

your favorite corsetiere's -\$5.95 to \$15. Get yours, Today.

***Perma-lift**-A trade mark of A Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

INSIDE STUFF







When the "Bob Hopefuls" played (Gary) "Cooper's Cutthroats" at fifth annual "Out-of-This-World Series" in Hollywood, Bob Hope arrived in armored money truck! Top, Mickey Rooney pitches wow with bat girl Shelley Winters. Below, bat girls Jane Russell, Marilyn Maxwell give Tony Curtis a life

Last Fling: Blonde and buxom Denise Darcel told it to a south-of-the-border judge and is now divorced from Peter Crosby, who once "christened" his French femme with a glass of champagne . . . Following a two-year tussle, Johnny Johnston signed the necessary papers and Kathryn Grayson is practically a "free" woman . . . Four years from the day she married her handsome Russian, Ann Dvorak was granted a divorce from Igor Dega . . . Diana Lynn who looked as miserable as she felt (especially that night at Ciro's) has succeeded in ironing out those marital difficulties with John Lindsay . . . Terry Moore and Glenn Davis, her footballplaying husband, for a long time were forward passing the buck. But their rift was finally verified . . . Outsiders who make sounds like insiders, insist it's all over but the parting for the Errol Flynns.

Behind the Make-up: Now that Jeff Chandler is back with his wife Marjorie and their two daughters, Hollywood still doesn't know what caused the breach last January—and Hollywood won't be knowing. The Chandlers have never believed that it pays to advertise! Even when he was dating Hollywood's loveliest ladies, Jeff never looked happy. For both the Chandlers there never really has been anyone else. We wish them the happiness and the understanding we believe they've finally found.

This-a and That-a: Doris Day blushed like a schoolgirl when Jimmy Gleasor came over to her table in the Green Room, introduced himself, kissed he hand and confessed he was "madly in love" with her . . . All-American-looking Gene Nelson, still looking all-American in those sideburns and that mustachio he grew for his role in "Starlift" . . . On that recent Canadian fishing trip with the Edgar Bergens, Dick Powell won a special prize for landing the largest salmon of the season. Junie Allyson won a special prize too, for catching the smallest salmon of any season . . Friends of Jear Pierre Aumont hope to persuade him to return to Hollywood. Since the death in Paris of his wife Maria Montez—especially tragic because she might have beer saved had she been discovered sooner after she fainted in her bath—he has been inconsolable.

Nature Boy: None other than the "King" himself gave Cal a preview of his amazingly equipped car. Anyone who knows Clark Gable knows there isn't a moment of the day or a day in the year when he isn't willing to go fishing. With this in mind he has literally converted the back compartment of his car into a piscatorial "arsenal." Uniform racks shelves and compartments hold a variety of rods, reels, flies—every known device to gladden the heart of the big field-and(Continued on page 21)



Are you in the know?



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

The better looker

The lod who osked first

☐ Vio the coin-flipping method

Both stags ask to be your leading man-so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first. You can't lose by playing fair - and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question. Next time your calendar says "Don't go, "on date night—speak up; ask for

Kotex. Because those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, confidence is sure to follow. And you get extra protection with the special safety center and soft, special edges that resist moisture. (Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!)



When dining out, would a smart doll-

Disregord prices

Wipe the silver

Swipe the silver

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have the right answer ... so try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



What type is the best dating material?

☐ Fun-to-tolk-to

Big time spender

Lover boy

Just being a Good Time Charlie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to: has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with - once you let Kotex help you stay really comfortable. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Have you tried Delsey*? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:

I want to praise Roy Rogers and Dale Evans for not cuddling in public (or at least not getting pictures of it plastered all over magazines). We teenagers like our actors better if we don't see them making love to other women. As an actor, I think Bugs Bunny is better than Roy, but as a person he seems to have a lot of common sense. Congratulations!

Miss N. R., Glendale, Calif.

Every movie review of "Take Care of My Little Girl" that I have read describes Jeffrey Hunter, the fraternity man, as so very good looking and very talented, while they hardly mention the real out-standing discovery, Dale Robertson. This guy has got "It." He is very handsome and has a terrific masculine appeal.

MARY ANN ZEMAN, So. Pasadena, Calif.

I am a soldier serving in Korea and I recently received a package from home containing two copies of Photoplay. I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I and my buddies enjoyed your stories, pictures and articles. A frontline soldier's life is much of the time dull and drab and Photoplay's freshness, color and gayness is surely a welcome treat.

PFC. JAMES E. GILLEN,

A.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

I just cannot get over Sally Forrest's performance in that Waterfront Lowdown dance she does in "Excuse My Dust." I thought Vera-Ellen and Cyd Charisse were good but Sally takes the cake with the whipped cream and the candles on it.

Gus Patsis, New York, N. Y.

Casting:

How about letting Audie Murphy play a romantic part opposite his wife, Pam, instead of the "Billy the Kid" pictures. They are so deeply in love the parts would come natural and it would really make a humdinger of a picture!

CLAUDIA CAMPBELL, Homestead, Fla.

When are my two favorites, Janie Powell and Mario Lanza, going to co-star in a movie? I'm sure all their other faus would flock to a movie in which they were the young lovers.

MRS. ROBERT CHELLEL, West Barrington, R. I.

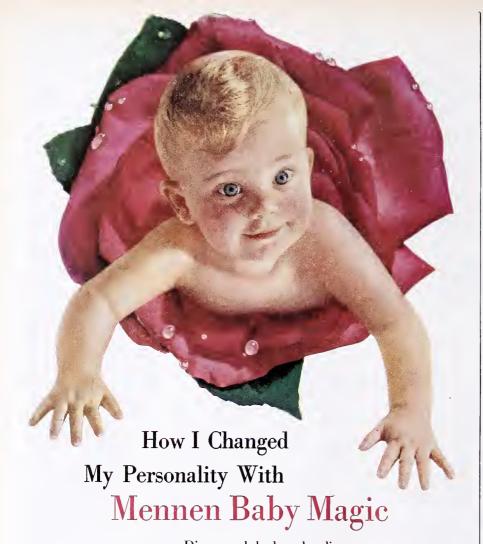
Readers' Pets:

I have seen Richard Greene in several pictures lately and I don't see why we don't hear more about him. He is a much better actor than Farley Granger or John Derek. Those beautiful blue eyes make him perfect for Technicolor, not to mention his dimple.

MONA FORD, Auburn, Calif.

Why doesn't somebody take notice of Richard Jaeckel? So far all he has done is to play either a dirty-faced soldier, a juvenile delinquent or a bad man. And in all but one picture he has ended up in a (Continued on page 20)





MENNEN

Diaper rash had me howling, Wailing and yowling, My skin was so sore 'twas tragic! Mummy said: don't you cry, I know what we'll try, That wonderful thing that's called Magic! Now my skin feels divine, So soft, smooth and fine, I'm gay as a bird in a tree. I'm fresh as the dawn. Diaper problems? All gone! Baby Magic worked magic for me!

the only skin care that checks diaper odor and diaper rash ... in nursery-safe, unbreakable Squeeze Bottle

Reminder for mother: Don't forget, when you buy Baby Magie, to get a superfine powder, too. None is purer, softer, smoother than Mennen Baby Powder! Delectably scented. Helps soothe chafing, prickles, itchy, irritated skin. Amusing Built-in Rattle . . . Mother Goose pictures on sides-at no extra cost!



BABY PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 18) heap on the floor. All I can say is, "A guy as cute as he is deserves to live a long

> MARILYN REEVES, Stillwater, Okla.

Who was the little boy who played Doris Day's brother in "On Moonlight Bay"?

Sue Bass,

Madison, Wisc.

(He was Billy Gray, thirteen. Has been in fifty pietures since he was six. Between pietures attends Emerson (Cal.) Junior High School, Nat-urally blond, his hair was dyed anburn for above pieture.)



Question Box:

I have just come from seeing "Show Boat" and seeing that pair, Marge and Gower Champion. I would like to know if they are married or brother and sister.

CONNIE DIETZ, Easton, Pa.

(The Champions were married in 1947.)

Could you please give me some information on Neville Brand? I saw him in "Halls of Montezuma" and "Only the Valiant." He's a wonderful actor.

Jean Eichmann, Milwaukee, Wis.



(He was born in Kewanee, Ill., 29 years ago; 6 ft. 180 lbs. Fought with British Commandos. Also U. S. Army. Fourth highest deeorated soldier in U. S. First picture, "D. O. A."; next, "The Mob.")

What has happened to Johnny Sands? I haven't seen him since he was in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

BETTE JOHNSON, Ivoryton, Conn.

(Johnny's made several pictures since, Last released was "Target Unknown." He just signed a long term contract and is eo-starring with Pat Medina in "Aladdin and His Lamp.")

Could you please tell me the name of the song played by Loretta Young in "Half Angel"? It has a haunting rhythm. P. Norda,

Cleveland, O.

(The title is "My Castle in the Sand.")

Would you give me the name of the young man who played Rhual, Michele Morgan's sweetheart in "Fabiola"?

DOROTHY GUDAT, Hillside, N. J.

(His name is Henri Vidal, and he's a reigning favorite with the filmgoing public in France. He married Michele Morgan while acting in "Fabiola.")



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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

stream man. Any time he sees a body of water, all he has to do is stop and bait. About work and no play, Clark was so fond of Vincent Sherman and his direction of "Lone Star," they're searching for another script to do together.

At the Moment: The news of another rift in the Lana Turner-Bob Topping household didn't surprise Hollywood. He was out of town when the story hit front pages and past history proves that where Lana goes Bob goes, unless they're sailing on troubled waters . . . Until local lovelies heard Russell Nype, of "Call Me Madame" fame, give out with the sweet notes, his loud laugh practically startled them out of their sequins . . . With that face, figure and popularity, Esther Williams has nothing to worry about—which means she ain't a-worryin' because Vivian Blaine's role in "Skirts Ahoy" may make her the same sensation she was in Broadway's "Guys and Dolls" . . . If Betty Grable's contract with Twentieth is being cancelled by mutual agreement (as rumored) guess which studio and what actress know nothing about it!

Palpitating Princess: Like everyone else, it's difficult for Cal to believe in miracles. But here was a pint-sized one in the form (and what a form!) of Rita Hayworth. Even Norma Shearer was there, a guest in her own rented beach house. The David Selznicks (Jennifer Jones) were entertaining and everyone was chatty and gay—everyone except Hollywood's most publicized titled lady. For hours Rita, quiet and unimpressive, sat like a mouse. Then, as the music started playing, she slowly began to sway. Suddenly she became transformed. Lips parted, eyes shining—Rita forgot her problems and danced with an abandon that held the fascinated attention of every eye in the room. Hollywood believes Rita is glad to be home again!

According to Cal: The new blonde beauty of the ex-Mrs. Kirk Douglas makes her more stunning than any Hollywood divorcee . . . C. B. De Mille looks like fifty on his seventieth birthday—he's the King of color and excitement—the last of the imaginative movie monarchs . . . Great foresight has Roy Rogers who's shooting thirty-five TV films on



Barbara Stanwyck entertains Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg at Air Force Association convention

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INSIDE STUFF



Having an old-fashioned time at box social given by Don DeFore are Don, Gale Storm, Mona Freeman, Corinne Calvet. Proceeds went towards Sunday School for Westwood Village Church

the Goldwyn lot, to reach all the kiddies at home who are too young to go to the movies . . . An excited Farley Granger is planning to show Shelley Winters all his favorite haunts in Europe and has a Hillman-Minx car waiting for them when the boat docks . . . Bravo for the endless interest of Bette Davis in the talents of Betty Lynn, who was discovered singing and dancing in a New York musical but never allowed to tap a tootsie in Hollywood. The little Lynn is now in Eastern TV. On her way home from London, Bette invited Betty to her New Hampshire farm, where they spent the weekend planning her future.

Hollywood Premiere: At the gay and gala premiere of "A Place in the Sun"; Dorothy Lamour at the mike introducing the handsome ladies and gentlemen of the evening . . . Study in contrasts, the Oriental beauty of Anna May Wong in jade green, sitting next to taffy-haired Jan Sterling in all-black . . . Hopalong Cassidy tossing good-luck coins to frenzied fans who lined the street for blocks . . . Jeanne Crain, the Bob Hopes, the Gordon MacRaes, endless others. Janet Gaynor (one of the greatest silent stars) slipping in unnoticed, while the shrieking Shelley Winters posed passionately in the arms of Farley Granger (see page 10) . . . Jerry Lewis standing right in back of them, looking cross-eyed at the battery of cameramen!

On the Town: Marion Davies and her memorable afternoon party for famous stars' kiddies and enraptured orphans: Hopalong Cassidy in person and cakes in the shape of a circus tent to go with the greatest show on earth . . . Rory Calhoun previewing the dancing act of Lita Baron (his lovely wife) and Billy Daniel (his charming friend) with a cocktail party held in director Mitch Leisen's studio . . . Richard Widmark initiating his "economy size" swimming pool with a dunking party for the pinafore set, who are buddy-buddies of six-year-old daughter Ann . . . Complete with dusters, bustles, fascinators and high button shoes—the

Don DeFores throwing a Sunday boxlunch social for such gay blades as the Donald O'Connors, Jane Russell, Ann Sheridan and Jacque Mapes, Marie Wilson, the Eddie Brackens and the other fugitives from a barber-shop quartet.

Blyth Spirit: The phone call came in while Cal, along with Joan Leslie, Jane Withers, Dick Clayton and June Haver helped Ann Blyth celebrate her twenty-second birthday. "I'm going to play opposite Gregory Peck in 'The World in His Arms.'" Ann's eyes danced with excitement as she made her announcement. Here's the story behind the story. When she appeared in "Our Town" in Greg's La Jolla Playhouse, Ann's sweetness won the hearts of everyone. "Some day we'll make a picture together," the appreciative Peck promised. He didn't forget when U-I gave him a choice of any available leading lady. There's only one hitch to the happy ending. Ann, who is five feet two, has to do all her love scenes with Greg, who is six feet three—standing on a platform!

Saint or Sinner: Good or bad, it doesn't take long to gain a reputation in Hollywood. Mario Lanza is a shining example. Temperamental and tempestuous he is, but aren't all the great and talented ones? Currently, the terrific tenor is being accused of everything but murder. One story playing the Hollywood gossip circuit insists he piled on that poundage because he didn't like "Because You're Mine," his next picture. Recently it was Cal's pleasure to dine with the charming Ray Sinatras (he's a distant cousin of Frankie's) and Ray should know because he conducts for Mario's weekly broadcast. "The Lanza legends are a mystery to me," Ray insists. "He's kind, considerate, almost childlike in his appreciation. He's been in our home and we've been in his. Mario is always a wonderful host and a perfect guest. My wife and I know him to be a warm-hearted, very lovable person." Cal says: Hollywood could use new personalities that are colorful and exciting. Long Live Lanza!





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- AND WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME
SHOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO A MAN!



Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK



Gene Kelly dances his way into Leslie Caron's heart in a harmonious blend of Technicolor, Gershwin and ballet

VVV (F) An American in Paris (M-G-M)

BEAUTY, wit, charm and tenderness merge in this story of an ex-G.I. in Paris and le tout ensemble— Bingo! Terrific! Wonderful sights and sounds, delicious nonsense and incredible dances mount and explode into a color-mad ballet (too long, alas, too long). In plain American this is some movie. Kelly plays an ex-G.I. who remains in Paris after the war to become a painter. Oscar Levant, his friend, is there on a scholarship to study music. French actor Georges Guetary is their mutual friend. And Leslie Caron is the French girl both Gene and Georges love. An odd little bodkin she is, too, with long dancing legs and the face of a gamin. Gorgeous Georges is an ooo la la Monsieur type. Nina Foch, as Gene's patroness, is very attractive. And Levant, conducting and playing every instrument in a symphonic arrangement of Gershwin's "Concerto in F," is tops. The music of Gershwin is a perfect background for the bright spontaneity of a movie we so happily recommend.

Your Reviewer Says: Wonderful!

Program Notes: From the day actor Gene Kelly, producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli got together with the idea of "An American in Paris" an entire year went by—with each of them planning ideas and details. Kelly traveled to Paris to absorb atmosphere and discovered his leading lady, Leslie Caron, dancing in the Champs-Elysees ballet. It was natural of course that they should think of Oscar Levant when Gershwin music was decided upon, Levant and the Gershwins having been friends for years. And who better to play a charming French actor than that charming French actor, Georges Guetary, a top romantic singing star in Paris and the winner of the Critics' Award on Broadway last year in "Arms and the Girl." Kelly did his own choreography for the dances and the ballet that consumed the greater part of a sound stage. Dialogue coaches worked overtime with Georges and Leslie. The results were charming.

SHADOW

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When Eleanor Parker sets her cap for millionaire Fred MacMurray this comedy becomes a mad and merry whire

(A) A Millionaire for Christy (20th Century-Fox)

A ZANY little thing, this one, created for no other purpose than to spread cheer and promote giggles. The premise is a bit silly and the people involved act sillier Eleanor Parker, legal secretary in a law firm, has financia troubles due to a parasitic family. So, when she is sent to San Francisco to inform Fred MacMurray, a corny radio philosopher, that he has just inherited two million dollars she decides to marry him sight unseen. But there are complications. Fred is about to marry wealthy Kay Buckley, who is loved by Richard Carlson, a psychiatrist. Believing Eleanor slightly deranged Fred rushes her off to Carlson's clinic, meets with an accident en route and the two spend the night in a boxcar with Mexicans who believe them newlyweds. Next day Eleanor confesses all to Carlson. They enter into a conspiracy that backfires From then on things just grow berserker and funnier.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on, laugh. What can you lose?

Program Notes: This is the first picture Eleanor Parker has made in association with husband Bert Friedlob. They loved every minute of it. There were some things, however, Eleanor wouldn't do—even for her husband. She wouldn't pose for cheesecake art The picture had three title changes. Everyone loved "No Room for the Groom" but felt it would conflict with the Crosby picture "Here Comes the Groom." Bing incidentally is represented in the film. He co-authored the old song hit, "I Don't Stand a Ghos of a Chance with You." Fred MacMurray, who has remained devotedly at the side of his wife is now ready to resume his career full speed ahead. For Lillian, after a lingering illness, is on her way to recovery. Fred, among other things, will do a radio series "Bright Star" opposite leading lady Irene Dunne.

STACED

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A—FOR ADULTS



Douglas Dick, Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin and James Dobson in screen version of Stephen Crane's Civil War novel

VV 1/2 (F) The Red Badge of Courage (M-G-M)

UDIE MURPHY proves himself almost as good an A deter as he is a soldier in this dramatic picturization of Stephen Crane's classic of the Civil War. Audie plays a frightened young farm boy who'd rather hear birds singing than cannons roaring. As a grass green recruit in the Union Army, poised for attack along the Rappahannock in Virginia in 1862, he loses his courage in the heat of battle and runs away. Rejoining the remnants of his company that night he pretends he fought bravely and was wounded. The shame within him is great, however, and the next day when the Confederates strike he fights like a man. With the exception of The General the film is well cast. Bill Mauldin, of G.I. cartoonist fame, plays The Loud Soldier, Royal Dano plays The Tattered Soldier, John Dierkes The Tall Soldier, and Douglas Dick The Lieutenant. Adapted and directed by John Huston, the picture stresses realism and simplicity. No glamour. No cuteness. Whether it will be box office is something else again.

Your Reviewer Soys: A war picture that's different.

Program Notes: Some Hollywood folk have objected to "The Red Badge of Courage" as a picture title because of the word "red." Stephen Crane wrote this Civil War classic over fifty years ago. It has no communist implication. The title means a wound suffered in battle . . . This picture was shot at Keystone, director John Huston's huge ranch near Calabasas, California, and at Chico, California, some 200 miles north of San Francisco. More than 700 extras were used in the battle scenes. It was an uncomfortable location for several weeks, as millions of wasps, residents of the Sacramento River, moved in. "The South must have sent them," said Audie . . . Audie, as everyone knows, was the most decorated soldier of World War II. This is Audie's best screen break to date and should do wonders for the kid.



\$75,000 is a laughing matter to the audience—but a problem to Frank Sinatra, Groucho Marx and Jane Russell

VV (F) It's Only Money (RKO)

THE news concerning this picture has to do with Frank Sinatra who plays a straight role and a bang-up job he does. More news has to do with Groucho Marx. He's almost as funny, too, in this more or less straight role of a cafe waiter. Jane Russell, the bank clerk Frankie loves, seems a mite overwhelming next to her lean and less upholstered boy friend. But who pays attention to such minor details? Answer-just everybody with two bulging eyes, that's all. The mix-up begins when Frankie, a meek bank teller, comes to the rescue of a stranger about to be beaten by two hoodlums. The stranger turns out to be a bookie who rewards Sinatra with \$5,000 which he then pyramids into \$75,000 on fixed races. Frankie is accused of stealing the money from the bank which that day shows an enormous shortage. Frightened, Frankie turns over the money to Groucho who instantly gives up waiting on tables to behave like a millionaire. The plot thickens when Jane is accused of stealing the money by Don McGuire, the boss's

Your Reviewer Says: Relaxing and amusing.

Program Notes: With Groucho around, more fun went on behind the camera than in front. In more than one scene Groucho broke up Frankie—who had to take time out to recover. For the first time in his career he wears a real mustache in place of a painted on job ... Frankie was handed a cable from Gene Kelly in Paris which read: "Dear Frank. Love this place. They think Sinatra is a breakfast food." Cables flew thick and fast between Frank and Ava Gardner who was then in Spain making a picture. Great excitement prevailed when Jane's husband, Bob Waterfield, road his Christmas gift from his wife right onto the set—a high powered motorcycle . . . Incidentally, Groucho smoked 168 cigars during the shooting. RKO wasn't exactly counting but, after all, they did go on the expense account as "props."



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 $\checkmark \frac{1}{2}$ (F) The Golden Horde (U-I)

POMP, pageantry and history, gone a little tipsy on the wine of imagination, flow across the screen as we travel back to the dark days of the Crusades and the mighty Genghis Khan. Action centers around Samarkand, ancient capital of Persia, when Sir Guy, played by David Farrar, and a small band of crusaders, warn the Khan to stay out of their territory. Anyway, all problems are forgotten when the Princess Shalimar steps into view. Ann Blyth plays the Princess who is the most unbelievable character ever planted in a movie and, good little actress that she is, she should sue. Handsome David Farrar is wasted on this movie. Handsome Richard Egan as Gil, ditto. Marvin Miller is the Genghis and a professional clown, "Poodles" Hanneford plays Friar John.

Your Reviewer Says: All it did was mix me

Program Notes: 250 battle axes, 400 cross bows, 1,600 arrows, 200 suits of armor, four battering rams and fourteen gallons of synthetic blood were used in the making of this movie. David Farrar, whose suit of armor weighed eighty pounds, had to be hoisted onto his horse. Walking across a long rug to bow before the Princess, David touched his sword with his chain glove and Whoops! over he went backwards, Shocked! Electrified! Sparks flew in every direction. After that he wore a rubberized outfit under his mail . . . Marvin Miller, a radio announcer when he isn't playing an Oriental, couldn't wear the red beard history tells the mighty Khan wore because in Technicolor it looked "sissy." That peculiar sound is Genghis whirling in his grave.

√½ (F) Painting the Clouds with Sunshine (Warners)

AS corny as its title and twice as old hat! Good old Warners have cast still another musical in the old familiar mold and what will happen? People by the carload will pay good moola to see it. Because it features such favorites as Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Virginia Mayo. The latter with Lucille Norman and Virginia Gibson play a sister singing act in a night spot that features Dennis Morgan, singing off key as usual, and Gene Nelson, a hoofer. Dennis, in love with Lucille, refuses to give up gambling. So the girls decide to heck with love, they'll marry millionaires. Just like that. Off they go to fulfill an engagement in Las Vegas where Gene, the hoofer, really turns out to be a millionaire. S. Z. Sakall plays the owner of a gambling-motel joint and Tom Conway is Nelson's stuffy uncle. What or who Wally Ford was supposed to be was never quite clear but whatever it was, it was awful.

Your Reviewer Says: Now please! Something more plausible or else—

Program Notes: Lucille Norman, one of radio's top favorites, danced for the first time since childhood and on the screen, yet. "What girl couldn't dance with LeRoy Prinz for instructor and Gene Nelson as a partner?" Miss Norman asks. Answer—I couldn't. Las Vegas, all Technicolored up, was the site of most of the action . . While working in Hollywood, Miss Mayo daily wrote out two menus for her cook. One was her own health food diet and the other a mansized meat-and-potato affair for her husband, Michael O'Shea. Gene Nelson, whose good looks and fine dancing have shot him starward, works out on the horizontal bars each day with his friend, Burt Lancaster, at the studio gym. Dennis Morgan was proud of his

new slimness and credits it all to long walks before breakfast. His wife claims it was strictly a no-dessert-and-soft-drink routine.

$\sqrt{\frac{1}{2}}$ (A) The Strip (M-G-M)

WELL, well! Mickey Rooney's quieted down. A little, anyhow. Of course, every once in a while he lets off steam beating the daylights out of a set of drums, but in between "The Mick" is refreshingly subdued as the ex-G.I. who sets out to seek a job in Los Angeles, carrying with him the set of drums given him by his hospital buddies. James Craig, big time racketeer, carelessly runs Mickey off the road, ruining his car, his drums and his hopes. In reparation, Craig takes Mickey into his bookmaking ring on the famed Hollywood Strip where everything can happen and does. In a police raid Mickey escapes, meets up with Sally Forrest, dancer in a Strip night club and becomes so enamored, he quits Craig and takes a job as drummer to be near the overly ambitious Sally. Introducing her to Craig, who promises her a screen test (that again!) Mickey suffers heartache and eventually arrest when the whole business ends in m-u-r-d-e-r. Glimpses of familiar places along The Strip—Mocambo, Ciro's, Little Hungary—plus the guest appearances of Vic Damone and Monica Lewis lend a certain enchantment to the view.

Your Reviewer Says: An inexpensive way to go night-clubbing.

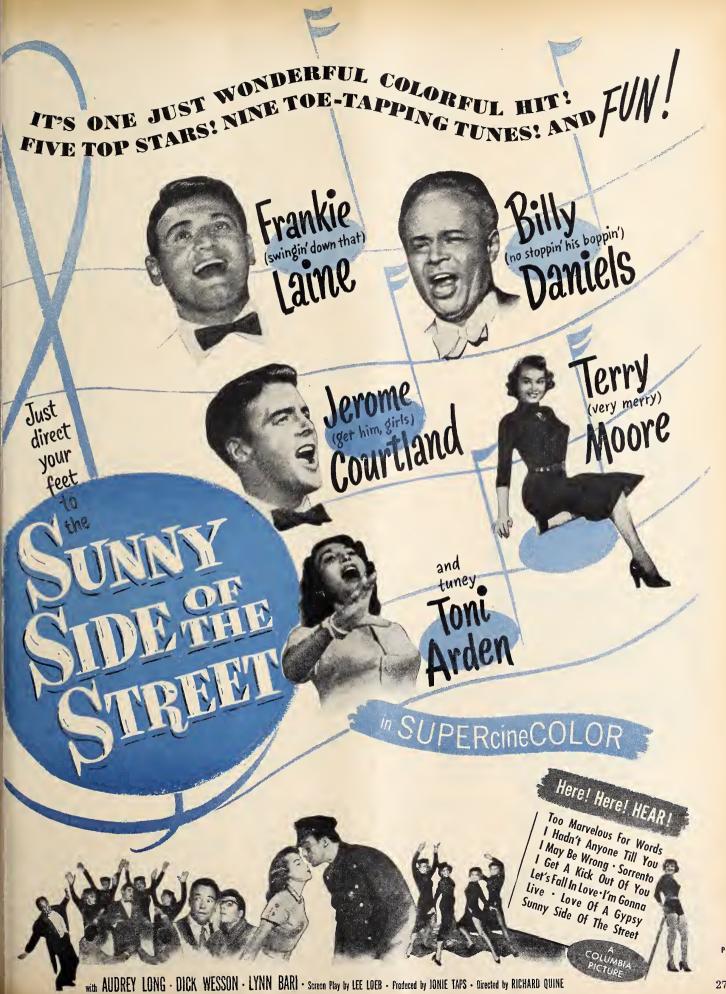
Program Notes: M-G-M spared no expense to get together the best possible Dixieland music, if you care for that sort of thing. Together in one band are trumpeter Louis Armstrong; trombonist Jack Teagarden; clarinetist Barney Bigard; drummer Cozy Cole; pianist Earl Fatha Hines and bass violist Arvell Shaw. Kay Brown, the teen-age TV and recording star, who plays a cigarette girl, gives forth with a catchy song in a small voice.

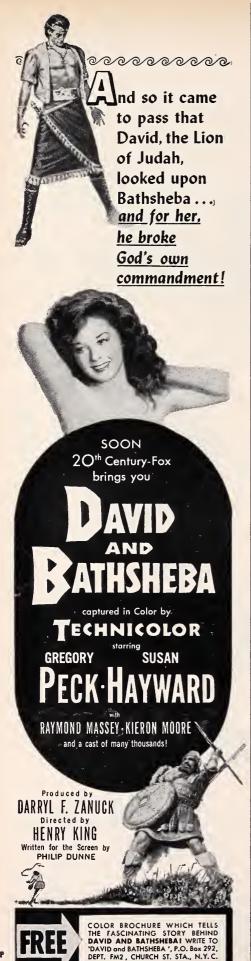
(F) Darling, How Could You! (Paramount)

THIS cozy, warm and happy little comedy of family, children and parental confusion was adapted from Barrie's play, "Alice-Sitby-the-Fire." Joan Fontaine and John Lund are husband and wife, with John, a physician, and Joan returning from Panama (the canal, you know) to greet their three children, Mona Freeman, fifteen, David Stollery, ten, and baby Mollie. The young son rejects all emotional advances. The baby is annoyed at Joan's fussing. And daughter Mona regards her mother as an elderly lady who needs understanding. When Mona misinterprets her mother's relationship with an old friend, Peter Hanson, the fun really gets going with everyone comically mixed up.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckly.

Program Notes: Joan Fontaine was anxious for a holiday, having made "September Affair," "Something to Live For" and this one all in a row. No one dreamed her vacation in Europe would make headlines linking her with Aly Khan. Least of all Joan . . . Mona Freeman, the mother of a three-year-old daughter, had a wonderful time as a teenager. David Stollery has quite a background. Playing Judith Anderson's young son he was stabbed nightly in "Medea." He also was Arnie in the stage version of "I Remember Mama." Peter Hanson was discovered while working in a Pasadena Laurdromat and hasn't been idle a day since. Peter is a graduate of the Pasadena Playhouse.





V ½ (F) On the Loose (RKO-Filmakers)

WHEN parents are indifferent and selfish they can be even more delinquent than children. This is the theme of this absorbing little story which should be a "must" for parents of teen-age children. More interesting than most stories with a message, it deals with the problem of a pretty young high school girl, played beautifully by Joan Evans, and her gradual involvement in harmless but cheapening indiscretions. In despair, she finally attempts suicide, shocking her father into complete awareness. Her mother, Lynn Bari, finally sees the light, too, when Joan voluntarily takes the witness stand to clear her father of an assault charge on a youth who besmirched her name. Melvyn Douglas plays the father and Robert Arthur is the boy Joan loves.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat and a treatment for parents.

Program Notes: Joan Evans is lucky to have parents as talented as Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, who wrote this script for producer Collier Young. And Katherine and Dale are fortunate to have a daughter talented enough to give depth and understanding to their work. To make sure the film would appear authentic in every way, four high school pupils were employed as technical advisers. It became their duty to read the script, make suggestions for corrections and act as linguistic experts, high school students having a language of their own . . . Such steps as the Sheep Dip, Bee's Knees and Cross-floor Wobbles were mastered by Melvyn for a scene with Joan. He insists, however, the steps weren't too difficult to master. After all, he won a Charleston contest in East Orange, N. J., in 1926.

√½ (A) Tomorrow Is Another Day (Warners)

RUTH ROMAN and Steve Cochran, a pair of unsavory characters, meet up in an unsavory dance hall and end up in an unsavory field of lettuce. What happens in between packs considerable action and carries on like a real down-to-earth movie. The pace begins when Steve, an ex-convict, escorts Ruth home one evening and finds her boy friend, Detective Hugh Sanders, waiting. In the melee that follows, Sanders is wounded. He dies the following day. Ruth and Steve then flee together pausing long enough to marry. Their guilt and fear render their life grim and ugly. The climax comes when Steve is recognized. To prevent her husband from committing another murder, Ruth whips out a gun and shoots Steve in the shoulder. There's a turn-about at the end. Lurene Tuttle, Lee Patrick, Ray Teal complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: So live that tougher other half.

Program Notes: Ruth Roman claims she all but froze to death making the outdoor, all-night scenes. She and Steve wrapped themselves in blankets and hovered over glowing braziers. Steve Cochran's mother traveled from her home in Juneau, Alaska, to visit her son while the film was in production. She was shocked at the amount of work and time Steve was required to give to the picture. Like most people outside Holly-wood, she thought movie actors only played while "play-acting." The only contention arose when Steve refused to shave his chest for an open-shirt scene. Director Felix Feist lost the argument when Ruth declared she didn't care and didn't see why women in audiences should either.

(A) People Will Talk (20th Century-Fox)

"A STRANGE comedy" they call this Frankly, it's a bit too strange for credulity or entertainment. And yet, there is merit, intelligence and sound thinking underlying its basic theme: medicine versus the soul and the ego. Briefly, it tells of a doctor, Noah Praetorius, who marries a patient, Jeanne Crain, who is pregnant by another man. Neither the good doctor, you see, played by Cary Grant, nor Jeanne can bear to tell her failure of a father the crushing truth. Once married, Cary and Jeanne are extremely happy until Dr. Praetorius is brought to an investigation by a mean little professor, Hume Cronyn. He wants to know why the doctor at one time during his practice ran a butcher shop and, who is the man, Shunderson, who trails him around. We were on Cronyn's side. We wanted to know, too. Anyway, it's all revealed in time for Cary to conduct a symphonic orchestra and if you're as confused at this moment as we suspect, take two aspirins and go to bed. Walter Slezak seems the only real human being in a cast including Sidney Blackmer, Finlay Currie and Basil Ruysdael.

Your Reviewer Says: Psychosomatic medicine doled out with wry humor.

Program Notes: After his "All About Eve," producer Darryl Zanuck gave director Joe Mankiewicz a free hand in choosing his next. He chose this story whose facade is humor and whose foundation rests on a serious contemplation of the medical profession today . . . Cary Grant, chosen for the lead, gave his role serious study, constantly asking advice on certain bits from his own physician. For his side role of symphony conductor, he took instructions from Alexander Steinert, switching from his natural left-handedness to waving the baton with his right hand.

(A) The People Against O'Hara (M-G-M)

THEY talk characterization in this story but do not portray it. Spencer Tracy, according to the testimony of several cast members, is a lush who dares not imbibe a drop stronger than rainwater. Character undermined by strong drink is hinted as reason for his bribery of a witness. But Mr. Tracy is too healthy and normal, too manly in his approach to life to have you believe any such thing. Yet this is a good story, and in many ways worth seeing. Tracy plays a criminal lawyer who when his health breaks under the strain turns to civil practice. He turns again to a criminal case, however, when Jim Arness, the son of old friends, is accused of murder. The result you must see for yourself. Diana Lynn plays Tracy's daughter; John Hodiak, the assistant district attorney; Pat O'Brien a detective and Bill Campbell the cantankerous witness, Frankie Korvac.

Your Reviewer Says: Absorbing, despite story weaknesses.

Program Notes: Tracy and his old friend Pat O'Brien, who were inseparable pals when both were battling for a foothold on Broadway, are teamed here for the first time. The reminiscences exchanged on the set were something to hear . . . Diana Lynn was on a personal appearance tour when the offer came to play Tracy's daughter. She grabbed it by long distance telephone . . . John Hodiak, who was expecting his first child, received all sorts of advice from Tracy and O'Brien, both fathers themselves. These bits of caution were carried home by Hodiak to his wife, Anne Baxter.



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✓ (F) The Tall Target (M-G-M)

THIS movie, supposedly based on a little known episode in American history, tells of the work of a New York detective, Richard Powell, to prevent a planned assassination of President Lincoln during his inaugural address. Most of the action takes place on a train traveling between New York and Washington with a stopover in Baltimore. Aboard the train are Adolphe Menjou as a Zouave Colonel, Florence Bates as a novelist, Marshall Thompson as a young Southerner, his sister Paula Raymond and her slave, Ruby Dee. After getting through a message of warning to the President, it becomes Powell's duty to ferret out the schemers. In so doing he all but loses his life. In view of the dire event that actually happened later on, one has the feeling Mr. Powell should have stayed right on the job. Not that we hold Dick in any way responsible for the foul deed.

Your Reviewer Soys: A case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Program Notes: Authentic 1861 decorations, costumes and customs have been so faithfully adhered to, one instantly gathers the feel and atmosphere of the times. The engine, of 1861 vintage, was overhauled and repaired so that it could travel under its own steam over two miles of track. Hooked to the engine were ten cars of the exact period . . . Adolphe Menjou became so enthused with this historical mystery, he cut short a lecture tour of 200 colleges, universities and women's clubs to return to Hollywood for the role. Dick Powell grew his own sideburns and was very proud of them.

✓ (F) Meet Me After the Show(20th Century-Fox)

MACDONALD CAREY, playing a Broadway producer, dolefully observes, in part, that this is the greatest achievement of his career and after this there's no place left to go. There he errs: The first place to go, for instance, would be to the man responsible for this claptrap. And whether this did or did not precipitate Betty's studio walkout, we don't know. She plays a "refeened" dame, made over into a Broadway star by her producer husband, Macdonald Carey, who can't be true. On her way to the law courts, Betty suffers a slight accident that results in amnesia so, forgetting all, she goes back to her old dive singing in Miami. She is finally tracked down by Carey who discovers she is faking the amnesia but, knowing a good thing when he sees it, Carey grabs off a chunk of amnesia for himself and nobody knows who anybody is. Eddie Albert behaves as if he'd wandered into the wrong picture and couldn't find his way out. Rory Calhoun and Lois Andrews are glimpsed here and there. The songs are fair.

Your Reviewer Soys: A Grable musical and that's that.

Program Notes: It takes over 300 men, brave and true, to keep Betty Grable's feet dancing and her voice singing, so says her studio. In this one 317 men worked in the wings alone. It took thirty-seven composers and arrangers to put the songs on paper and ninety musicians to accompany her. Then, the studio insists, on the stage where Betty danced, there labored thirty-two carpenters, twelve painters and one plumber. Technicolor experts, hairdressers, dressmakers, shoemakers, Georgie Jessel, dancers, actors, extras comprised the rest. For the first time in ten years Betty appears in a bathing suit, wrapped, for some reason, in more garments than a Hindu. Male customers should sue

. . . Macdonald Carey paid for his own singing lessons and is now studying dancing and ballet.

(F) The Lady from Texas (U-I)

O you believe petite, dainty and so pretty Mona Freeman could be a cook for a bunch of Texas cowhands? Even in Technicolor could you believe it? Could you swallow the idea that Howard Duff, a hardened cowhand, wants to protect Josephine Hull (for free, too) who has become so downright pixilated in this one as to be ridiculous? Or wait, here's another one. Do you think Gene Lockhart looks like a little pig, or that a skunk chooses the exact time and place to let fly? If so, you deserve to see this utterly preposterous Western that has Miss Hull completely off the beam, living in decayed elegance off the bounty of Miss Freeman, with Duff her reluctant guardian. At a court trial, brought by conniving Craig Stevens, who wants her land, it is decided Miss Hull is as san as you and I. So pack your bags, lide a I'll meet you at Bolleway.

Your Reviewer Soys: Oh, come now, you're a big, grown-up studio!

kids. I'll meet you at Bellevue.

Program Notes: After eight months at home with a broken leg, Howard Duff returns to the screen in this one, of all movies. When word was given out that Duff was the lone-liest man in Hollywood, his fan mail ripened with offers from hundreds of women anxious to alleviate his condition . . When the studio first introduced Miss Hull to the skunk, she inquired timidly, "Has it been defrosted?" . . . Barbara Knudson, who plays Craig's wife, is the daughter of a Las Vegas high school principal. This is her first movie. When Gene Lockhart was told to look as much as possible like the little animal Miss Hull thinks he resembles—a piggy—he batted not an eye. Fifty years in show business has taught him many things.

√½ (F) Sunny Side of the Street (Columbia)

MUSIC, good, popular and lots of it! Such favorites as Billy Daniels, who pours a ton of emotion into his songs and Frankie Laine, current favorite, pad out a little story until its mother wouldn't know it. But wait. Guess who else gives forth with vocal music—and not too badly, either? Jerome Courtland! Actually the story revolves about Jerome who wants to sing on television. His ambition meets the approval of his girl friend, Terry Moore, who wangles him an audition with Frankie Laine. Jerome then is on his way up, the hard way, when who enters the plot but Audrey Long, daughter of a prospective sponsor. The usual happens. Jerome courts Audrey to please two weary writers who promise him a star spot on the show. Terry hears about it and all sorts of misunderstandings ensue. Toni Arden plays herself in a tuneful, liltful little musical.

Your Reviewer Soys: Teenagers will love it.

Program Notes: Frankie Laine has two fan clubs in far off Baghdad and thinks it's wonderful. Claims it proves his voice has no national barriers of understanding. Jerome Courtland, on the other hand, complains even his next door neighbors won't believe he does his own singing. "Come on, Jerry," his friends say. "you're among friends. Who did your dubbing for you?" Frankie Laine married Nan Grey, ex-screen starlet, just before the picture began . . . When a studio publicity blurb described Terry Moore as a cross between June Allyson and Janet Gaynor, she moaned, "I wonder how I'd look if I looked like myself?" The answer? Not bad at all, not at all.



are you always Lovely to Love?

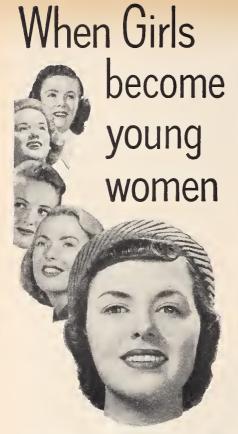
At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.



Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness...bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!





Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals... But one thing is certain—it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too—doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tiny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. Wearer cannot feel it.

Tampax discards all belts, pins, bulky external pads. Causes no odor or chafing. Eliminates bulges, edge-lines under clothing. Easily disposable. Month's average supply slips in purse. Wear Tampax in tub or shower. Buy it at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(A) The Desert Fox (20th Century-Fox)

THIS is the story of German Field Marshal Erwin Eugen Rommel—"The Desert Fox" of the African campaign of World War II. His story is told impartially, even compassionately, and whether or not one holds with the idea of dramatizing an enemy, the fact remains that the picture is both strong and absorbing. The story opens when the tide of battle has turned against the ailing field marshal, played by James Mason. Rommel, whose astuteness as a soldier won him the respect of the men who fought against him and even a tribute from Winston Churchill, is faced with the problem of obeying a stupid and cruel command of Hitler's or of using his own judgment and withdrawing his forces. He does the latter. It is the beginning of the end for an officer who, finally, through the firm conviction his country would best be served by Hitler's death, joins the ill-fated assassination plot. Mason is outstanding in the role. Jessica Tandy is his wife, William Reynolds his son. Leo G. Carroll is Field Marshal Von Runstedt, Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dr. Karl Strolin and Luther Adler plays the Fuhrer.

Your Reviewer Says: An intelligent and inside approach to Nazi insanity.

Program Notes: Producer Nuunally Johnson flew to Germany to collect additional data from Frau Rommel in Wurttemberg. She turned over her husband's famous dress batou and binoculars, which were used by Mason in the story. Hitler's own 10,000 pound bullet-proof Mercedes-Benz, powered by a 230-horsepower engine, was rented from its present owner. Christopher Janus, for use in the film. The desert site in the Anza desert of Southern California has just such a terrain as North Africa. It was in the Anza desert that General Patton trained the American soldiers who later joined the British in driving Rommel out of North Africa... With this picture Mason begins a new seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox... Jessica Tandy was the envy of every actress in Hollywood when chosen to play Rommel's wife, being the only womau in the entire cast.

THE war again portrayed with such reality that seeing this movie we must appreciate the hardships, sacrifices and the valor of men and boys caught in it. Against the grimness of the campaign through Italy, the locale of this film, there exists a tender love story between William Holden (just about the finest young actor on the screen) and Nancy Olson, a WAC lieutenant. Meeting by chance in a cemetery, they see each other briefly while Holden, promoted to a lieutenancy, and his men are on leave. The pair discover suddenly they are deeply in love and, after a bitter campaign in which Holden's commanding officer (Frank Lovejoy) is killed and Bill is hospitalized, the lovers are married at the home of Italian friends. A haunting feeling that he may have saved Lovejoy, sends Holden back into the fracas. When he is reported missing, Nancy, refusing to believe him

dead, begins a long, neartbreaking search

Your Reviewer Says: Tenderness against :

Program Notes: Most of the battle scene were filmed in the rocky area of the Sante Susana mountains in California. The territory was so inaccessible Warners had to build an entrance road and then grade the mountain trails to permit the heavy equipment to move through . . . Holden sustained so many cuts and bruises he looked like to walking band-aid ad . . . The Department of Defense loaned Sgt. Wm. J. Crawford winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, to Warners to act as technical ad

(F) Flying Leathernecks (RKO)

THIS is a story of the Marines during the siege of Guadalcanal in World War II. It is overly long, sometimes repetitious, but a powerful lot of movie for all that. John Wayne plays Major Kirby, a seemingly ruthless officer who takes command of the Marine squadron which Robert Ryan, as Captain Carl Griffin, had hoped to get. Friction develops between the officers, who later embark together on the dangerous mission of covering ground troops with air protection. Don Taylor plays "Texas," Jay C. Flippen Clancy and William Harrigan Dr. Curan.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting realism.

Program Notes: For six months the company worked within Camps Pendleton and El Toro, famous bases near San Diego. Within the gates of Pendleton the crew erected a landing strip, the exact replica of the Henderson Field strip on the canal from which a handful of Marine planes desperately fought off unceasing Japanese attacks during those dark days of 1942. Actual wreckage of our planes scattered on Henderson Field were shot and duplicated in the film... Between scenes Wayne studied to pass his examination as an amateur radio "ham." Slim Houghton, the sound engineer, taught Wayne the International Code for his new hobby. All members of the film company were placed under Marine Corps security restrictions during their location at the Marine camps. They were passed in and out by guards by showing their passes.

(A) His Kind of Woman (RKO)

(RKO)

IERE'S a story teeming with oomph and sex, laden with sultry over- and undertones, lightened with dashes of humor and with Bob Mitchum and Jane Russell the warmest pair of lovers this side of the furnace room. Mitchum, a gambler fresh out of money, is offered \$50,000 to go to Mexico and find out what he's to do to earn the dough. Meeting Jane, a singer posing as an heiress, Mitchum suddenly finds himself wading knee deep in murder. Tim Holt plays Mitchum's friend. Vincent Price is outstanding as a movie actor.

Your Reviewer Says: Bring an asbestos fan. (Continued on page 98)

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love life for these heart-palpitating stories. Also latest Hollywood news.

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Mike and Bob Jr. sons

FAREWELL to a fighter

The confused heart is still but Bob Walker's spirit is not forgotten by friends

"I know you will understand what I mean," Robert Walker confided to Ida Lupino, shortly before the sudden swoop of the grim reaper that shocked all Hollywood. "I am thrilled about my work in 'Strangers on a Train' and 'My Son John,' with Helen Hayes. My career has never been as stimulating. I think this is going to be my best year!"

Ida did understand, because she has always understood and befriended the lost ones, the strays, the bewildered.

Life was rich in experience and achieve-

Life was rich in experience and achieve-ment for Robert Walker but his confused heart came into this world literally bursting with loneliness, a loneliness he had to fight all his life. His marriage to Jennifer Jones in 1939 (she's now the wife of Producer David O. Selznick), his two sons, his second marriage to the daughter of director John Ford, an annual salary reaching six figures—none of these compensated for the troubled mind that served as his traveling companion. Bob was painfully shy, terribly tender. He wanted so desperately to be liked—and everyone liked him. It has been said that his sensitive nature and his intuitive dis his sensitive nature and his intuitive distrust of most people created his own

Bob was an unmitigated sentimentalist. His library in his home near the beach held school books—books like "Wizard of Oz." because—"I've saved them for Bobby and Mike-kids today get too mixed up with 'Superman' and there's so little escape left."

Bob hated his own "baby face" (he thought) but he loved his sons and literally lived for the three months when they were in his custody. Despite his sojourn in the famed Menninger Clinic, there obviously was no escape from his inner confusion. "Death was due to natural causes," it said in the papers. His "best" year was the last year for Robert Walker. The peace he never knew is with him.



I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance' . . . We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.



"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy.



Jergens Lotion doesn't just coat skin with a film of oil. It penetrates the upper layers with softening moisture . . .



"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you're such a softie - could you stand the life of an army wife?"



Try Jergens Lotion-and see why more women use it than any other hand care. It's still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.

THE FINALISTS

nf



Bridgeport's Virginia McGuire, 21, kicked off shoes—went into her act

Three to go—
for the final
test that will
give one of these
girls Photoplay's
great prize



Joyce McLeod, 22, of Providence, R. I., knows she'll be famous—her stars say so!



Rachelle Mendlovitz, 21, of Texas; Board said, "Emotional depth beyond years"

The country-wide auditions are over. The three finalists are at the Pasadena Playhouse where the final audition will take place. The judges—Bette Davis, William Holden, Stanley Kramer, Joseph Mankiewicz, Dean Thomas Browne Henry, and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay—will not find it easy to make a choice. For throughout this contest the runners-up always have been close behind.

Our congratulations go to the three finalists who have started on the journey that well may change the course o' each of their lives. The winner, whoever she is, already has been promised a screen test by Twentieth Century-Fox. If successful in this test, she will be given a contract starting when she completes her studies at the Playhouse. Runners-up will be interviewed by casting directors at Twentieth Century, Warners and Paramount.

Joyce McLeod from Providence, Rhode Island, just turned twenty-two, attends Emerson College in Boston. She is vicepresident of her sorority and last March was voted Junior Prom Queen. Joyce



Photoplay scholarship contest

Chicago: Audition board Doug Johnson, Mary Hart'ine, Larry Gutter, Helen Bolstad, standing, Doris Arden listen to contestant Marjorie Evans



New York: Elizabeth Arabian, Betina Young, Pat McKane (back to camera), Ruth Jung and Mary Grace Troy await their turn before audition board



Los Angeles: Auditions were held in lush atmosphere of Charles Morrison's Mocambo. Some contestants relaxed—others feverishly rehearsed lines in whispers!

is convinced she someday will be famous because the moon in her astrology chart is prominently placed under the sign of Leo and Leo rules the theatre. Joyce well may be famous someday; maybe because of Leo, maybe because she has done everything she could to further her acting career. At college, she talked her way into every role possible and once played "Cinderella" over a local radio station. The board which auditioned Joyce at the Boston Summer Theatre, was conducted by Lee Falk, producer and managing director; Jack Woods, stage manager of the theatre, who this winter will manage the Metropolitan Opera House; Eliot Duvey, of the Drama Department at Northeastern University; and Miss Rosalind Roulston of Boston. Of Joyce's talent, they said . . . "she is poised and intelligent. She read with understanding and warmth and displayed flexibility both vocally and bodily."

Virginia McGuire, from Bridgeport, Connecticut is twenty-one. Virginia, who came down to New York City for her audition, overwhelmed the board completely. She walked into a room filled with name people: actresses Coleen Grey and Judith Evelyn; talent scout Jesse Landau of Universal Pictures and two other talent scouts who have asked that their names be withheld. She kicked off her shoes and went into a scene

from "The Trojan Women" as though she auditioned before such boards every day of her life. "That girl has it!" was the verdict. Virginia studied at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh and at the Yale School of Drama.

Rachelle Mendlovitz, twenty-one, a native Texan, was graduated as valedictorian from New Braunsfels High School. Later, at Ward Belmont Junior College in Nashville, Tennessee, she was voted "Belle of Ward Belmont," an honor bestowed on the girl most representative of the ideals of the college. Last year she went to New York to study dramatics and stayed several months working as a receptionist at CBS television. Auditioned in Houston by a Board composed of Mrs. B. R. Hennes of The National Thespian Society, Mildred Stockard of the Houston Chronicle and Ted Hills of radio station KXYZ, she was immediate choice for first place. "She has unquestionable ability," the Board reported, "a sensitive feeling for characterization and an emotional depth beyond her years."

The choice of the winner now rests in the gifted hands of the judges, people whose very names are synonymous with all that is the best in the theatre. Next month we will announce the winner, the girl, who for two years, will be Miss Photo-

play at the Pasadena Playhouse.





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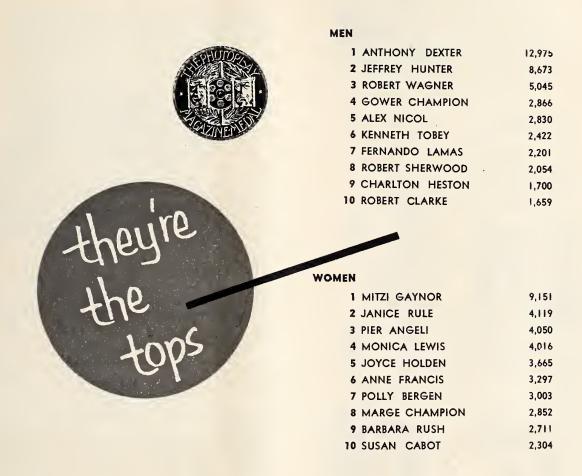
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The leaders stood pat from the first. But in the runnersup class, favorites changed overnight. Never before has our "Choose Your Star" contest been so exciting to follow

ONCE again the readers of Photoplay have chosen their favorites among the new stars. Once again more votes have been cast than ever before. Once again the two winners took first place with the first count and never relinquished it. . .

To Anthony Dexter and Mitzi Gaynor, go our congratulations!

Tony has been seen in only one motion picture, "Valentino." The critics threw no bravos into the air over the picture or Tony's performance in it. But, from the beginning, audiences were enthusiastic.

Mitzi Gaynor has been seen in two movies: "My Blue Heaven" and "Take Care of My Little Girl."

Among the other girls and men there was a constant race for a higher place. For weeks Jeffrey Hunter and Robert Wagner seesawed between second and third place. And it was not until the final tabulation of votes that Pier Angeli and Janice Rule finally nosed Monica Lewis first out of second place and then out of third place.

The most dramatic rise of all, however, was that of the Champions. As soon as "Show Boat" had a national release, Marge Champion began moving up from fourteenth place, which she occupied in the beginning, to eighth place. And Gower Champion, originally in the ninth spot, rapidly moved up to number four.

Once again, too, the producers at the Holly-wood studios have watched this contest with the greatest interest. There are brilliant plans ahead for those who number among the top ten, plans which—together with new color portraits—will be reported in the December Photoplay.

They're on the march—your favorites!



Eleanor Parker Corinne Calvet Ruth Roman Marie Wilson



Marilyn Monroe Barbara Stanwyck Joan Crawford Mitzi Gaynor Jane Russell

THIS JURY CHOOSES

MALE

By RUTH WATERBURY

When the girls start rooting for these men you can be sure they're adding up more than the figures!









• Hollywood's girls vote Burt Lancaster their favorite chunk of male scenery.

That forty-four-inch chest and that thirtyinch waistline, along with his pleasant altitude of six-foot-two, really impressed itself on our glamour jury. Apparently these girls have eyes like sculptors' and minds, in this instance, like adding machines. (Continued on page 70)





PE CHANDLER

Fink and Smith

Fink and Smith

She used to tremble when men whistled and leave a dance floor

— pale and shaken. But that was before Ann Blyth went

to Europe and returned—leaving her fears behind her

ONE MORNING last July a Hollywood agent phoned Jerry Wald, producer at RKO, and spoke his piece.

"Big news, Jerry," he said.
"Ann Blyth just returned from
Europe. Four months there
making 'Man of Two Worlds'
with Ty Power. You won't
recognize her. She's changed.
She's grown up. You oughta
see her."

Every agent in town calls Jerry Wald these days. He's got more pictures on his mind than the Metropolitan Museum has on its walls.

"I couldn't bear to see her," said Jerry morosely, "if she has changed. If you tell me she's wearing plunging necklines now and using four-letter words I'll go right out and cut my throat. I've just had one of those in my office. I'm fumigating the place. Anyway, I don't think. Ann has changed."

"Oh no, Jerry," laughed the agent, doing a neat retreat. "Nothing like that. It's just that she has—well—matured."

"Ann for my money is a great (Continued on page 100)



BY LIZA WILSON

Sweet mystery: Ann Blyth
Engstead





This reporter, so close to the heartbreaking

facts, uncovers the chain of events

that led to Nancy's change of heart

FRANKIE HIS FREEDOM

By Hedda Hopper

• When Nancy Sinatra declared, "I'm going to give Frank his freedom," even her lawyer was stunned. For a long time Nancy had stood like the Rock of Gibraltar against a divorce, though Frankie had begged for one.

Several months earlier, when Nancy had filed suit for separate maintenance, the couple had reached a property settlement, usually a prelude to a final curtain on marriage. Under its terms, besides a share of the personal belongings, Nancy was to receive each year a third of the first \$150,000 earned by the crooner and ten per cent of the second. She was guaranteed at least \$1,000 a month for life or until such time as she remarried.

But still she had said, "No divorce."

"But why?" I remember asking her at this time. "Your marriage is finished and everybody knows it."

"I don't think a divorce would be good for Frank," she replied. And beyond this vague, evasive answer she would not elaborate.

The reasons, however, were obvious to those who knew her well. Being a Catholic, she didn't believe in divorce in the first place. Still in love with Frank, she thought that deep in his heart he still loved her. There (Continued on page 90)

Ava, weary of criticism, is reported to have demanded that Frank get a divorce or call off their romance.

Right, on arrival in Mexico City





With All My Low by Mitzi Gaynor

T'S A little difficult for a girl to answer the question: "How did you fall in love? Where? When? Why?" The people who always ask those questions are strangers—waiting with pencil and paper to write the story. You don't know them; they don't know you. How can you possibly go into details with them and expect them to understand—to know exactly how you felt when all this was happening?

I didn't anticipate that one day Photoplay would ask these questions of me—but just the other day when this happened, I did have a few answers ready. They were in the letters I had written, but never mailed, to the one person who would understand. . . .

June 9, 1948 Dear You:

For seventeen hours I've been wondering who you are. I caught my first glimpse of you at eleven o'clock last night, and it is now four in the afternoon.

I want you to understand that it is not my custom to stare into the world of stage flies, ropes, backdrops, and skeleton stairways leading to dressing rooms that make up the backstage panorama of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Auditorium. I just happened to glance up and there you were, on the landing outside the dressing (Continued on page 85)

Sixteen letters, never mailed

—which will go to Mitzi's husband on their soon-to-be

wedding day—telling the story

of her young love, with all its

doubts and fears and wonder

"... Now I'm twenty and we only have one more year to wait before we can be married. During this year I'm going to make some changes in myself, and don't be saying, "That'll be the day!"

Fink and Smith



To say they live like the average family would be silly. They have more house, more help, more income. But their way of life is typical of all the homes that are the heart of America



HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

PHOTOPLAY FEATURE ATTRACTION



June would like to stay home and work at the same time! Above, Dick, June, Pamela and Ricky Photographs by Engstead

• "You know why we're happy? Because you think I'm an idiot—" Gazing at Dick, June's eyes become doves' eyes. "Darling, I'm so glad you think I'm an idiot."

"Darling, not only that, you're a genius at it. And whom, may I ask, do you think you're kidding?"

"Who?" (Continued on following page)



June and Dick made her adoption a dear and familiar story to Pamela. To her it means love. "I'm adopinated," she confides

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST FAMILY



The advent of Ricky was a miracle—June and Dick were planning to adopt another child. June's in "Too Young to Kiss"

"Not me. Remind me to tell you about it some dull afternoon."

Banter at the Powells' is often less casual than it sounds. Under the froth lies bedrock. They've been married six years, and the sharpies gave it six months. To arrive at the wrong number was fairly simple. Actorand-actress combinations are poor marriage risks. All you had to do was add up the Hollywood clichés. All you had to leave out was the human equation of June Allyson and Dick Powell. The sharpies didn't know them very

well. They didn't know, for instance, that June was an idiot.

She's the kind of idiot who can wrap herself around a man's heart while wrapping the man around her little finger. She thinks her guy's the best, the smartest, the kindest in the world and tells him so. Unlike many actresses, she's simple-minded enough to value him high above her career. She's a ninny, feminine as Eve, who caters instinctively to the masculine ego, thus managing to get her own sweet way. She's (Continued on page 75)



The minute she's home from work, June makes a beeline for the nursery. Ricky knows her footsteps—starts cooing like crazy



Given plenty of love but not allowed to run wild, Pamela, past three now, is a merry, friendly child, sure of her place in June's heart

"Holy mackerel, he looks just like Dick," announced the doctor when Ricky was born. Both Powells adore their kids—but Dick knows that with June he'll never play second fiddle. His next film is "The Tall Target"





WHO'S

HERE

They're giving Hollywood a new look—and

yesterday's favorites an exciting

run for their money—these bright young sta

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



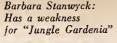
WHEN Tyrone Power appeared unexpectedly in the Universal-International cafe, I said to the Very Important Producer with whom I was lunching, "What's Ty doing here? Is he going to make a picture?"

"What do we need Ty for," the producer asked bluntly, "when we have Tony Curtis!" Whereupon I realized, forcibly and suddenly, that something new has been added in Hollywood. The old order is changing, yielding place to youth. The long-established middle-aged stars are gasping for their lives on the movie ropes, wondering what hit them, while a new generation is climbing into the ring—quietly but also confidently, very confidently, in fact.

(Continued on page 94)



Farley Granger: Has many enthusiasms





ARE YOU

Don't decide until you've pi

There was much conversation at a luncheon recently over Betty Hutton's five-day engagement to producer Norman Krasna complete with newspaper pictures, diamonds like fireworks, and varied public demonstrations of affection.

"These movie stars!" sighed a pleasingly plump, fiftyish woman. "They're so sophisticated!"

A better description of such didoes, of course, would be provincial or childish. To be sophisticated is to have ideas and tastes that have changed as a result of education, worldly experience or both. Sophistication, in its early stages, sometimes produces artificiality. This happens when persons who are just beginning to find their way around feel insecure and so pretend to be other than they are. But, with the acquisition of true sophistication, such pretense and artificiality disappear. For those who are truly sophisticated are at home in the world, wise for themselves and equal, with graciousness, to all occasions.

Are you sophisticated? On your way to being sophisticated?

Test yourself with this Hollywood star quiz. When you think a star's behavior, as reported, is sophisticated, indicate with a "yes," when you think it unsophisticated indicate with a "no."

All right! On your mark—get set—go!

1. Soon after her marriage Janet Leigh ordered an exquisite white chiffon party dress, quite decollete, with a full skirt, under which she wore a crinoline petticoat. She wore this dress for the first time to a dinner party which preceded a big premi-

ere. During cocktails another guest spilled a Martini on her skirt. "No harm done." said Janet, giving her skirt a quick whisk to shake off the excess liquid. And, for the rest of the evening, she proceeded to enjoy herself exactly as if nothing had happened, although that part of her skirt where the Martini had landed remained limp and bedraggled.

2. Elizabeth Taylor cannot cook even a simple breakfast.



Ruth Roman: Experiments with wo

3. Lucille Ball changes her stockings three or four times a day. Moreover, she insists upon washing her stockings herself.

4. Loretta Young will ask you to explain any statement which she does not understand.

5. A family feud began when Olivia de Havilland's husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, arrived at Joan Fontaine's Beverly Hills home—to which he had been invited for an informal Sunday supper—wearing a black homburg and striped trousers. (Other garments, too, of course!)

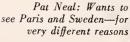
6. Ava Gardner calls the most casual acquaintances "Sweetie."

7. Patricia Neal hopes to see, of all places in the world, Paris, because of its reputation for wine, women and song. And Sweden, because of its individuality in war and peace.

8. Betty Grable gets the mopes, so she



Bing Crosby: His friends have to consider his cook



and it

James and Pamela Mason: Their guests don't have to like each other

SOPHISTICATED?

yourself to the test with this Hollywood star quiz

BY ELSA MAXWELL

says, when she is not hard at work. -

9. Everybody knows Van Johnson by his loud laugh.

10. Ruth Roman is determined to have a large vocabulary, often uses words when she is not certain of their meanings.

11. Reginald Gardiner says he has no favorite authors, musicians or playwrights, that his tastes depend upon his moods.

12. Tony Curtis, unable to remember names, carries a little black notebook. After he has met a new person he writes down the name, date, place and some distinguishing fact about that person. He does homework on his little black book also.

13. Mark Stevens has a quick sly wit. He directs it at his own foibles more often than he directs it at the foibles of others.

14. James and Pamela Mason invite to their home, groups of those in whom they are interested, temporarily or otherwise, with no thought as to whether or not these people will be interested in each other.

15. Esther Williams and Ben Gage never stay "put" when they go to a restaurant. They are forever on the go, greeting all of their friends and acquaintances.

16. Marlon Brando wears anything he chooses, also says and does whatever he pleases—at all times. ———

17. Joan Crawford is meticulous in

her discipline of her children, even disciplines them in front of guests for the least misbehavior.

18. Shelley Winters, if she feels like it, wears slacks to the elegant restaurant, Romanoff's.

19. Ann Blyth, disliking modern art, refuses to try to understand it, says if she understood it she might dislike it more.

20. Bob Hope, when working, chews gum constantly.

21. Jean Peters refuses to listen to any conversation which criticizes anyone who is not present.

22. At Bing Crosby's ranch at Elko, Nevada, those who do not get up when the morning gong sounds go without breakfast.

23. When Penny Singleton is not working she does all of her cooking and marketing.

24. Ray Milland prefers the Encyclopedia to any other reading.

25. Farley (Continued on page 84)



Marlon Brando: He does as he pleases

Gregory Peck: Avoids first person singular pronoun



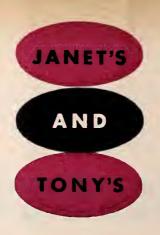
Doris Day: Doesn't like night clubs, cocktails or cigarettes Valeska

. Janet and Tony have a one-bedroom apartment in Westwood. Liz Taylor lives in same building





Breakfast is a quick cup of coffee when they both have early calls at their studios. Some day Janet hopes to have a maid



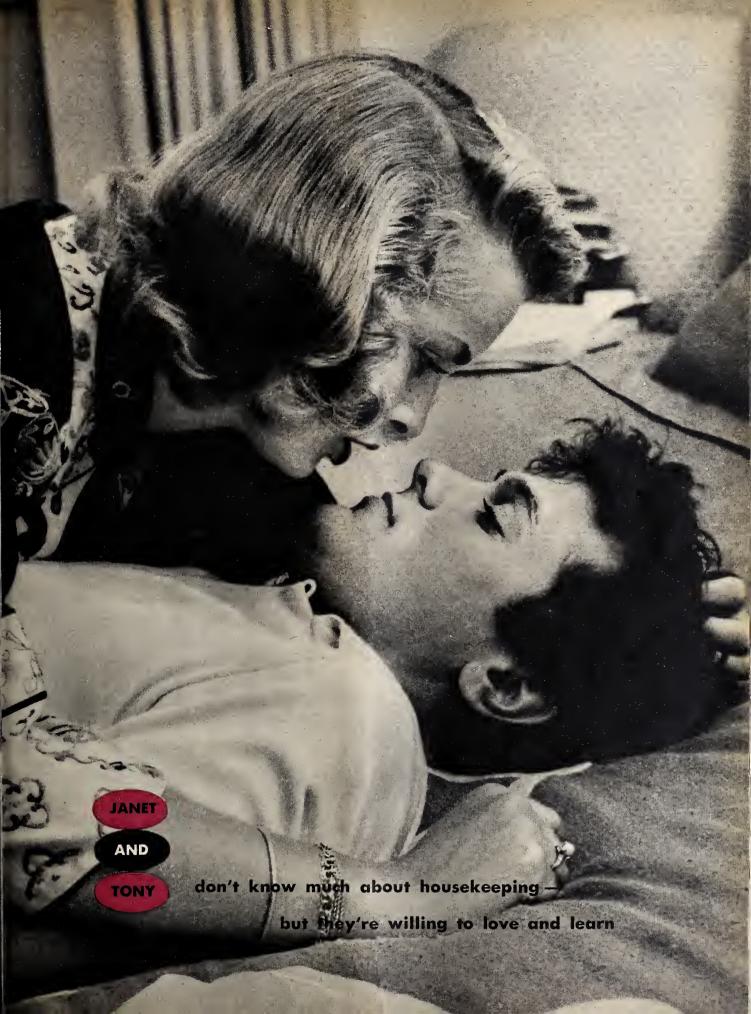
HOME, SWEET HOME

Bedroom furniture consists of a bed, special chest of drawers! Couple have been so busy with studio work they haven't had time to shop



MARRIAGE, so far, has been a mad scramble for Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Immediately they returned to Hollywood, Tony was rushed into production and Janet was sent out on a personal appearance tour. Nevertheless, they're having a wonderful time keeping house between picture chores. Soon they're going house hunting; may rent, may buy. But, in the meantime, their one-bedroom apartment is their idea of a Hollywood heaven!

All photographs by Ornitz





On rare evenings at home they look at television. Set is wedding gift from their good friend, Jerry Lewis.

Since Tony's father had a heart attack, Janet and Tony try to have dinner as often as possible with his mother

JANET'S AND TONY'S HOME, SWEET HOME

A day off gives Janet chance to play the lady of the house, bid Tony a leisurely goodbye! Other days they have to dash—Tony in his black Buick convertible

Janet in her blue Buick convertible







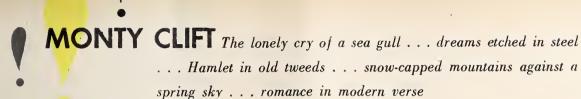


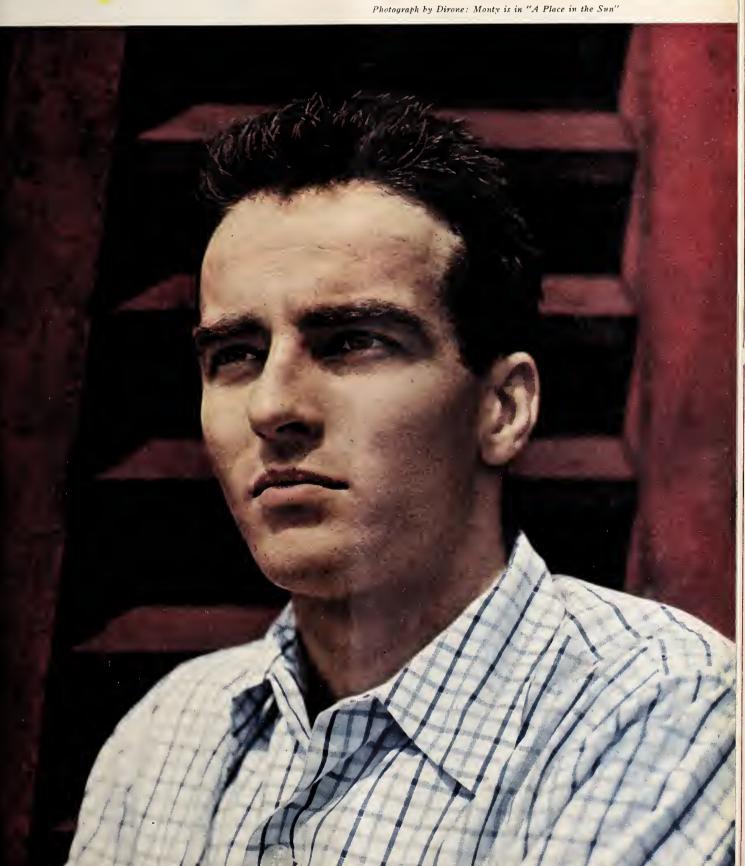
Janet wants to try her hand at cooking dinner for her family and Tony's but hasn't had a chance yet. So far, they take their parents to a near-by restaurant



Photograph by Engstead; Ava is in "Lone Star"

Aphrodite in a Paris gown . . . rubies on black velvet . . . beauty with a searching heart





They wanted a den but building costs whittled it down to this alcove off the living room. Marsh made pedestal table

Red quarry tiles, natural pine cabinets in kitchen are easy to clean, Barbara discovered. Because of limited light, floor linoleum is in a gay yellow spatter print





A fireplace in their bedroom makes up for the lost den! Marsh made lamp table from their old bed. Room, in green, white, red, yellow, is panelled on three sides



• "When I think that when Barbara and I were married, we didn't even know what a lease was," Marshall Thompson shook his head, "I marvel at our complete ignorance." He speaks with the wisdom of one who has just built and moved into his own house.

Here's a young couple who knew what they wanted from the very start. And that's the way to do it. Make up your minds as to the type of house you want eventually, and from the day the minister speaks the binding words, aim towards that house. Let every piece of furniture you buy have a part in your envisioned final plan.

Marsh and Barbara love the warmth and friendliness of Early American furnishings, perhaps because they're friendly people. Every purchase they made for their apartment was of cherry wood in Early American style, and they bought a piece at a time. "We'd rather do without," Marsh said, "than buy (Continued on page 74)

bought and

The Thompson living room—a warm and friendly place.
The furniture, mostly from their apartment,
was bought with this house in mind. Marsh
is in "The Tall Target" and "The Basketball Fix"

Photographs by de Gennaro

When the Marshall Thompsons enter their home, they're on familiar ground. For the home they built is the happy result of everything they dreamed





"Look at the forehead— all I.Q." Geary said, "And those shoulders aloud.



strictly UCLA." The

nurse couldn't hear a word, but she smiled. She knew that

Geary was talking the language of all new fathers



HE elevator door opened. Geary Steffen, waiting with other fathers in the maternity wing of the Queen of Angels hospital, turned expectantly.



For the thirty odd minutes we had been there, that automatic elevator had really been in business, bringing down doctors with outstretched hands and hearty, "Congratulations; you're the father of a fine nine-pound boy . . . or a seven-pound girl."

In the waiting room there was the hum of many conversations broken by the flipping of magazine

pages and periodic rings of the telephone to announce that Mrs. So-and-so had just been taken into the delivery room.

Thirty minutes ago the call had been for Geary. Dr. Bill Caldwell, calm and assured as always, had said, "We're taking Jane into delivery now . . ."

Thirty-two minutes ago . . . thirty-five minutes ago . . .

Again the elevator door opened and again Geary, talking to Jane's mother and

father, jerked his neck abruptly around. I wondered if at this moment he didn't find himself half wishing he and Janie had taken the counsel of

relatives who had advised as relatives so often do: "Wait awhile. You're only young once. Have your fun first . . ." Jane, however, had reasoned differently. "We should start now, while we're young," she had insisted definitely, "If we're going to have four . . ."



Four! Now this was a shuddering thought . . . Three more hours like this last one, listening for the door of that elevator. Geary looked around at the other men sweating it out with him, slumped in the deep, brown, corduroy-covered easy chairs built for comfort . . . and for time . . .

One bearded, worn-faced young man had been there twenty-two hours already. Next to him sat a young mechanic who'd borrowed a car from the used-car lot to make a wild dash for the hospital and had come away with no license plate. He kept worrying aloud that he'd be stopped by the cops when he went home.

That morning, at 5:30 A.M.—it seemed years ago now—Janie had awakened Geary with, "I'm getting a little

backache." Fifteen minutes later she had had another "little one." But from all they'd read and been told, they'd have a good (Continued on page 97)



BY MAXINE ARNOLD







Denise Darcel of M-G-M's "Westward the Women" models fashion's smartest whim—three little furs for that extra touch of glamour.

- Intriguingly different is the brief little jacket, left, which easily could pass for Persian lamb but really is poodle cloth. With flare back, short cuffed sleeves, it comes in black, gray, brown, beige and white. \$29.50 by Winter Furs at Stern's, New York, N. Y.
- Upper right, the popular stole becomes an elegant cloak for evening. In seal-dyed rabbit, with taffeta lining, seventy-two inches long, eighteen inches wide, in black, navy, brown, gray, green. Around \$39.95 plus tax by Symphony, at Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill., H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, O. Little face veil by Heineman
- Enchanting touch for suits and simple dresses is the little choker of mink tails on velvet ribbon, lower right. Make it sparkle with Kramer's chunky rhinestone pin or simply add 1 flower. \$12.50, including tax, at Furbelow, 15 West 47 Street, New York, N. Y.



TOPS IN

PHOTOPLAY PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Exciting news for the girl who likes to sew is this versatile three-piece pattern consisting of a one-piece jumper dress, two blouses. Edith Head designed them for **Rhonda Fleming** to wear in "Hong Kong," a Pine-Thomas-Paramount production. Without the blouses, the jumper is a smart sleeveless dress. For accent, add a good-looking pin. For one blouse, Edith chose a striped jersey. This has turtle neck, dolman push-up sleeves. Equally engaging is the gay print blouse, which has flattering scoop neckline, also features the push-up sleeve.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 71







Photoplay Patterns Box 229, Madison Square Station New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Rhonda Fleming "Hong Kong" pattern #4 in size 10 - 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20.

Name	 	Size
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City	State	
	or special ha	

YOUR WARDROBE





Photographs by Engstead

- Charm your escort and add zest to your party skirts with the blouses modelled by Mona Freeman, dainty star of Paramount's "Darling, How Could You?" Perfect for formal or informal evenings, the black wool jersey blouse, left, creates fashion excitement with its fur-trimmed cuffs, charming portrait neckline. \$10.95, in white or black jersey with black fur trim, sizes 10-16
- Youthful and figure-flattering is form-fitting ribbed wool jersey blouse, right. Intriguing neckline is caught at the shoulders with sparkling rhinestone link buttons. \$9.95, in white or black, sizes 10-16. With these blouses we teamed a black velveteen skirt with cluster pleating that swirls gracefully when you're in a dancing mood. Only \$17.95, 10-16. Skirt and blouses available at all Plymouth Shops in New York or may be ordered direct from Plymouth Shops, 352 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Jewelry on both pages by Ciner

(Continued from page 39) For when we explained we thought it was high time the Hollywood men got into the pin-up actthat this once we would feature men pinups instead of girls, as usual-well, the girls, quick as lightning, added Mr. Lancaster up into a lead that practically means a landslide.

Kirk Douglas, coming in second but definitely trailing Burt's vote, really opened up his career when he tossed off his shirt. And Alan Ladd, our third winner, has always permitted the public to peer at that

exciting physique of his.

Yet you get another dark-or should I say clothed—horse in fourth place; that handsome smoothie, William Holden. Bill, who started his career showing his chest in "Golden Boy," now rarely appears in anything less than a tailored suit. Then comes Tony Curtis. At this point

let me explain there actually were nineteen Hollywood girls on our jury-not

only the nine who are listed.

The other ten dolls—equally famous—asked to be anonymous. They're married—and didn't want their husbands to know what they are thinking. Six of the ten were thinking about Tony. Their consensus concerning Tony, who really threw out his handsome chest unadorned in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," coincides with Eleanor Parker's opinion. Remarks the lovely Eleanor, picking Kirk Douglas first, Burt Lancaster second and Tony third, "I married an athlete, so naturally I like all athletic types when I see them. Both Kirk and Burt look like professional athletes, smooth and knowing, but Tony packs a special wallop because he's still so young."

Next comes Jeff Chandler, Joan Craw-ford's first choice, incidentally, with Kirk Douglas second and Burt third. The always articulate Joan says that Jeff is purely male, without resorting to any of those muscle "bar-bell distortions" that ordinary "body beautiful" boys feature.

Of Kirk she murmurs, "Kirk's got it. He knows it. And he knows you know it-but what interests me about Burt is that he doesn't seem to know how perfectly proportioned he is, although I'm sure he does. I'll bet anything this casual attitude of his to his own locks is a matter of his being such a good actor, but because of that very fact that he never shows off, he gets added appeal."

S YOU can gather from these girlish gar-A lands, Lancaster didn't always lead with each individual star. He didn't so much as score with either Marilyn Monroe or Corinne Calvet. But with these exceptions, he did place on every list, way out in front with such diverse personalities as Barbara Stanwyck, Mitzi Gaynor and Ruth Roman, for diverse reasons.

Impudent Mitzi said, "I don't know the man. I've never even been in a room with him, but to me he's just rugged masculine grandeur, that's all. That height! Those no-hips. And he can act, too. It's really too much." Then she sighed. "My next choice is William Holden because of that body plus his casual refinement. My third choice is Kirk Douglas because there's menace in his frame.

Barbara Stanwyck thought carefully on the subject. "Burt Lancaster first, then Robert Mitchum and Robert Stack," she Bobs, because he is a true professional athlete. When I played in "Sorry, Wrong Number" with him, I wasn't conscious of his physique, probably because he is such a good actor that my attention was completely riveted upon our scenes together. But when I saw him in a charity circus. high on a trapeze, and watched his ease and surety in those dangerous stunts, I felt tre-mendous admiration." Barbara gives her other two votes to Robert Mitchum and Bob Stack for similar reasons. Mitchum used to be a boxer. Stanny grinned as she said, "Even if Mitchum is wrapped in an old raincoat, as he was in a picture I saw recently, you are aware of his body. I suppose that must be because he's aware of it, though I don't know that personally. But along with that arrogance of movement of his, I like the way he walks." for Bob Stack, who was one of Bob Taylor's pals, and who is still a good friend of Barbara's, she admires his coordination, particularly at tennis and skeetshooting, as well as his blonde handsomeness.

Marie Wilson phrases it somewhat dif-ferently. "Victor Mature," she sighs. "What sigh bait! Then Burt Lancaster he's like a double Martini. And then Kirk Douglas. He's just plain male wow!'

ANE RUSSELL and Corinne Calvet each showed her good sense in picking her own husband as the best-set-up gentleman in Hollywood.

Corinne said, "My Johnee Bromfield, he is exactly what all foreign girls dream of, a typical American he-man. Next to him I choose Alan Ladd. Alan is not tall but he is beautifully proportioned. Third, I pick Cornel Wilde. When he moves, he seems to ripple all over and it is quite wonderful."

"The best-built man in Hollywood is Bob Waterfield," says Mrs. Bob Water-field, otherwise Jane Russell. "Since he's now about to make his first picture, I put him in the star list. I choose Burt Lancas-ter next to Bob and Bob Stack after him. I like the way a professional athlete looks, the way he moves, the relaxation he has

and the coordination."

Interestingly enough, when our all-male jury chose the best feminine legs a couple of months ago, with Betty Grable as win-ner and Jane Russell, Janet Leigh, Ava Gardner, Esther Williams and Marilyn Monroe as also having excellent underpinnings, these men, too, emphasized this professional element in physical beauty. They liked the girls whose legs were slimmed by dancing or swimming—so perhaps it isn't surprising that the girls see the boys similarly. Note to would-be wolves: to the bar bells, boys, if you want to capture the beach belles.

Marilyn Monroe picked Marlon Brando

twice as her own favorite male to glance upon and followed with another jolt—Richard Widmark. "Whatever made you conscious of Dick's physique?" we queried. "He's sheer male magnetism," said Marilyn firmly.

Photoplay's "silent" vote was all from girl stars who are married and, in two cases only, to other stars. The non-professional gentlemen of Hollywood in this position are naturally sensitive and their happy brides were out to protect their

Also, these girls seemed to feel a little guilt about not naming their husbands first (non-professional husbands are rarely up to the physical standards of male stars). Also they didn't want their hus-bands to realize they ever did gaze with admiration on other men. One cutie, who has just had her first baby, phrased it, "Who wants to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight? The sight of Burt Lancaster under the same circumstance would do more to me. Tony Curtis really sends me, because that grin of his, above that V-shaped torso, is really frantic and as for William Holden in a dinner jacket, I just drool."

THERE was almost a feeling of guilt in admiring Jeff Chandler on the part of these married ladies. One very little star confessed, "I just stand and gaze up at him, as I would at the Empire State Building—but my husband isn't so tall, so I don't dare admit this."

Another star, who is very athletic, made a different type of confession. "I always think of Jeff in action, even when I see him, as I have often, merely dining with Annie Sheridan."

But Ruth Roman, a direct and forceful girl, and very recently married, wasn't afraid to express what she felt. "This is afraid to express what she felt. "This is living beauty," she said, "and who's afraid of it? I pick Burt Lancaster for symmetry first, Steve Cochran for strength second and William Holden for smoothness third. Now if ever the man is discovered who combines all these qualities. . . ."

So, we give you the Hollywood girls' choice of male pin-ups: 1. Burt Lancaster; 2. Kirk Douglas; 3. Alan Ladd; 4. William Holden; 5. Tony Curtis; 6. Jeff Chandler; with Marlon Brando and Bob Stack for

runnerş-up.

Eleanor Parker will next appear in "De-Eleanor Parker will next appear in "Detective Story"; Corinne Calvet in "Thunder in the East"; Ruth Roman in "Tomorrow Is Another Day"; Marie Wilson in "A Girl in Every Port"; Marilyn Monroe in "The Love Nest"; Barbara Stanwyck in "The Man with a Cloak"; Joan Crawford in "That Woman Is Dangerous"; Mitzi Gaynor in "Friendly Island" and Jane Russell in "It's Only Money"

"It's Only Money."

Burt Lancaster's next is "Ten Tall Men,"
Kirk Douglas is in "Detective Story," Alan
Ladd appears in Hal Wallis's "Red Mountain," Bill Holden's next is "Submarine
Command," Tony Curtis is in "Son of Ali
Baba" and Jeff Chandler in "Flame of
Araby."

THE END

YOU'RE OF VOTING AGE FOR PHOTOPLAY'S COLOR POLL!

So check your candidates below and give your favorites a chance to lead in our color pages

.____AND ____ Your favorite actor Your favorite actress Your favorite pin-up girl Mail to: Readers' Poll Editor, c/o Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

My name

My age

Wherever you live you can buy photoplay fashions

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

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Furbelow mink choker 15 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

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Even the best of friends find a bitter pill is hard to swallow

IF YOU

Give your face a lift!

You'd never suspect it from all the sourfaces you see around, but it's actually easier to be pleasant-and therefore charming—than to be an

old grouch.

After all—be realistic—it takes forty-seven facial muscles to cook up a frown. And what do you get for all that work? Wrinkles. With only thirteen muscles you can flash a bright smile . . . a charm

indispensable.

What gives then, I wonder, with the weepers and the wailers who can't meet you on the street without trapping you with a long saga about how abused and unappreciated they are, who apparently can't put a sentence together without at least one, "I never get the breaks" or, "I guess I'm just jinxed."

We all know people like that. I just spent the weekend with

one. Whew!!

Their best friends should tell them that self-pity is a most insidious little charm that it alienates one's friends, ravages one's appearance, and Heaven only knows what it does to the lining of one's stomach.

The lining of my stomach was raw after three days with my bitter friend. She was my house guest-and by noon on Friday I was counting the hours before Sunday night, and es-

cape!

I suggested a swim; she wanted to tell me about her divorce. I maneuvered her out of a chair after three hours of that and took her out to the

Meeting a date? Too tired to go? Ten minutes like this and your glamour will show!

WANT TO BE CHARMING

play yard to romp with the children. I figured my twins could cheer anybody up. But all children, it turned out, made her nervous.

After dinner, I suggested running a picture in the little theatre—but we never got around to it. She started telling me about the big partshe missed out on because the producer had it in for her. And she never came to a period.

"Honey," I felt like saying, "I know you're having a rotten time, but it's your own fault. I don't even feel sorry for you. You feel too allfired sorry for yourself."

All of us have our miserable days, of course. But those are the days, I think, when we should be hypocrites, when we should put on a bright face and tell the little white lie that will keep our friends sticking by when we need them.

The best-intentioned people in the world will start ducking into doorways when you approach if you insist upon being the down-beat kid.

Misery may love company; but unfortunately it doesn't get it.

Are you an artificial flower?

After my lost weekend with Miss Sorry-for-Herself I felt like having some laughs, so I made an appointment for a shampoo at my favorite beauty shop.

My hair-dresser copes with more <u>real</u> problems in a day than my self-pitying friend does in a year, but you'd never know it from her.

She (Continued on page 82)



Bought and Planned For

(Continued from page 60) something just because it cost less.

Every young couple has that big decision to make—whether to spread their money thin and buy complete furnishings of doubtful quality, or whether to invest in a few pieces of really good furniture, that will last a lifetime, adding to it whenever possible. Marsh and Barbara favor the second plan.

Marsh's and Barbara's plan materialized faster than those of most young couples. but, built now or later, the Thompsons' house would be the same, utterly charming, in modified Early American style with loads of used bricks and a shake roof. The motor court in front leads to an attached garage, so the rear yard can be all garden.

They know every inch of it well, for after they worked out the house to fit the site, Marsh and Barbara spent all avail-

able time on the premises.

Marsh also had a hand in constructing some of their furniture. With just the usual handy tools that go with every house, he made a simple, hanging, what-not shelf which they use in the living room. For the other pieces, he borrowed the tools and knowledge of a neighbor.

THE living room's to the right of the entrance hall, situated where it doesn't get daily traffic, with large windows on the rear wall that look into the garden, balanced by a massive used-brick fireplace

on the opposite wall.

Although Barbara and Marsh had furniture from the apartment, Barbara didn't know where to start on the color scheme. The chintz loveseat wore a Provincial print, mostly dark green with tiny red and blue flowers. Blue flowers blossomed all over the heavy red cotton crash wing chair, and she needed a color to tie all of these together. Then she found the rug, a beautiful silvery blue wool, deep-piled and heavy. She repeated the blue on the painted walls, but chose white for the ceiling, between the beams.

She put white at the windows also, in the Indian Head dutch curtains and, for contrast, used a brown piping trim and brown chintz valance. The brown is used, too, in an antique satin lounge chair, repeated in the brown glazed chintz, with pink, yellow and green pattern, which covers the wing chair in the alcove. The bright red, textured cotton sofa is eye

catching, and cheerful.

From the apartment came the pedestal table and the hanging shelf which Marsh had made, the desk and the large cherrywood hutch. Marsh and Barbara added to these several cherry-wood end tables and a cobblers' bench for the sofa. At Christmastime, Marsh's mother gave them a gay little lamp, a cocky white rooster standing on a red pedestal. It was so perfect for their room, that Marsh bought the matching lamp, a demure little white hen.

The fireplace, though, sets the tone of the living room. It's completely inviting with its raised hearth, the used brick nice against the knotty cedar wall. It's the kind of fireplace that demands a group of people with popcorn and nuts on the hearth and easy conversation flowing

around.

Blue is a cold color and usually a blue room doesn't have this friendly quality. However, most of the windows in the Thompsons' living room face south and west, letting in floods of sun all day, therefore the blue is needed to tone it down. Yellow, coral or any of the warm tones would be too much. By contrast, the blue brings out the richness of the cherrywood furniture and the knotty cedar

panelling. The bright reds, the rich browns and the deep green are set off by the blue, too, so their colors gain intensity and seem more exciting.

If most of the windows faced north, the color scheme would have to be changed. Always consider the amount of sun that comes into your rooms before you choose your colors. Put warm background colors in a room that gets little sun, and cool back-

ground colors where the sun floods in. One of the dreams of the young Thompsons concerned a den. They tried every way to work one into their plans, but had to compromise with a small, panelled alcove at one end of the living room. Cupboards and shelves cover two of the walls, a permanent window looks into the garden,

★ "Women look at a secret two ways either it is not worth keeping-or it's too good to be kept!"

. . . . ALAN LADD

and the rest is open. There's room for one chair and a table, so Barbara placed her chintz-covered wing chair here, and beside it, Marsh's pedestal table.

The entrance hall ties in beautifully with the living room, for the front wall uses knotty cedar. Barbara chose an exquisite Provincial print paper, white on soft blue.

With white stair-rail and white woodwork,

it's crisp and charming.

"The dining room's a little disappointing," said Marsh, "for it didn't come up to our expectations, perhaps because we let ourselves be talked out of our own ideas."

"And we can't do anything about it for awhile," chimed in Barbara.

Perhaps the reason they don't warm up to it is because of the wall treatment, which gives the room almost a contemporary feeling. A wainscot of knotty cedar, installed horizontally, travels around the wall but instead of the rich natural finish used in the other rooms, they toned it down with white paint. When white paint is applied to panelling, then rubbed off with a rag, enough stays in the grain of the wood to lighten it and bring out the grain at the same time. It's a wonderful finish, especially when waxed.

Above this wainscot, the wall is painted cocoa brown, and the combination while handsome is more modern than Early American. As soon as a decent interval has elapsed, Barbara vows she's going to put wallpaper on the walls above the wainscot and she's going to use the same blue Provincial paper as that in the hall.

For the floor, Barbara used more of the beautiful, thick blue carpet that's in the living room, and at present she has cotton cottage curtains of a floral print, with blue predominating, hanging at the windows. The Thompsons brought their cherry-wood Lazy Susan table and chairs from the apartment, but to their dismay, the table proved much too small for the area, and there was no way of extending it. Just when they were tearing their hair, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen came up with a suggestion. They had just bought their new house, and the dining table was for sale. Early American style, it was of cherry wood, and perfect for the Thompsons. Marsh and Geary brought it home. The Lazy Susan table takes over at buffet parties.

For most young couples a kitchen is important. Not only does the wife spend a lot of time working there, but guests naturally gravitate to this center of activity, all of which add up to why a kitchen should be as attractive as the rest of the house. The Thompsons' kitchen certainly qualifies.

They put deep blue quarry tile on all surfaces that get much wear because it's easy to keep clean and is practically indestructible. Natural finish pine cabinets go beautifully with it, are in keeping with the character of the house, and besides, they won't show fingerprints easily. These were all aspects that had to be pointed out to Barbara. She didn't know! Since the kitchen doesn't get much light, they brightened it with gay, yellow spatter print lineleum on the floor, and unbleached muslin curtains at the windows,

Dutch style, edged with deep green ruffles. On the opposite wall there's space for wallpaper, and Barbara chose a chicken pattern, the white chicken strutting around

on a dark green background.

If you're saving ideas for that someday when you can build your own house, jot this one down. Instead of having a separate service porch, Marsh put the washing equipment in deep cupboards along one wall, and an adjacent cupboard contains cleaning equipment. A counter with cupboards above, at right angles to the wall, juts into the kitchen and separates the laundry area from the rest of the room. This treatment makes both areas seem larger and easier to work in because there's no solid wall between them.

Even though Marsh and Barbara had to forego their desired den, they incorporated a fireplace into their bedroom, and that almost makes up for the other. It's directly above the living-room fireplace, so that use of the same chimney cut construction costs a little. Knotty cedar panelling covers this wall, and the two features together make it almost a bed-sitting room. Tiny yellow roses bloom on the white wallpaper, white nylon ruffled curtains soften the windows, and the multicord spread, with its quilted top, repeats the yellow, as does the antique satin chair edged with a green chintz ruffle.

The poster bed's really a beauty, the four cherry-wood posts slim and tapering.
Barbara pointed out two more tables

which Marsh had made. One's the cherry-wood lamp table, Early American style, which stands beside the bed. The other is quite low, of simple lines, and both Thompsons chuckle when they look at it.

"I made that of wood from our old bed," Marsh explained. "One night I sat on the edge and wham . . . down it came! We slept on mattress and springs for a while after that." It may not have made a good bed,

but it makes a fine table.

The hall that leads to the bathroom doubles as a dressing room, its length lined with wardrobes and cupboards engineered to accommodate Marsh's and Barbara's clothing.

Everything's young, the colors, the informality, the freshness of the decoration, and you can tell it's been plain fun for Marsh and Barbara. Marsh put in a lot of time around the place, building brick paths, edging flower beds with bricks, and the next project is a barbecue on the covered porch just outside the living room.

Recently the golf course behind their house was subdivided, with twenty young trees slated to go down before the bull-dozer. Marsh took his choice of the group, pressed Roddy MacDowall into service and the two of them vaulted the fence and spent the day digging up trees and re-planting them in the Thompsons' back yard. Of such things is a house truly built.

THE END

Hollywood's First Family

(Continued from page 48) a dope, like thousands of women the world over, whose knowing love builds a haven of warmth for husband and children.

Dick calls her a naive sophisticate. Naive she's always been. Sophistication flowered with emotional security. At a party she used to hang on to his hand till it broke, terrified lest he cast her adrift with someone she might have to talk to. Now you can't shut her up. Leave her alone in a roomful of people, and pretty soon they're clustered around June. Recalling his shy violet of yesteryear, this hands Dick a

So do her innocent guiles, which she exploits for all they're worth. Dick sees right through them and finds them enchanting. "What a man hates worst is not to be boss in his own home. Believe me, I'm not. But she makes me think I am."

Ask June whether Dick wears the pants, and she turns on you a look of pity and wonder, murmuring gently, "Does any man?"

THE issue involved may be minor, like salad. Dick detests salad before the meat course. "But Richard, you say it's good for me, you want me to eat it. If we don't have it first, I can't eat it at all." So they have it first. He abominates Chinese food. She dotes on it. Every week they show up at the Beachcombers for Chinese food. "If you'd order something decent at least. All you eat is gook."

"Wil you take me tomorrow night?"
"No, I have a meeting."

Before the meeting, you'll find them at the Beachcombers, June deep in gook.

They sometimes vacation at Alisal Ranch, American plan. The menu offers four entrees. June ignores all four and smiles at the waiter. "Could I have steak, please?" He tumbles over his feet to promote steak, disrupting the kitchen. Dick contemplates her with mixed feelings. "You're the only girl I know who'd have nerve enough to ask for strawberries at the North Pole. And probably get 'em."

She pats his hand. "Never mind, sweet-

heart, you can have some of mine.

Her methods seem simple, but they're seeted in delicacy. She doesn't say, "You rooted in delicacy. She doesn't say, "You fix the gin-and-tonics, Richard." She says, "Richard, you fix better gin-and-tonics than I do—" This sounds more charming and saves her just as much work. Spinning her web, she maneuvered the adoption of

Not that Dick was opposed to adoption in principle. On the contrary. He didn't have to prove that he loved children. That was demonstrated long since. On the other hand, in the early days of their marriage, responsibility seemed to frighten June. She'd been used to looking only after herself, and shied from household problems like a startled yearling. Yet the doctor's opinion that she might never be able to bear children laid her low. "Let's adopt one then," she pleaded with her husband. "I want children more than anything ex-

cept you."
"Are you sure, June? Are you sure it's not the romantic thing of seeing yourself with a baby in your arms? That's a pretty picture, but it's not the whole of mother-hood, you know."

Of course she was sure, but how could she reassure him? By not pressing too hard, but only hard enough and at the right moment. By letting him see her with other people's children. By asking about his own experiences as a father, and whis-pering, "Oh, Richard, you know so much. If I handled them wrong, you'd always be there to help me." If he smiled over that little tactic, it didn't matter. He knew she

meant it. In the end, you can tell the genuine from the sham. In the end, they adopted Pamela.

She's past three now, and Dick never ceases to marvel at his wife as a mother. Her patience, her intuitive wisdom, her ability to love without spoiling. "Don't let's ever disagree in front of Pammy, Richard. If I discipline her, and you think I'm wrong, tell me about it later. Else she'll play one against the other."
"Where did you dredge up that pearl?"

"From an oyster who read Gesell. Seriously, though, I've seen too many brats

He doesn't interfere, unless appealed to.
"I don't think Pammy ought to play with that water, Richard. She's just over a cold."

"Darling, you're seven feet away from her and you're her mother. Want me to play the heavy?" Then he relents. "Pam, believe if you'd be a little nicer and say, 'Mommy, may I just have a cupful?' she might say yes."

Her fear of overindulgence led to their first disagreement on the subject of Pam. At eighteen months, June tried to teach her not to touch things on tables. Dick thought she was too young. "Let her do as she likes."

Next day the house was a shambles. "I let her do as she liked," announced June meekly.

Dick surveyed the scene. "Sure you didn't lend her a hand?"

This restored good cheer, and a compromise was effected.

WHETHER for good or ill, June never breaks a promise to Pamela. If she says, "We'll go to the beach," they go to the beach, though it's pouring. Seeing the dreariness for herself, Pam's satisfied to turn back. June doesn't scold or nag. She hates the squawk of voices lifted in anger, especially to a child. But she believes in spanking, when indicated. One day she kissed a visiting baby. Later Pam climbed into her lap, and dug her fingers into June's cheek till it hurt. Realizing that her daughter was probably jealous, June and did her but Para dug are in the later than the state of the later than the state of the later than the later cuddled her but Pam dug again.

"Pammy, I don't like to punish you, but if you do that once more, I'll have to spank

to her room. "Don't spank me, Mommy—" 'You know I always keep my word. "Then don't spank me hard."

"I'll spank you the way I think you should be spanked," and she really paddled the fanny. "Now you stay here for a while, and when you're sure you're going to be a nice girl, come to Mommy's room and make up.

It seemed a long time before the feet pattered down the hall, and the head was stuck in. "Mommy, I'm good now, isn't I?"
Given plenty of love but not allowed to

run wild, Pam shows the results-a friendly merry youngster—a joy instead of a pain in the neck to all who know her. And she's not jealous of Ricky. But that's a story in itself.

From start to finish, the advent of Ricky was a miracle. They were planning to adopt another child when June found she was pregnant and entered a world of pure bliss, crowned by the baby's birth. "I was in labor for eighteen hours," she crows,

"and loved every minute of it—"
"Only an Allyson," says Dick, "could make that statement. I prowled with the usual headache. She came out waving to everyone. 'I just had a boy—'
"And won five dollars—"

She'd bet Dick five to one it would be a boy and, fully conscious, waited for the Grace Walker shoe beauty on a budget ALEXA

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doctor's announcement. "Holy mackerel!" she heard him exclaim. "He looks just like Dick."

"Holy mackerel!" she heard herself echo.

"How lucky can you get!"

Actually, she thinks God was looking out for them. Like Pam, Ricky was an incubator baby, kept at the hospital a week after June came home. All that week Pam had her mother to herself. Nobody took Mommy away from her. Daddy brought the baby in, just as he'd brought Pamela in three years earlier.

This formed a bond, but it was by no means the first. For months they'd been telling her about the coming baby. "It may be a sister or a brother, we're not sure. But we're getting it for you, Pammy. We love you so much that we don't want you to be lonesome." By the time Ricky came, the idea that he belonged to her had been well planted. Dick fostered it with a wise ruling. Anyone who wanted to see the baby was to talk to Pam first and ask, "May I see your little brother?" For the most part, permission is freely granted. To one visitor she said gravely: "Better wait a while. Right now he's crying his brain out because he isn't as pretty as I am.

When one child's adopted and the other isn't, a special problem arises. If God arranged certain matters, as June likes to believe, she and Dick didn't leave the whole job to Him. As soon as Pam was old enough to understand stories, they began with the story of her adoption. How they wanted a baby so badly. How they looked and looked for so long. How they walked into this big building with hundreds of babies till they finally came to the tiniest bassinet where the tiniest baby lay, and she was so wonderful that out of all the children in the world Mommy and Daddy picked her, and what do you think her name was? Pamela.

The story's grown dear and familiar. "Tell me about the baby you found whose name was Pamela." If some kid ever says, "You're adopted," it won't bother Pam. To her, adoption—even though she can't pro-nounce it—means love. "I'm adopinated," she'll tell you. "Ricky isn't. But Mommy and Daddy love him the same as me."

FTEN, when children enter the life of a deeply maternal woman, friend husband takes a back seat, to the detriment of all concerned. Both Powells adore their kids. But Dick knows that with June he'll never play second fiddle. Which forms another cornerstone of their solid marriage.

As a matter of fact, she's lost without him. Give June her choice, and he'd never leave her side. Under contract to M-G-M, she has nothing to do between pictures but wait for the next. Dick has plenty to do. As a free lance, he must wade through oceans of drivel, hoping at last to turn up a suitable script. Besides, he has other business irons in the fire, and an office where he toils from ten to six. All this is clear to his wife, who likes to ignore it. "Can't you stay home today?

"Look, my sweet and lovely, lazy wonderful girl, you've got just one fault. Why don't you find yourself a hobby?

"You're my hobby. Also I play tennis and golf. But will you play with me-? "No. Not till you take lessons and learn

to play well enough."

'Let's change the subject. What time

will you be home?"

If he's later than she expects, she won't whistle. Home means gaiety to Dick. The minute he steps inside, he whistles. June whistles back. When silence answers his call, he goes hunting and finds her curled in a reproachful heap. "You're no fun," says he. "I'm leaving." Before he reaches the door, she's round his neck and swallowed in his arms.

Their companionship rests on something more basic than golf. They have humor and understanding. June regards Dick as the world's funniest man. She's no slouch herself. So long as they can make with the verbal parry-and-thrust, life will never be dull. But ribbing stops short of the sore point and neither needs to be told when that point has been reached.

Dick ribs June about her housekeeping. "You and your beautiful typewritten lists: 'Here's what I'd like to have done-' But do you ever check up to see if it gets done. Good thing we've got some wonderful people with us who know what we like.

"Who tells them what we like in the first place?

"I do--"

"Who tells the laundress how to launder and where to put the things. I do. Who tells Ora about the time for dinner? I do. And who changes it? You do. You say, 'Listen, sweetheart, let's have a good early dinner—' Then you come home and say, 'Why so early?' because you've got to phone for ninety-nine hours and ruin the roast. Who lays out your clothes—?"
"You do. Once every seven months be-

cause you want them out of the closet. Who fires people—?"

"You do. And for all we know, they may be starving in the gutter. How can you, Richard?"

"Because I've been fired a thousand times and learned the technique. Am I starving in the gutter?"

"You certainly don't look it. Besides, I

did fire one person."
"Why?"

"Because you bet me 150 to one I wouldn't, and I'm a girl who likes a dollar.'

"What was your technique, by the way?" "I said, 'I'd love to keep you but Richard Powell thinks we'd better part.'" She skips hastily on. "Who worries about you? I do. Who asked you 700 times last night to put on your coat?"

You did. And who finally put it on?" "I did. Because I was cold and you weren't. But I do worry about you, Richard. You're so luscious, I want you around for a long time."

'Let's not get confused. Let's stick to the

point. Housekeeping-

"Confusion's nicer. It keeps us young and healthy. Let's stay confused." Except that she likes a dollar, June wil!



June donned teeth braces to masquerade as child prodigy in first picture since Ricky's birth, "Too Young to Kiss"

have nothing to do with business. That's Dick's province. He pays more attention to her career than his own. She offers a single monotonous contribution. "Please let me play the girl in your next picture." "The Reformer and the Redhead" was okay with Dick, but he let her do "Right Cross" against his better judgment.

"It's no good for you, June."
"Oh, Richard, please. I learned so much from you last time. It won't hurt me to

learn a little more.'

He goes through her scripts first, and beats her over the head to read the good ones. "I'll read it in bed tonight—" She falls asleep. "I promise you I'll read it before lunch—" That afternoon she calls him. "The studio just phoned. What'll I tell them?

"Didn't you read the script?"

"I knew there was something I had to do, but I couldn't think what." She manages to sound penitent, impish and con-spiratorial all in one breath. "I've got to call back, Richard. What'll I tell them?"

T'S been rumored that June would like to give up her work. This is inaccurate. She'd like to work and stay home at the same time. Between pictures she spends most of her day with the children. When shooting starts and Pam says, "Don't go to the studio, Mommy," it slays her. Home again, she makes a beeline for the nursery. Ricky knows her footsteps, starts cooing like crazy, grabs his feet and rocks in sheer ecstasy. Though he's a happy, smil-ing baby, he'll put this performance on for no one but Ma. And she wouldn't trade ten Oscars for it.

"This is the thing," she explains earnestly—it's her usual introduction to earnest speech. "This is the thing. What kind of marriage is it if your husband and children don't come uppermost? But that's not to say I don't love my career. Only maybe not as much as some actresses. To love it that much, maybe you have to be a better

actress.

Maybe. The public, who continues to rate her among the top ten, seems to have no beef.

The Powells find their zest for living within themselves. You won't see them at night clubs and rarely at preems. Their idea of nothing is to get gussied up and be stared at. Because he likes comfortable clothes and not meeting important people, Dick sometimes threatens to retire. This is the bunk. To keep his mind alive, he's got to have a thousand things going. But their pleasures are quiet ones. They decided, for instance, that the children needed a bricked play yard to keep them off the wet grass. Instead of calling a man, they built it themselves, building memories with it. The day they dug and dug together, getting filthy dirty and laughing their fool heads off. The day Dick shoveled sand and sank the six-inch edge, with June flittering about as supervisor, looking for trouble. "Darling, don't the boards fit?" "Darling, I'm a frustrated carpenter. I'll make 'em fit—" The day June laid bricks

and Pam helped after her fashion and Ricky lay on his stomach, a sports specta-tor. The day it was finished, and how Pam walked straight past the sandpile to the dollhouse in the corner and knelt before it and lifted to them the face of a dreaming child in wonderland. Items like these don't hit the gossip columns. They merely enrich daily living for June and Dick Powell.

After Ricky's been kissed goodnight, after Pammy rides up to bed on her daddy's shoulders, they sit down to dinner. Dick tells June about his day. Not the business details, he gave that up long ago. But he's met some friends or something diverting's hap- (Continued on page 79)

Brief Reviews

(F) ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Disney RRO: All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magre animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.) Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magre animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.) the Carroll of the Carroll

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Wildroot is a soapless shampoo for deep scalp cleansing. to flood away loose dandruff . . . to cut grime and grease without drying up precious natural oils. Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo contains lanolin...leaves hair gleaming bright . . . springy but so manageable that curls and waves seem to fall into place.

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Soapless Sudsy...Lanolin Lovely!

P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

tion. With Debbie Reynolds, Marjorie Main. (Oct.) \(\times \time

laugh thi your sides split when stringbean len'y Lewis sets out to be a football star with the help of college hero Dean Martin. With Ruth Hussey, Marion Marshall. (Sept.)

(A) THUNDER ON THE HILL—U-I: A tense melodrama in which nun Claudette Colbert tries to prove Ann Blyth innocent of the murder charges against her. With Philip Friend, Robert Douglas, Anne Crawford. (Oct.)

(b) (A) TWO OF A KIND—Columbia: Routine melodrama in which Liz Scott and Alexander Knox conspire to have Edmond O'Brien pose as long-lost son of a millionaire in order to make some easy money. With Terry Moore. (Sept.)

(c) (F) WARPATH—Paramount: A rough and vigorous Western in which Edmond O'Brien enlists as a private in the Seventh Cavalry to track down the men responsible for his fiancee's death. With Polly Bergen, Dean Jagger, Forrest Tucker. (Sept.)

(c) (F) WELL, THE—U.A.: A gripping movie about the riots that ensue after a little Negro girl falls into a well and a white man is accused of her kidnapping. With Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, Gwendolyn Laster. (Oct.)

(v) (F) WHEN I GROW UP—U.A.: Bobby Driscoll plays a dual role in this tender family portrait about a boy, his dad, and grand-dad and problems two of them faced in their youth. (Ang.)

(F) WHISTLE AT EATON FALLS, THE—Columbia: A lecture on labor problems with Lloyd Bridges as a union leader who is made president of the factory and is forced to do the very things he had fought against in the past, With Dorothy Gisb. Carleton Carpenter, Diana Douglas. (Sept.)

(Continued from page 76) pened and, if not, he can always make it sound diverting. June gives out with fascinating trivia about the kids. Ricky's nurse is English. "Your daughter now pronounces it 'bahth." Any minute she's going to pick up the phone and say, 'Pam here—' Oh Richard, she called me Mrs. Powell today—"
"Why so formal? She calls me Rich-

June looks aghast. "What are we going to do?"
"Incarcerate her."

"But I want her to call us Mommy and Daddy."

'Then that's what we'll have to call each

other when she's around."

This has grown to be such a habit that June sometimes forgets and calls him Daddy outside. It flusters her. She thinks it sounds real horrid.

To say that they live like the average family would be silly. They have more house, help, income than the average.

Their house, incidentally, is English Colonial, set in about two and half acres of land. Downstairs there are six rooms, including two for the domestic staff-a butler, a cook and a nurse for the children. Upstairs there are six rooms and four baths, Pam and Ricky's suite consist-ing of two rooms and bath, Dick's combination den and dressing room with a bath, and June's mirrored dressing room with bath, off their master bedroom. Also a guest room and bath. There are no tennis courts, no swimming pool-but the Powells' home has spaciousness, graciousness and a tangible charm.

The razzle-dazzle so often tied up with the name of Hollywood leaves them untouched. Living in Connecticut, their routine would be much the same. have a group of close friends-the Edgar Bergens, the Justin Darts, the Leonard Firestones. They play tennis on the Bergen courts and swim in the Dart pool. They entertain often but informally. June picks up the phone. "Come on over to dinner."

There's never any shoptalk. June and Dick don't believe in boring their friends. The world is wide and holds many interests. Discussion ranges from politics through golf to babies. They're all vitally concerned with a prospective adoption center, incorporated by the Powells and thirty-three other backers under the name of California Cradle, Inc. Incurably civic-minded, Dick's had the bug in his head for years. Pamela's coming stirred them both to action. The project's still in its beginning stage. Meanwhile they confer with authorities and attend meetings, trying to learn how best they can serve the

IS wife's whimsicalities keep Dick in a constant flow of spirits. She's under the impression that they breakfast together every morning. Her husband corrects her. "When you're working, I get up and have breakfast with you. When I'm working I get up and have breakfast-"

"But when you're at a meeting, I can't go to sleep till you're home."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Nothing, but it's nice."

For each child she planted a treepeach for Pamela, a plum for Ricky. "It'll never grow there," said Dick when he saw the peach tree.

The gardener scratched his head. "What

a place for a tree!"

"That's where my wife wanted it."
"Oh." They exchanged glances, and the

tree was transplanted.

June glories in it. "See how it's grow-

ing, and you said it wouldn't, Richard.' But, Junie, we moved it.

"That's what I mean, and it's growing

anyway. Aren't you glad?"
This kind of thing, which might unnerve a man, brightens Dick's days. He's in any case not easily unnerved, and his equanimity's a source of great comfort to June. Her boiling point's lower. When they tiff, she's usually the one to apologize, because she's usually wrong. "Once I wasn't wrong Only I can't remember what I wasn't wrong about." Any uncomplimentary reference to Dick sends her into She thinks his heart must be a furv broken. He grins, "You're just too emotional. I'm sure it wasn't meant the way it sounds.

She speaks of him as the finest gentleman she knows, and uses the word in its original sense. He's gentle in his relationships with people; and especially with her. It shows up in large ways and small. In gifts, for instance. When they wheeled her from the delivery room after Ricky's birth, he slipped on her finger a duplicate of her diamond wedding band. She has a mania for little pins. To celebrate Pam's coming, he had three small figures designed, star sapphires for bodies, pearls for heads. "The big one's me, the middle one's you, the little one's Pammy." Last Christmas two pearl-winged angels with sapphire eyes lay side by side on their velvet bed—sister and tiny brother.

"Oh, Richard. And all I ever give you are shirts that don't fit and ties you think are awful."

Some Hollywood stars are superstitious about marriage stories. Secure in the strength and sanity of their union, these two have no such qualms.

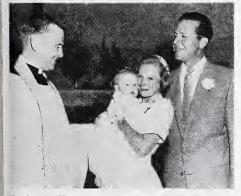
"We've been married six years," says
June. "Not a day's gone by when we haven't told each other, 'I love you-'

least once."

"More often fifty times," amends the breezy Powell, who wouldn't be caught dead on the screen with a line that corny. "Never in my life was I happy till I met this idiot. And she knows it. I'll stick out my neck farther." A grin crinkles the corners of his eyes. "We're the happiest stinkin' couple this side of paradise, and we always will be."

June puts on her earnest face. "This is the thing. What's there to be afraid of when you're sure?"

THE END



Richard Keith Powell accepted his namewith blue-eyed wonder. Above, Rev. Kermit Castellanos, June, Ricky, Dick Powell

a French original, one of his Godmothers, Frances Bergen, brought him from an exclusive shop on the Riviera. . . . She purchased it before Ricky was even born—therefore without knowing whether she was buying it for a boy or a girl.

The Reverend Kermit Castellanos ad-

ministered the christening rite in the chancel of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. And throughout the whole ceremony Ricky, to put it mildly, was in

rare form.

While the Minister read the Ministration of Holy Baptism, he watched with interested wide-open blue eyes-the way a child listens to a fairy tale, ready to send you back to the beginning if you skip so much as one syllable.

When Frances Bergen held him he spied her pearls and all but yanked them right off her neck.

Luckily, at this point the Minister took him and handed him to his second Godmother, Bunny Greene. Im-

mediately he began to chew on Bunny's prayer book. He was making fair progress, too, when, again just in time, the Minister retrieved him and passed him to Godmother Frances again.

Ricky was also pleasantly impressed when the Minister sprinkled his head with Holy Water. And when he made the sign of the cross on his forehead with his thumb, Ricky could restrain himself no "Oooh—Ooh—OOOhhh," he cooed, longer.

really repeating himself.
"It will be so simple," June had told Dick when they had discussed Ricky's christening. "There's nothing to it. I'll arrange for everything."

June was right, it was simple—for her. She just ordered the white carnations for the church and suggested Dick wear his gray and black striped necktie. Everything else was arranged by Dick. At the last minute June, who seldom wears hats, discovered she had no hat to go with her white linen dress designed with insets of Irish linen lace. So her friend, Mrs. Harvey Firestone, loaned her a chic white criss-cross beanie. Pamela, with no appropriate hat either, wore a garland of sweet peas across her hair, the very thing to go with her yellow organdy.

Undoubtedly, Ricky's producer-father was appreciative of Ricky's performance—and glad they have him all signed up for life with no options. But as a parent Dick, I'm sure, was relieved when the christening was completed without any fatalities.

As one Godmother fastened her pearl choker, and the other tried to straighten out the dampened curled edges of her prayer book—I heard June say, "You see, Richard, there's nothing to it."

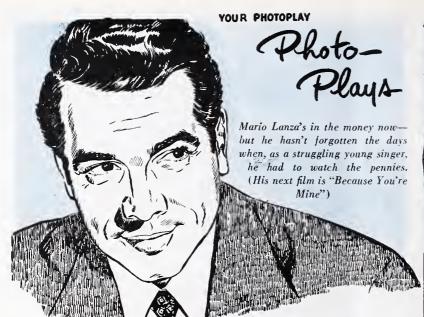
But I didn't hear an answer.

THE END

the Christening

BY DIANE SCOTT

ISN'T he just too beautiful?" June sighed, giving a final maternal swirl to Ricky's big golden curl. And "beautiful" was the right word. Thumbing through the family album fifteen years hence Richard Keith Powell probably will hate the whole tribe for his christening ensemble,





One day Mario and wife, Betty, were going over bills. "I bet you a new hat," he exclaimed, "that if I were running this house I could cut . . .



... those bills in half?" "Okay!" agreed Betty. "Take over!" When Mario let the milkman talk him into buying a cheaper product which she had resisted for months, she didn't say a ...



... word. She didn't even protest when Mario staggered home with an armhoad of gadgets he insisted would save time and money—even when most of them didn't work! But she . . .



... really had to bite her tongue when the new economy laundry delivered her best tablecloth—hopelessly torn! Later that same night, she found Mario adding up the bills. She ...



... peeked over his shoulder—and gasped. Mario looked up—and grinned ruefully. "You get two hats, Honey!" he said. "I didn't cut the bills in half! I doubled 'em!"

she's Engaged...

Next spring wedding bells will ring for Betty Jeanne Dixon of South Hadley, and Lt. Stanley Marshall Prouty, Jr. They announced their engagement at his West Point graduation. They'll have a military wedding in May—Betty Jeanne will be a darling bride.

she's Lovely

Betty is charming as a Dresden figurine, with blue eyes and an *exquisite* complexion. Her lovely face gives you a provocative glimpse of her delightful Inner Self. Betty Jeanne goes to your heart at first glance.

she uses Pond's



... says Betty Jeanne

A gay and happy *confidence* bolsters you when you know you look your very nicest.

Betty feels that every girl's first step towards looking her best is clean, soft skin.

"I couldn't skip my nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," Betty says. "It's a beauty routine that really pays off—makes my skin feel superbly smooth and clean."

Your skin, too, will love the soft smoothness that comes from using Pond's faithfully. Do it as Betty does, every night (day face cleansings, too). This is the way:

Hat Stimulation—give face a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces

of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

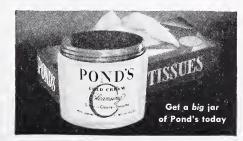
Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—a wonderful reward! That glowing

complexion that smiles from your mirror!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your prettiest self, a captivating confidence sparkles in

your face-attracts others to you on sight!



Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!



Betty Jeanne Dixon has the loveliest complexion. "I always use Pond's Cold Cream," she says.



If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 73) always has one or two new stories, she greets you with a smile so genuine that you feel happier just looking at her—she's busting out all over with what I call charm. "I need a laugh," I said, and she didn't disappoint me.

The client who had just left had seen me come in, and had grabbed the opportunity to ask my operator a question which

"Oh, you do Joan Crawford," she had said. "Tell me, does she wear artificial eyebrows?" Real eyebrows, she was certain, couldn't be so thick.

We laughed so hard over this that every-

body in the shop was jealous.

My eyebrows, of course, are my own. As a matter of fact, I doubt if you can buy eyebrows on the open market.

There was a time when I had practically no eyebrows-or eyelashes-to speak of, and I worried enough about their scrawny look to do something about it.

For a year, I stimulated my brows and lashes every night with a good, stiff brushing with a hard bristle toothbrush. Then I applied castor oil or Vaseline-one the first

night, the other the next.

The results you can see for yourself. Luxuriant eyebrows and lashes are a great beauty asset, but just growing them isn't enough. They must be groomed,

When I make up before going out, I brush my eyebrows-first in the wrong direction, then in the right-then I slick them into place with a dark pomade. If a single scraggly hair spoils the effect, I get out the tweezers, right that minute!

Our eyes are so important. I feel that tired, tense, bloodshot eyes can spoil the most beautiful face. So I always make sure

that my eyes look rested.

Lying down for ten minutes, with the feet higher than the head, with pads soaked in a soothing lotion over your eyes, can make a miraculous change in your appearance on those days when you come home fagged, only to have to make a lightning change and dash out again.

For my lotion, I put witch hazel in a small bowl with a couple of ice cubes. I soak cotton pads in this to place over my eyes. You may find it more convenient to keep the bottle of witch hazel on ice and use the same way.

You're a Big Girl Now!

A fourteen-year-old reader says her friends are permitted to wear high heels and earrings, and she is miserable because her parents think them unsuitable for her.

I would agree with her parents unless she is one of those rare fourteen-year-

olds who are really grown up.

I think most girls of that age look like little girls playing dress-up games in their mothers' clothes when they doll up in sophisticated accessories.

I can't say flatly that high heels and earrings would be wrong for all fourteenyear-olds because some girls mature more

quickly than others.

But I do feel that waiting a little longer is smart. My daughter Christina is twelve now, and more than once has yearned to wear the kind of clothes which are right for me, but just plain silly for a little girl. I've asked her to wait. Christina and all the rest of you girls will have a good long chance to be grownups.

Flat shoes are so pretty, grownups have been stealing them from you youngsters.

And the simple, brushed-until-gleaming hair-dos the young girls wear these days don't need the embellishment of jewelry.

Look before you dye!

I've had a letter from a reader who is wondering what can be done about pre-

maturely gray hair.

My first instinct—since this girl is still in her bloom years, the early twenties—is to say: Don't do anything. Gray hair, with a young face, is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Just wear it simply-and no blue rinses, please!

Think of the wonderful colors youand no one else so dramatically as you—can wear: the cyclamens, the purples,

the electric blues.

But there is more to this problem, sometimes, than its effect on one's appearance. Some people with gray hair feel old-

no matter how ravishing they look.

And if this is the case—then dye your hair. Only the die-hards (no pun intended) object to tinted hair these days. Thousands of girls change the color of their hair habitually. I do.

If gray hair is making you self-conscious and unhappy, then run, don't walk, to the nearest beauty salon and pick out whatever color of hair you've always wanted; make certain first, though, that it won't fight the color of your eyes, or your skin.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE END



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To Get New Customers, We Offer These
Adorable Three-Piece Sets

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

To Get New Customers, we offer These Adorable Three-Piece Sets PERSONALIZED

DONKEY CART PLANTER WITH ENCHANTING SALT & PEPPERS

Beautiful, impatted, wyndro control of the Adorable Three Theorems of the Adorable Three Three

"This is Just the Help T've been Needing!"



might well be your reaction to the radio program "My True Story." You see, "My True Story" presents in dramatic form hope, fear, love, jealousy, and many other problems of real people—people who might be your friends or neighbors -might even be you. "My True Story" gives you the problems of real people and their own solutions-direct from the files of True Story Magazine.

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Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last! Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

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Home Permanent

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Are You Sophisticated?

(Continued from page 53) Granger will break out in a radiant discussion over a flash of lightning, a sunset, a new book.

26. Paulette Goddard hobnobs with world leaders, authors and artists and also with the electricians and stage-hands who work on her movie sets.

27. Doris Day does not like night clubs,

does not smoke or drink.

28. Bob Ryan will not tell a vulgar story if there are women present. -

29. Rosalind Russell's test of whether or not to kiss is "Know the man quite well, admire his ability, like his looks."

30. When anyone compliments Janis Carter on a dress or hat or wrap she is wearing, she says, "I think it is pretty too. I'm so glad you like it!"

31. A star, recently returned from her first trip to Europe, admits she was not too happy over there. "There were," she said, "too many foreigners."

32. Gregory Peck is rarely the subject of conversation when Gregory Peck is

talking.

33. Mona Freeman will tell you that her husband, Pat Nerney, chooses most of her clothes, that he has a much better style

sense than she has. -

34. Dick Powell decided his son was not to be photographed until he was six months old. "Babies do not look like any-thing before that time," Dick said. He refused to alter this decision, too, in spite of the fact that newspaper and magazine editors, the world over, were clamoring for pictures of June and her baby.

35. Barbara Stanwyck loves the heavy fragrance of Jungle Gardenia. She uses it sparingly but, even so, frequently asks friends if the scent is too strong for

them. 36. Claudette Colbert maintains a separate home for her mother and aunt. -

If you are right on from twenty-eight to thirty-six questions, count yourself sophisticated. If you agree with from twenty to twenty-seven answers, you're well on your way to being at home in the world. If you judge from fifteen to nineteen questions right, you've made a beginning. Below that -well, your sophistication doesn't show yet.

1. Yes. Accidents are unfortunate. But anyone with a penny's worth of experience knows they're also inevitable and so turns philosophical about them. As a guest, Janet had a responsibility to her hostess-not to mar the party. As a human being she had a responsibility towards the guest who was unfortunate enough to spill the Martini—not to make her feel any worse than the accident itself

2. No. Food is vital to life. It is nonsense for anyone, especially any woman,

not to be able to prepare it.

3. No. The wiser we are, the more acceptance we will have for the fact that while we should be fastidious and clean and groomed we cannot be immaculate every hour of our lives. Any excessive striving for cleanliness is, of course, neurotic. And the more sophisticated we are the more quick we will be to recognize any such phobia and suppress it.

4. Yes. Only those sure of themselves admit ignorance. However, requests for explanations should be as gracious and friendly as Loretta's requests are, never

defiant challenges.

5. No. A black homburg and striped trousers, formal attire, are worn by a few on Sundays in the great cities of the world. It is pretentious attire for an informal Sunday supper in a semi-tropical suburb like Beverly Hills. All of which does not excuse Joan Fontaine's wit about Marcus's attire which is reputed to have precipitated the breach that ever since has existed between her and her sister, Olivia,

existed between her and her sister, Olivia, and her brother-in-law, Marcus.

6. No. Those in show business who call everyone "Sweetie" and "Honey" and "Darling" feel very sophisticated as they do this, I have no doubt. But they aren't at all. For any man or woman who has been around knows it is better to be gracious to one and all but to keep every gracious to one and all but to keep every relationship casual until it has had time to prove itself.

7. Yes. Pat Neal displays broad interests in her appreciation of different cities (different people, too, probably) for the

typical things they have to offer.

8. No. There are so many wonderful things to do and see in this world that anyone who lacks stimulation unless she is absorbed in her work is, obviously, very limited in interests.

9. No. A loud laugh is a brash, unso-

phisticated bid for attention.

10. No. A wish for a large vocabulary is fine and good. But it is dangerous-as well as silly-to use any word unless you know exactly what it means.

11. Not really! All tastes vary according to moods. In spite of this there are, almost always, certain authors, musicians and playwrights who charm, interest or amuse us above all others.

12. Yes. We all have some deficiency. The person who recognizes whatever he lacks and attempts to correct it-especially

★ "Everyone knows the old saying . . . 'Time heals all wounds.' I hope it is also true that 'Time wounds all heels'."

TANDID SANDAN MAKANAKSI KASILI MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN MAKANAN

. . . . GLENN FORD

when it is a lack, like Tony's, apt to get in the way of his progress-is realistic and

13. Yes. Only those with a clear perspective see themselves with enough humor to be witty at their own expense. Besides, those who direct their wit at themselves allow—consciously or subconsciously—for the fact that this procedure is rather endearing. Such persons realize too that their wit directed at friends must, in time, make them feared.

14. No. If anyone has a good time at the Masons' parties I would say it was an accident. The whole purpose of parties is to have fun. And when guests are neither relaxed nor happy, certainly a host and

hostess cannot be either.

15. No. It is all well and good to smile at friends in a restaurant or to stop to speak to them in passing. But to make a public place a stage for your 'popularity and good will is another thing. Besides, many friends and acquaintances would prefer to be left alone to enjoy their dinner.

16. No. It is cheating to ignore the laws of nicety which society has agreed are necessary if we all are to live together

pleasantly in this world.

17. To discipline children in front of guests hurts children's pride and makes guests uncomfortable. Those who discipline children before others usually are exhibiting, attempting to prove they know better than to allow a child to do such a thing.

18. No. There are many restaurants

which cater to those who do not wish to dress. Romanoff's, however, is designed for those who wish to dress and to lunch or dine amid charming, formal appointments.

19. No. To refuse to understand any form of art-on any grounds-is to have

a closed mind.

20. Yes. Many find it relieves tension

to chew gum.

21. No. If you do not know the person who is criticized it makes no difference what you hear about him. If you do know the person it may be possible, if you listen, for you to defend him or temper the criticism at least. If you cannot do either it is a good idea to be warned by what is said—until you discover for yourself that it is not true.

22. Yes. At a ranch where there is work to be done everyone must cooperate. Those who do not should take the consequences. Too, a ranch cook most assuredly needs

consideration.

23. Yes. Only a fool of a woman would deny herself domestic pleasures-which are very real pleasures to the majority of women-because she thought them out of keeping with her movie star orbit.

24. Yes. Intellectual curiosity can make an Encyclopedia just as exciting reading

as a detective story.

25. Yes. To enjoy whatever moves you to the utmost and to be uninhibited in your expression of pleasure is true sophistication. Only those who are afraid of their own tastes and instincts shy away from such expressions, fearful of criticism.

26. Yes. People are people, whoever they are. It is the man himself, not his

occupation, that counts.
27. Yes. There is no reason under the sun why anyone should adjust to any pat-tern of living that does not give him pleasure—even though it is a pattern the majority of his friends and associates enjoy.

28. Yes. Generally speaking, of course, it depends upon the story itself. A story may be risque without being vulgar. Far ton many men think themselves worldly when they tell stories before women, which are so vulgar they never should be told at all.

29. Yes. What Roz is saying really is: Don't be careless, at least know a man well; then if you want to kiss him, by all

means kiss him.

30. Yes. The unsophisticated remark to end all unsophisticated remarks under such circumstances would be, "This old thing! I hate it!" This retort could only make the person who was trying to be kind feel very foolish.

31. No. In fact, how provincial can you

get? She was the foreigner.

32. Yes. Only the egotists, who are great bores—because they are interested only in themselves-pepper conversations

with the first personal pronoun.

33. Yes. Mona shows an appreciation for an intangible quality in her husband and so dresses more smartly than she would if she were less perceptive or bound by a false pride about her own style sense.

34. Yes. Dick resisted pressure, had the

courage of his conviction.

35: Yes. She is aware that what is a pleasant odor to her might not be to others, and she is sensitive enough not to want

to offend. 36. Yes. Her mother and aunt, who live near by, see Claudette and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, often. But they can live their lives in their own way. And so can Claudette and her Jack. The pity is that, because of financial circumstances, so few families can have such luxury.
The End

With All My Love

(Continued from page 45) room of the star of "Naughty Marietta," Edward Everett Horton.

I'm a big girl now-sixteen. I know there is no such thing as love at first sight, therefore I must have known you "long ago and far away." In the seventeen hours since I first saw you I've been thinking of Venice and Cairo, Paris and New Orleans, and wondering if we walked those distant and fascinating lanes together.

As you stood far above me, you seemed very tall and slender, with good shoulders.

You were young.

And what must you be? A young doctor? A writer, possibly? Or perhaps a lawyer. Or a nuclear physicist—blow me down, because I can't even figure sales tax when I run out of fingers. I wonder if I'll ever know what great things you plan for your particular world.

Whether I do or I don't, I am now—this

instant-sending you one of those jungle telegraphic messages which only tuned-in ears can understand, and the message

reads merely, "Dear You."

June 12, 1948 Dearest You:

You were there again tonight, andwithout making like an onkeymay hang-ing from an eetray—I stared at you long enough to match your reality against the mental image I had been cherishing. You were even better than I had remembered.

I asked someone who you were and was told, "He's a young fraternity brother of Eddie Horton. Horton is a Phi Kappa Psi and this chap belonged to the same house at Northwestern University. I understand he's just graduated from law school."

With splendid nonchalance I inquired, "What might his name be?"

"Might be Sir William Blackstone, but I doubt it. Why don't you ask him?"

It just goes to show how suspicious people are: always thinking you want to know Especially when you are dying to things. know them.

Query: how does a girl meet a man in a subtle, ladylike manner? Life was easier in grandmother's day: she could be as bold as a circus barker because she was packaged in hoops and the constant ability to faint if a gentleman got out of control.

June 21, 1948 Dear Sir:

Okay, so I'm not your type. Better for me to find it out after having been in love with you for ten days than to go on through life, caring. Or perhaps you don't care for secondhand candy wafers.

Tonight, when our show closed, I spotted you for the third time, standing in your

usual place on the balcony. It occurred to me that I wanted an autographed picture of Eddie Horton. In order to get it I would have to pass your vantage point.

There isn't much room on those bal-conies, so you backed as far away as possible, smiling a little, and I said, "Want a mint?" and handed you the one from which I had just taken a half-moon bite, outlining it with lipstick.

You accepted it as if it were a fried

spider.
"Oh, well, if you want a fresh number," I said, and returned to my dressing room for a fresh candy for you. You thanked me gravely—as if I were a grubby juvenile

—and that ended that.
Incidentally, I didn't get that autographed photograph of Eddie Horton. But he promised to mail me one, so I left my address, where you might see it. Only you gave no indication that you might.

If it's disappointment that builds a great

WASHES EVERYTHING BETTER!

...and so gentle on hands!

There's only one "proof of the pudding" when you buy washing products. That's to try them . . . at home . . . with your own wash. Compare . . . feel your FELSO-clean clothes.

Try FELSO. You'll see that gentle just-right suds give you the freshest, most fragrant, sweetestsmelling wash. Did you ever see whiter sheets and shirts . . . brighter, more colorful prints?





This is the fragrance of incomparable freshness . . . that makes you seem younger, lovelier to be near, every day

Tweed Bouquet. Splash it on lavishly from head to toe. $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz., \$1.25 Tweed Toilet Essence. New idea in fragrance...longer lasting than toilet water, less costly than perfume. 2 oz., \$2.50

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> "It Figures" says Maureen O'Sullivan

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Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box (\$2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your drug or department store—a full month's supply, \$2.98.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

actress, look out, Madame Duse, because I've started to collect my talent, bruise by bruise.

June 22, 1948

Dear Richard Brown Coyle:

It was nice of you to telephone, just as it is nice of a distant great-uncle to leave thirty-four million dollars to a li'l ole

When your deep, quiet voice came over the telephone, asking, "Is this Miss Mitzi Gaynor?" I thought you must be at least the governor of some state or a Hooper pollster. Such tones!

And then you said, "My name is R. B. Coyle, and I'm a friend of Mr. Horton's."
"Yes," I said, "I'd love to have dinner

with you on Thursday evening." I tried hard not to add, "Hooray!"

And to think that I have only twentyfour hours in which to get ready for this momentous occasion. My mother has just said, "Simply be yourself, dear, and I'm sure he will like you." My mother's voice is soft and sweet; my mother's attitude is

Egad, I hope she's right.

Dear Mr. Coyle, sir:

Oh well—what if you never call again! What does it mean to me!

Just everything—that's all.

It's quite late, but I'm going to write this letter before I put up my pin curls and cast down my empty head on a tear-absorbent pillow. Probably it's the last letter I'll ever write to you.

First of all, I want you to know that I

wasn't dropped on my vocabulary when I was a baby. I checked very carefully with

my mother.

I know I have said nothing during the past four hours to give you the impression that I am normal, complete with tongue, vocal chords, and smattering of patter. Compared to me, the Sphinx has just become a twenty-four-hour station. All I can remember saying is, "Oh, my!"

Sample conversation:

You: I had quite a time getting up nerve enough to telephone you. Eddie Horton kept urging me.

Me: Oh, my.

You: I've made dinner reservations at Jim Otto's. Do you like the restaurant?

Me: Oh, my, yes.

Oh, my, but I'm a vivid character, bright as a burned match. There is one thing for which I'm thankful—you talked. You told me about school and about the bar exam you must take next spring, about swim-ming, tennis, music, traveling, pictures You have given me so much to think about As for me, I've given you absolutely noth-

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... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

ing to remember about me except: "Oh,

June 28, 1948 Dear Mr. Coyle:

Thank you for the second chance. Thank you for telephoning this morning and asking me to go to the beach with you. However, as you must be convinced by now, the case is hopeless. Better move for a mistrial. As you say: the doctrine of res ipsa loquitur applies.

I'm sorry I lost us in the wilds of Pacific Palisades. I thought I knew the way to the beach via Sunset Boulevard. On the badge of my uncle who was a Boy Scout, I swear that I thought I knew what I was doing when I said, "Turn to the right at the next intersection."

So—the two-lane highway became a one-lane highway and the one-lane highway became a two-rut trail, and the two-rut trail became a one-goat path. You didn't say much; you just maneuvered for twenty minutes to turn the car around on a plateau loaded with sage, mesquite, rocks, and cliffs falling off a thousand feet into a

On the way home you were nice about it. You didn't say, "What do you think this is, a safari?" You inquired only, "You haven't driven this route very often, have

In a way you seemed pleased about it, as if it proved that I'm not allowed to go out on many dates. Your experience to date should tell you why. Egad, why didn't you leave me in the wilderness?

August 22, 1948 Dear Richard:

I haven't written you one of these letters for over a month. Haven't had time. Seeing you almost every night, and finally getting my voice back so that I can chatter like the valves in a hot rod has used up most of my conversation, but tonight something important happened.

You talked to me about your future as a lawyer. Richard, you speak of law as I've heard returned pilgrims talk about Paris. It turns my backbone to tinsel.

You see, so many of the people I have met have had no clear idea about what they wanted to do with their lives; they aren't in love with the idea of preparing for a profession, working for it, building it, pursuing it, living it. They are expecting "the breaks." They say, "All I need is one terrific touch of luck-one influential person to take an interest in my career and boost me up the ladder.

You didn't utter the words "breaks" or "influence" or "luck." You said, "I'll have to work hard, but I've always liked to roll up my sleeves and dig."

In these days of disillusion, frustration, complexes, and the constant search for security, I was impressed by the conversation of a man who doesn't think of success as a crystal glass to be filled by someone else who happens to be holding a brimming silver pitcher.

September 4, 1948 Darling:

You shouldn't have. But I'm glad you did.

My birthday gift from you, my friend-ship ring, is the most beautiful band I have ever seen. I feel like an Indian maiden when I study it because it looks as if a series of flat gold arrowheads had been laid in sequence around a wide gold band

and then fused into one perfect circle.

Richy, what a birthday you have given
me. I adore being seventeen. I adore
being seventeen and in love, and I adore
hairs seventeen and being level head.

being seventeen and being loved back.
I promised Mother tonight that I wouldn't get married until after my twenty-first

FOR MARRIAGE HYGIENE

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birthday. That gives me four whole years to plan the wedding; four wonderful years to prepare myself to be a good wife to you.

Incidentally, I'm so grateful to you for saying, "I won't expect you to give up your career. I think you have talent and I believe that talent in this world should be used to the fullest extent."

Talent—maybe I got, maybe not—but I'm going to work harder than a department store elevator on the day before Christmas to prove that there's something going on in my head and my feet.

I love you.

December 22, 1948 Dearest Richard:

My heart was just broken when you told me you had to go back to Illinois to study for the bar exam but I shall be strong

study for the bar exam but I shall be strong and brave, I hope.

Richard, I know you're going to meet another girl between now and next March when you are to take the bar exam in Los Angeles. Perhaps, at this instant, you are meeting The Girl on the train.

Oh, Richard! Please don't forget me.

Please come back again.

February 12, 1949 Richard, dear:

I've written a happy little note to you (sealed it and stamped it) saying that I miss you, of course, and that I'm keeping busy. I'm to have the second lead in "My Blue Heaven," so I'll be working with Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, a wonderful experience.

But in this, my real letter, I'll tell you I'm blue. It is raining tonight and it has been raining for three days and nights.

Yes, I know: you say in every letter that you'll be back in March. But tonight, in the midst of wind and rain, March seems a lifetime away.

March 19, 1949 Darling:

Now I can laugh about it. Everything

Now I can laugh about it. Everything seems funny this morning
The big thing is: you are back in Los Angeles. You didn't forget me.
Even yesterday morning seems funny now. I had put my hair in pin curls two days ago so that it would be really curly for last night. Glammer—that's what I was acquiring. But when I took my hair down acquiring. But when I took my hair down yesterday morning I looked like type casting for a Hottentot.

I flipped my lid. I cried. I stormed, I raged—and I brushed.

I developed a heat rash. I rushed to the patio for a sunbath in hope of covering the heat rash with a quick suntan. When I looked at myself after that session, I knew that all was lost. I was rasher than ever,

Sunburned and fuzzy. How I cried.

Mother assured me, "Just be yourself, dear, and Richard won't notice any" except how glad you are to see him.



Take some one to church this week... you'll both be richer for it



You just said, "Honey!" And I don't think you ever noticed my fuzz.

What a wonderful world! What a wonderful YOU.

June 19, 1949

June 19, 1949
Barrister, I salute you!
I'm so proud of you, Richard. Sometimes I think I have reversed the proper order of love. Usually a girl begins to notice admirable traits in a man; as these traits stock-pile, she falls in love. I fell in love and then began to discover how wise my instinct had been. Even before the evidence was all in, your honor.

Probably I'll go on, making more discoveries of the same sort as long as we

December 19, 1950 Darling dearest:

While cleaning out my desk this morning, I came upon this packet of letters, and decided that it was high time I added

another missive.

It seems impossible that it's only a year and a half since you were admitted to the bar. I've moved ahead a little myself with "Take Care of My Little Girl" behind me and "Friendly Island" and "Golden Girl" set up next.

We've made progress in other directions, too. We know, in general, what sort of a house we want: English Tudor, complete with fireplaces by the dozen, big, heavy, comfortable furniture—and a radio in

every room.

Speaking of radio, I love murder mysteries. I listen to them all day long when I'm not working, and I have a routine of whodunits that I have to observe at night. I know that you want to hear classical music at night. Whodunits are almost like bringing the office home with you, so they aren't an escape for you.

I'm going to try to limit my screamers to one an evening when we're together.

September 4, 1951

To my beloved:
This has been such a happy, happy day. Now I'm twenty and we only have one more year to wait before we can be married. (And to add to the happiness of the day, I have just learned that the readers of Photoplay Magazine have chosen me as Your Star" contest. How about that?)

During this year I'm going to make some

changes in myself, and don't be saying, "That'll be the day!"

I must say there is nothing, no nothing as busy or as exciting as being in love. Everyone should try it. Now.

THE END



Mitzi with the man who will soon receive her love letters—fiance Richard Coyle



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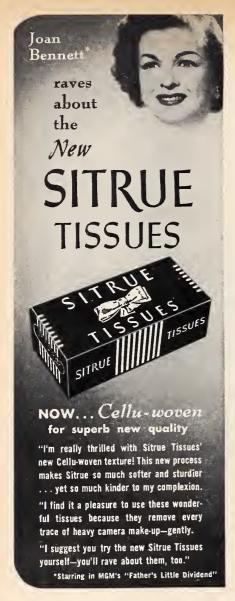
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Why Nancy Sinatra Gave Frankie His Freedom

(Continued from page 43) were the children to consider. Also though playing no "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," after parting with Frank, she found no romantic interest in any of the men she went out with, men whom she described always as "old friends."

Speculations on why she suddenly changed her mind were rife in Hollywood although all she said was: "I'm giving Frank a divorce because he wants one so much. After thinking the matter over a long time, I believe it's the only way I can find happiness, as well as he; and it's better for the children."

There was more to the statement than meets the eye. Last spring Ava went to New York for a showdown with Frank. She bitterly denied that she had broken up the Sinatra marriage, as some had suggested; and Frank was vehement in declaring that this was true. He maintained that the trouble between him and Nancy had started long before he fell in

love with Ava.

That I believe. Their lives, so close together in the beginning, grew as far apart as the poles during eleven years of mariage. Nancy's interest was the home. Frank's was career—and any attractive female that happened to cross his line of vision. Over two years ago, after spending an evening in the Sinatra home, I told another guest that this marriage couldn't last. Frank's restlessness was evident, even though as a family man he put on a suave, considerate front. And Nancy was openly petulant in her attitude toward him. She must have realized even then that her battle was lost. Domesticating Frank was about as easy as teaching a dog not to eat meat when he's in a packing house.

But the impulsive singer met his match in straightforward Ava Gardner. She came to Hollywood, a shy, sensitive girl from a small town in the South. Ten years in the film capital, however, put iron in her backbone. And no longer can she be pushed around. Her marriages to Mickey Rooney and to Artie Shaw taught her much about men, especially erratic ones, taught her that a girl gets what she wants by demanding and fighting for it.

In their New York meeting, Ava reportedly demanded that Frank either get a divorce or call their romance off. She was tired of living in a half-world. Their



"Now I have time," says Nancy Sinatra, above with Joan Crawford, "I'm going to college to learn. I used not to care"

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EDDIE CANTOR?
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association had got her into trouble with her studio, which transferred its wrath via Spain when Sinatra showed up there. Some wild reports bordered on dire scandal. And Ava, weary of public criticism, was right in calling Frankie's hand.

I was told that Frank, as a result of her demands, agreed to put special pressure on Nancy for a divorce when he returned to Hollywood in May to make a picture. Ava didn't let him forget it. Previously she had gone out in public only with business associates or with mutual friends of hers and Frank's. But back in Hollywood, she showed up at a night spot with Mickey Rooney, who was shedding his third wife.

If the news disturbed Sinatra, he was to find no consolation from an item that followed. Ava was being seen with her ex-flame, Howard Duff. If there's anything that makes a man take decisive action on matters of romance, it's knowledge that he has formidable rivals and is being edged out of the love picture.

This story, which I got piecemeal before Nancy agreed to free Frank, seems logical And the final sequence adds to its credibility. credibility. Not long after Sinatra arrived in Hollywood for his picture, Nancy announced she was willing to divorce him.

What methods he used to produce this unexpected result I don't know; but I have a good guess. When he chooses, Frank can charm birds off trees. Once, after the press had printed a series of destructive stories about him, he dropped by my office to give his version of the yarns. Removing his coat and draping himself over a chair, he talked with the guilelessness of a schoolboy. He went over the incidents, from his meeting with "Lucky" Luciano in Cuba to his 1946 separation from Nancy, and explained they were all

innocent acts, translated by the press into something sinister. I'm a skeptical girl. (One has to be in my business.) But by the time Frank finished his spiel, I was convinced that this poor boy had been a victim of a deliberate campaign of malignment. I wrote him up sympathetically, but before I could break the story, Frankie was in the headlines again.

This time he was in a serious jam, having slugged columnist Lee Mortimer. Frank called me at four in the morning to give me his side of the fight. Again, the way he told it, his action seemed justified. And again I was in Frankie's corner. It was

shake, though he tried hard. Finally he made the supreme effort. Through a friend, he got in to see the late William Randolph Hearst himself. I don't know what happened between the two men; but I do have that the four hours late on a don't know that he was late on the was late of the know that a few hours later an order went out to the Hearst papers to take the heat off Sinatra.

Yes, that conversation got him out of the doghouse. He barked his way out, but he's right back in again. During his trip to Mexico with Ava, he antagonized every reporter and photographer within spitting range. He claimed that the newspapers had nothing to do with his success; and

the public had made him.

"And who," I asked him, "do you think told the public about you? When you're with anybody as glamorous as Ava, you know photographers will want to take your picture

"Well," said Frank, "they could snap us on the run."
"They get better ones when you're standing still," I told him.

SO PURE!

rather mortifying to learn that he apologized and paid damages to Mortimer later.

That fight got the whole Hearst newspaper chain, for which Mortimer worked, down on Frank. And that hex he couldn't "Here's what happened," he said. "The guys said, 'Give us a story.' I did. They wanted to know if I'd get a divorce in Mexico. I said, 'No. Ava and I are here on a vacation.' They asked how long we'd stay. 'Maybe a week, maybe longer. I don't know.' Then the questions went on and on, and I got tired. Then after we got home we read this bunk about how Hedy Lamarr snubbed Ava in a cafe down there. That's a lie. We sat at a table with her for an hour. She went on to a jai alai game and we stayed on for dinner. You can't believe everything you read in the paper.'

Then he asked me if I'd help straighten him out with the press. That's one question I didn't answer. I know how persuasive he can be.

His persuasive ability was doubtless turned full force on Nancy. But, being made of stern stuff and knowing Frank, she's not easily moved. She had waited on him before. In 1946 they had separated. On this vacation from marriage his name was linked with Lana Turner. But the romance, if it can be called that, was a short one.

It was not naive on Nancy's part, certainly, to believe Frank eventually would get over his infatuation for Ava and return to the fold-as he had before. If he had, I'm sure she would have forgiven him. But when over a year passed and he didn't, Nancy became convinced, along with the public, that Frank was really in love with Ava.

When the Sinatras were first separated, the fans were wholeheartedly in sympathy with Nancy. Even the bobby-soxers who swooned in Frank's presence liked to think of him as a happy family man. Their protests against his leaving home were vehement. One group of girls, for example, wrote me: "We have changed our erstwhile idol's name to Frankie-Not-So-Hot-



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Tra." Enclosed was a piece of shattered record on which Sinatra had crooned "Nancy with the Laughing Face."

But as the months passed and the Gardner romance grew in intensity, the public reversed its attitude; Nancy became the "heavy," a selfish woman, blocking the fruition of true love. "All the world loves a lover," one of her own friends said to me. "Frank and Ava have convinced America that theirs is real."

I think really it was when Nancy realized that the tide of public opinion had turned against her that she gave up the battle. Barbara Stanwyck, who'd gone through a similar experience with Robert Taylor, said to me, "In such a situation a lady must maintain her dignity." Certainly there was no dignity in trying to hold on to a man who obviously didn't want to be held on to. Barbara and Nancy, finding mutual consolation in each other's company, have become the closest of pals. And

"I'd call Nancy the perfect wife," said one of her friends, a man, incidentally. "Having pulled herself up by her bootstraps she has lots of solid sense. As a mother and homemaker, she's wonderful. Yet she's a lot of fun too, and a fine hostess. She has good looks and excellent taste in clothes. But she realized that she couldn't compete with the glamour girls with whom Frank in his profession must associate. Unlike him, she's unworldly."
As a point of fairness to Frank, it should

be remembered that ever since the bobbysoxers took him over he has been idolized by millions of women, both young and old. A former associate tells me that one of his most taxing jobs was keeping the hordes of frenzied females out of Frank's hair. The average husband, thrown into the same situation, could have doubtless withstood the temptations no better.

With the sudden announcement of divorce plans, some thought that Nancy herself had become romantically entangled. I asked her about this.
"Now really, Hedda," she replied, "what

man of today would assume the burden of

a wife and three children?"

"There are plenty of men who would adore your family," I said.

"That may be true," she admitted, "but I've never met one."

"What about all those male escorts with whom you go out to dinner?"
"They're old friends," she explained.

"Even Arthur Loew Jr., with whom I

see you quite often?"
"An old, old friend," she insisted. "It seems I've known him forever. And the

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How Eyes Win Men



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children adore him. I have no intention of becoming involved with anyone.

Another factor in helping her decide to write finis to her marriage was to get out of the headlines for the sake of her children. "I want nothing more to do with headlines," she said. "I've had heartaches, and will have more, but I think that a woman should keep them to herself."

The night before Frank flew to Reno to

keep a night-club engagement (where he later was reported to have taken an overdose of sleeping pills after a lover's spat with Ava) I asked him if he was going to get his divorce there.

"I was supposed to file for it," he said, "but my lawyer may not let me."

I knew Nancy's lawyer was not in favor of a Nevada divorce; but I knew also that she had agreed to one if Frank would pay the cash due her under the property set-

"No," he said. "We've taken care of the money angle." Then he mystified me by adding, "You see, they (meaning Nancy and her lawyer) could get the money and then back out on the other thing (meaning the divorce)." I assured him they'd never do anything like that. But he said, "Well, I don't know."

From this I gathered a mutual distrust lay between the Sinatras. It hinged on finances. Frank didn't want to let go of the cash until he'd received his freedom; and Nancy didn't aim to grant the divorce

until he'd kept his promise.
One could hardly blame her. I've never had any financial dealings with Frank; but I've had plenty of experience with him on stories. He's as slippery as the proverbial eel when it comes to pinning him down on facts; and in mood he's as changeable as the weather.

During her long separation from Frankie, Nancy, born to be a mother,

transferred to her children most of the affection and time she formerly gave to her singing husband.

"I'm going to college to keep up with my kids," she said. "Now that I have time, I think that learning to do things the right way, rather than the wrong, is important. I used not to care." Attending the University of California in Los Angeles, she's taking such subjects as Greek mythology and music appreciation, so that she can help enrich the lives of her children.

In this program they are reciprocating. Frank Jr., aged seven, is the mechanical genius of the family. "He's always got his nose in a book; and he's now working on Opus #3," said Nancy.
"Opus #3? What in the world is that?"
"Just that—the world," she laughed. "He's crazy about geography. First he studied Appenies they have yeld in towns.

studied America; then the world in terms of maps. From there he went to a wooden globe of the earth. He's written two treatises; the first one on the map of the United States; and the second on the map of the world. Opus #3 is based on his study of the wooden globe. He follows the war in Korea closely, and says if he were in command of the situation, he'd handle it differently. I'm not sure that his way wouldn't be better than the methods we adults are wait?" adults are using.

"He could hardly do worse," I said, recalling the Biblical phrase: "Out of the

mouths of babes. . . .

"We have Erector sets all over the house," Nancy continued. "Three times a week the whole family gets together to help Frankie build things. Since he's been seeing space ship films on tele-vision, he's getting hipped on that subject. The next time you hear from me, I'll probably be halfway to the moon with him.

At least she won't be up in the air as

she has been with Frank Sr. She's planning her life wisely and solidly. thing on her agenda is to sell the huge home, which she got as part of the property settlement. "Even in the beginning, it was much too big for us," said she. "Keeping it up costs a fortune; the taxes alone amount to \$18,000 a year. We have two-and-a-half acres in the heart of Holmby Hills. If I can't sell the whole place, I'll

subdivide and get rid of part of it."

One of her intimates suggested that Nancy is giving Frank his freedom in the belief that once he has it, he won't want it. I don't agree with this. The fact that she's cutting down on expenses is an indication that she doesn't expect Frank back. He likes luxury and is not overburdened with a sense of finance. Lacking emotional discipline, if he wishes something, he usually gets it, thinking of the fiddler's fee after the dancing is over.

He's laughingly remarked that he expects to wind up running a filling station in New Jersey. That prophecy, made in jest, could turn into something close to reality. He has one prime asset: his voice. If that goes, as it easily could, what would he have left? A memory of the affluent

years and perhaps Ava.

Nancy was smart in getting a property settlement before agreeing to let him go. She's not happy over the prospects of being a free woman again—what woman is?—but she has accepted the inevitable and planned her life accordingly. I don't think she would take Frank now if he came back on his knees. However, they're still friends, and he visits the home to see the children.

But the tumultuous years with an erratic, emotionally unstable husband are over. When Frank got a new lease on romance, Nancy got a new lease on life.
The End

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Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 51) Every studio today has its stable of young, eager, new stars. At Twentieth Century-Fox, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Debra Paget and Dale Robertson are warming up in the first round of the stardom stakes—they are the ones who, likely, eventually will re-place old-timers like Betty Grable, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell and Gene Tierney.

At Metro a new team of wonder dancers, Marge and Gower Champion, already have started before Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly want to leave off. Mario Lanza is making singing history where once Nelson Eddy reigned supreme. Kathryn Grayson gets the same roles that used to go to Jeanette MacDonald. Ava Gardner is touted as the new Norma Shearer.

At the same studio, youthful, virile Keefe Brasselle is breathing down Clark Gable's handsome but fifty-year-old neck. Grayhaired Spencer Tracy is happy to play grandpa roles while young Don Taylor and Dick Anderson marry the girl.

Universal-International has its gates wide open to youth—Tony Curtis; Piper Laurie; Peggy Dow-the Bette Davis of tomorrow-Rock Hudson. These are the names you are going to see on the marquee when Gary Cooper and Irene Dunne are rocking comfortably in retirement.

And let's not forget the contribution and opportunity Ida Lupino has given Holly-wood's youngsters. "I'm tired of putting make-up on my face and rushing around looking for good pictures for myself," Ida, still comparatively young, told me. "That's why I went into business as a director. I

want to give young people a chance."
Of course, not all of the young emoters mentioned here will be as successful as such old-timers as Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis et al. You have to work hard to be a top favorite for over twenty years, like Gable and Crawford. And times have changed. In 1936, when Lana Turner was discovered at a soda fountain, television was just a flash in the future. And because people paid to see any kind of picture, it was more important to be a personality like Lana (who learned to be a good actress finally) and Rita Hayworth, than to be too serious about acting. Incidentally, it will be interesting to see how Rita goes over with the public in her comeback picture. I'll make a prediction now that unless the actual movie is good, Rita will flop, as Lana did in her comeback movie, "A Life of Her Own." Today, the story's the thing, not the star. "And don't I know it," beautiful, blonde Marilyn Monroe told me. Marilyn at twen-

ty-three reminds me somewhat of Lana Turner. You'll never find Marilyn getting



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erweight, however. She doesn't drink. ie doesn't smoke. She can take men or ave 'em alone. Married at sixteen, she as divorced before she left high school. ie used to be seen with the late Johnny vde, her agent and adviser. She rarely es to night clubs—she's too busy im-oving herself; among other things she's king singing lessons from Phil Monroe, no taught Lena Horne.

Marilyn lives alone. She has no parts, no family. Her closest friend is her ama coach, Natasha Lytess. Picture cred-for Marilyn include "All About Eve," sphalt Jungle," "The Love Nest." The kle Hollywood sun is certainly shining

Marilyn.

When thirty-four-year-old Betty Grable eferred suspension to a picture, boss Dar-I Zanuck took it in stride. He merely oved nineteen-year-old Mitzi Gaynor, winner of Photoplay's "Choose Your ar" contest (see page 37) forward on the idio starring schedule. "Mitzi is the est discovery we've had in years," Darryl d me. "The girl can act, she's a great ncer and a wonderful singer.

Mitzi also has a pixie sense of humor. ring the shooting of "Take Care of My ttle Girl," Mitzi, starred with Jeanne ain and Jean Peters, suddenly felt hungary of the care of y. It was 11 A.M. and there were 200 tras on the set. But that didn't faze tzi. "Lunch!" she yelled. And the 200 tras rushed off while the assistant directore his hair and sent out a posse to ng 'em back. The delay in production t the studio a neat \$5,000. Mitzi apoloed every which way. But I can still the twinkle through the contrition.

learned a lot about Piper Laurie and ny Curtis when I interviewed them on television show. They've been working acting for as long as either of them can nember. "I couldn't make the high school

plays," Piper told me. "So I led a double life-joined a drama group in Hollywood and studied after school. One day a young actor from U-I sat in at one of the readings. The next day he called me for a date. His name? Tony Curtis." And if Tony hadn't met Janet Leigh before he co-starred with Piper in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," Hollywood history might have been different. Piper, with her soft voice and softer curves, would be a soft proposition with whom to fall in love.

"I used to carry packages for old ladies and open doors of cars to earn money for acting lessons," Tony told me. "That's all

I ever wanted to do-act.'

Are you afraid that marriage with Janet

Leigh will hurt you with the bobby-sox-ers?" I asked. "Heck, no," Tony replied confidently. "If the only reason people came to see me was because I was unattached, I'd just as soon grow up. I want them to love me for my acting ability."

TONY'S "beefcake" picture poses haven't exactly hurt him. "It's funny how things change," mused Tony. "When I was first signed at Universal, I was so unknown that the gateman used to say, 'Beat it, kid.' 'But I'm under contract' I told him. He still told me to beat it. I couldn't get inside the studio for three months." There is no question about where Tony belongs nowhe's on the inside.

Mario Lanza's fame was very sudden. But the preparation for it was as carefully planned as the building of a concrete skyscraper. 'Way back in 1946, NBC tried to pact Mario for a summer replacement show in radio. "Nothing doing," said Mario's singing coach. "He isn't ready to do one show a week, it would strain his voice."

When I heard Mario sing a lullaby in "That Midnight Kiss" at Metro, circa 1949,

I dashed home to my typewriter and spelled out "Hollywood has a new star." the year 1951, the usual sour-pusses are saying that Mario's voice has gone to his head. Well, he has blown his top a couple of times when the director or producer tried to tell him what and how to sing his songs in pictures. But I'll string along with Mario. I think he knows best.

Mario. I think he knows best.
"You've got to see 'Show Boat'," they told
me at Metro, "because Ava Gardner is
wonderful." I went, I saw and I was conquered—by Gower Champion. Ava was good as Julie. But Gower was sensational, dancing with his partner-wife, Marge. And when Marge, who's a better dancer than Ginger Rogers ever was in my book, can give out as shiningly as Ginger used to, we'll have a dance team that'll be every bit as good as the Astaire-Rogers combination. When Gower smiled at the end of his dances, my weatherbeaten heart did flip-flops. There is nothing accidental about his terpsichorean perfection. He started studying at nine—in the local dance studio run by Marge's father, Everett Belcher. Marge and Gower worked with different partners until they joined forces at the Persian Room in New York five years ago. While they were dancing in Chicago's Palmer House, Gower proposed. "We closed on Wednesday," says Marge. "Flew to the coast Thursday," says Gower. "Got the license Friday and were married Sunday," they chorus. They have a yellow convertible, three cats, a cork-floored, mirror-lined rehearsal room at home. For their starring role in "Lovely to Look At," the Champions rehearsed eight hours a day. That's the way a Champion stays that way.

For sheer nerve among the new stars, I give you dimpled Dale Robertson. Dale will do anything—even sass the boss, Darryl Zanuck. Like the time very recently when Zanuck invited all of his stars to a

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lunch for 150 salesmen at Twentieth C tury-Fox. These are the men who sell be stars to the exhibitors, and the new srs stars to the exhibitors, and the new six sometimes take a heap of selling. 'm flattered by the invitation," Dale pho d Mr. Zanuck's secretary. "But I can't core because I'm playing with the San Ferna lo baseball team." When the lady came to from her dead faint, she called Dale by and wised him up to some of the fact: of studio life. P.S.—He attended the lunchen

The handsome Dale—you saw him first Jesse James in "Fighting Man of Plains" and later as the Captain in "Call of the control of the captain in "Call of the captain" in "Call of the captain in "Call Plains" and later as the Captain in Call Mister," absolutely refused to change Southern accent for the lead in "Ly Bailey," which Tyrone Power origin; was supposed to do. "In this business," s Dale, who comes from Oklahoma, "Ly Later to be a possensity. My Southern have to be a personality. My Southern cent is part of my personality." So—won of wonders—the accent, not the brash ne comer, was changed. In the picture, now comes from Baltimore, not Boston.

Debra Paget at seventeen is number th in fan mail at her studio, just beh Betty Grable and June Haver. I notice Debra first in a big way with Jimmy Ste art in "Broken Arrow." Since then she starred in half a dozen movies, with "Ev: geline" next coming up. Debra is a man girl, and whenever you see the daugh you know mother is within reaching c-tance. To my knowledge, Debra has ne

had an unchaperoned date.

And Debbie Reynolds, who is ninete has never had a date for pleasure, peri Debbie, who startled Metro with gay cavorting in "Two Weeks with Lov is still a very staunch Girl Scout-a tre leader, in fact. Debbie prefers the co pany of the neighborhood kids in Burba where she lives with her parents. It's ways nice to see an unknown steal picture from the stars. Chalk that theft to Debbie in "Mr. Imperium." This t spoiled girl is the stuff that stars

made of. But don't get me wrong about the old stars—I'm not rushing them into retirment. There's a place for them for as le as they can and want to act. But the cen of the stage is at long last similar, wood's younger performers. And personal The F of the stage is at long last shifting to Holl

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I Was There

(Continued from page 63) twelve hours of warning with the first child. "No sense waking Bill Caldwell (the doctor) at this hour," Geary had reasoned.

In two hours, however, the backaches had stopped completely. And that afternoon, when Marshall and Barbara Thompson had come for an invited swim, Janie had swum with them. Then the backaches had begun again and Barbara, sitting on the side of the pool, had timed them—"six ninutes-seven-six-'

In the late afternoon the doctor advised, 'If they're that close, better come on lown." They showered and dressed, put the bag in the car, gathered up the white varn Janie was using to make herself a weater, drove slowly over the route Geary

ad mapped out in advance. "Honey, don't take the suitcase and all ny knitting and everything in," Janie had

said. "It will be so embarrassing to walk out in a little while carrying all of it . . . feel fine now."

The doctor, however, had told Geary to ring the bag and knitting in, that he was acing fatherhood. "No twelve-hour wait or you," he'd promised. "Four—maybe ive hours—at the most."

MEARY had stayed in Jane's room with her until a shot they'd given her had beoun to take effect and she had been con-erned about him "closing the front door" nd "sewing Venetian blinds for the bath-oom." Stuck for the right answers, he'd djourned to have coffee with Bill and nake a fatherly wager with him. "You've ad great medical experience, you can neasure a heart beat; tell me, what's it toing to be?" Without hesitating, the loctor had ruled a girl. "Bet you a night n the town—you and Joan (Leslie) and ane and myself—that it's a boy," Geary ad said, so confidently. Now, at tentitud in the country of the confidently. hirty-five, waiting, jumping every time he elevator door opened, the thought of a ight on the town made Geary shudder.

He kept thinking of all the wonderful Janie, so tender on their first dates
Janie, so happy on their wedding day
hat he forgot to be nervous; Janie with a
ig black and blue mark on her arm
here he caught her when she had tripped n the doorstep as they were starting on heir honeymoon; Janie, acting so grown p as the mistress of their new house. Forty minutes now—forty-five—fifty n even hour. Go through this again? Not n his life—and not on Janie's. Then the levator door opened again and Geary aw the familiar grinning face of Dr. Wil-am Caldwell. "You win," he told Geary, Gerhardt Anthony Steffen the Third has rrived! He weighs seven pounds and vo ounces. He's nineteen inches. . . . "

But Geary Steffen the Second was doing me broken field running to the elevator, nd down the corridor of the fourth floor. ehind the glass window of the nursery, nurse held a tiny bundle. "What do you now," Geary said aloud, to himself. "Look t the forehead—all I. Q. Such a husky—use shoulders—strictly UCLA."

Whom did he look like? My dad, thought

eary. But there was something about is nose that was Janie's. The nurse ouldn't hear a word—or a thought—but lankets momentarily so Geary could have full-length view. Hey—look at that foot-with his second toe longer than his big ne! He was his father's boy, all right!

Then Janie's mother and father arrived, aving come along a little more slowly, ad, reluctantly, Geary moved back so they could see the miracle—of his son.

THE END

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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 32) Program Notes: The catchy songs were really sung by Jane contrary to rumors of c dubbed-in voice . . . The loud Dixielanc music that erupted all over the set came from Mitchum's portable phonograph via loud speaker. At lunchtime Bob rode pel mell over the lot on his three-speed English racing bicycle with people leaping for safety . . . Tim Holt went right back to his boots and cowboy hats for more Westerns the minute "His Kind of Woman" was completed.

VV (F) Angels in the Outfield (M-G-M)

CHARMING and delightful is this on-the-fantasy-side story of a tough baseball manager who suddenly inherits a guiding angel. Rough, tough Paul Douglas, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, strikes a bargain with the angel. Paul is to cease his loud-mouthed arguments and the angel, in answer to a child's prayer, will guide his team from last place to the top. The pact is kept secret until the little orphan girl whose prayers were heard, announces she sees angels behind every player on the team. Newspaperwoman Janet Leigh leaps on the story Paul, after a whack on the head, verifies the child's story and pandemonium breaks loose. Janet and Paul are wonderful and Donna Corcoran as the orphan is a natural Keenan Wynn plays a sarcastic announcer. Spring Byington the Mother Superior Bruce Bennett the aging pitcher.

Your Reviewer Says: Right over home plate

Program Notes: If audiences are surprised in this M-G-M movie to see Bing Crosby, an old Paramount man from way back, offering his two cents' worth to the general good humor, they needn't be. Bing is part owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates and felt the publicity attached to his team would do it no harm... Douglas was more than comfortable in his role, having observed such managers for years as a radio sports announcer . . . Donne Corcoran, the daughter of a studio mechanic makes her first appearance on the screen

√½ (A) Hotel Sahara (Rank-U.A.)

SHEER, delightful nonsense with a chuckle around every sand dune. The story tells of Peter Ustino, proprietor of a luxury hotel in the North African desert and his frantic efforts to preserve his hostelry and his fiancee, Yvonne De Carlo from the hands of the Italians, the French and the Germans. Ustinov, new to American films, is smooth and polished. His frustrations, as projected by his flexible face, petulant voice and ample frame, are riotous. Roland Culver, David Tomlinson Albert Lieven complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a camel's face.

Program Notes: This is the first of many pictures that Yvonne De Carlo is going to make abroad. Yvonne wants to combine picture making with voice lessons and world tours . . . Ustinov is the actor who is get ting raves from all those who saw "Que Vadis." Previewers were laying odds his portrayal of Nero will win him an Oscar.

(F) The Day the Earth Stood Still (20th Century-Fox)

NOTHER science-fiction drama, done with unbelievable technical skill and bringing a message of peace on earth—or else. The story begins when scientists discover a space ship circling the earth at terrific speed. It lands in Washington, D. C

O DAY TRIAL

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id a huge metallic robot and a citizen of ars emerge. Our first act, of course, is shoot him down before he can explain at his mission is to warn the heads of nations to keep out of Martian terri-I nations to keep out of Martian terri-ry. We, and our rockets, are a threat to artian peace, it seems. Escaping from the spital to which he has been taken, he ds refuge in a rooming-house which also uses Pat Neal and her son Billy Gray. illing in his efforts to have President uman round up national leaders, the artian enlists the aid of scientist Sam fie who gathers scientists from all over e world to hear his message. The story e world to hear his message. The story ds with the messengers returning to ars convinced we're a nation of hood-ms. Michael Rennie plays the Martian d Hugh Marlowe Miss Neal's suitor.

ur Reviewer Says: Fascinating in technical ill and interesting.

ogram Notes: Twentieth Century-Fox w Michael Rennie from his native Engnw Michael Rennie from his native Eng-nd to Hollywood to play Klaatu. The six-ot-four-inch actor has appeared in many glish films during the last decade and fore that was a flying instructor in the AF... The out-of-this-world sounds ralding the approach of the space ship e said to be duplications of sound effects corded from noises broadcast to earth from chets fired beyond the atmosphere. ckets fired beyond the atmosphere.

1/2 (F) You Never Can Tell (U-I) ICK POWELL plays a German Shepherd dog that dies and comes back to rth a man. Now, for my money, that's rrying fantasy a mite too far. But we ust be fair and admit the people around laughed fit to kill—albeit, at times, with at nervous tittering induced by emrrassment, for there are a few moments nen it borders on the vulgar. Dick plays dog that inherits a vast fortune from his oner and is promptly poisoned by a itor of Peggy Dow, who is next in line heiress to the dog's estate. The suitor, narles Drake, is scheming to get the rtune, you see, and Dick who has died d gone to Beastatory comes back to exse Drake. Joyce Holden, who really is horse, comes back to earth with Powell d the pair finally get things worked out.

our Reviewer Says: Oh well, I've been a t lots of times.

ogram Notes: Dick Powell finally blew s top during the filming when everyone nnected with the film greeted him with a irk. Gagsters sent him toy fire hydrants id boxes of dog food and moth-eaten bones . Joyce Holden, who was star of the allrl track team for Paseo High School, claims ie ran at least twenty miles in her busuasing scene before director Lou Breslou as satisfied . . . Charles Drake took himself the beach for a sun-tan and went to sleep, rowning only on one side—the front. This reed the camera to focus on Drake's face stead of his back, which wasn't bad going r the actor . . . Peggy Dow is a bit of a ghbrow who prefers intellectual men. Her instant visitor on the set was Harvard man alter Helmerich.

Best Pictures of the Month

An American in Paris The Red Badge of Courage

est Performances of the Month

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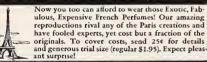


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She's a New Woman

(Continued from page 40) young actress," said Jerry. "Ann is another Bette Davis. Get her out of those tried, true and trite roles she's been playing and she'll be one of the

she's been playing and she'll be one of the biggest stars in this town. If she ever gets a 'Human Bondage'—boin-n-n-n-g!' It was Jerry Wald who gave Ann her first important part, Veda, the alluring vixen daughter, in "Mildred Pierce." Before that, Ann had been a darling little ingenue in a few kittenish capers with Donald O'Connor at Universal. Mike Curtiz, the director of "Mildred Pierce," didn't want Ann in his picture. "She's too sweet and immature," he objected. "The public would never believe that she could take a man away from Crawford. We need a young Bette Davis for Veda." Jerry, a producer for Warner Brothers at the time, reminded Mike that until "Of Human Bondage," Bette Davis had been considered sweet and dull.

"Ann belongs in the big league," Jerry says, "but maybe she's happy playing these 'Katy-Did-It,' 'Top o' the Morning,' 'Great Caruso' roles. In Hollywood too often familiarity breeds contentment."

WOST actresses gripe their heads off about the picture parts they get. But Ann is not one to grouch. Whether or not she likes her "tried, true and trite" roles I wouldn't know. Twice she has rebelled, in a quiet ladylike way, and gone on suspension. "Mildred Pierce," she will tell you quickly when asked, is her favorite picture and *Veda* her favorite role. Then she hastily adds that she'd dearly love to do a musical. However, she'll have to wait a while. Her own studio, Universal, after looking all over town and discarding several possibilities, has cast Ann in the highly dramatic lead of "The World in His Arms" opposite Greg Peck.

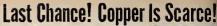
No doubt about it, Ann has grown up this year. This was quite evident at the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund ball given

at Mocambo recently.

As always happens, the sidewalks were jammed with fans. When Ann got out of her car with her escort, Dick Clayton, the males let out with a big fat wolf whistle. In the old days when the boys on the lot used to whistle at Ann-no harm meant, just their way of paying a compliment—she would turn white, tremble, look straight ahead and pretend she hadn't heard them. But that night she stopped, gave them The Smile, and waved her hand as professionally as a Gloria Swanson. This was all too much for a lad from Kansas who rushed up and demanded, "Gorgeous creature, when will you marry me?" "Next week," said Ann promptly.

At a college benefit not long ago she was asked to stay on after the show and dance with the boys. Along came the extrovert, the college showoff, who grabbed Ann in a tight embrace and swung her into a jet-propelled jitterbug. This has happened to Ann before at college and Army camp dances. And she has come off the floor pale and shaken, asking to be taken home. But this night she had the situation well in hand. She gave a very inviting wink to one of the biggest guys in the tar line who suitable action. in the stag line, who quickly cut in.

When Ann was younger the studio had a high old time of it dressing her to suit the character she played on the screen. A young lady with definite opinions, she was determined not to dress sexy or tartish, no matter what the role. (She had "no cheesecake" written into her contract.) Not too long ago, if you had given Ann a choice of a bare midriff or the Siberian salt mines, she would have quietly left for the mines. Today it's different, how different you'll know when you see Ann in





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The Golden Horde." In it you will see ore of her than ever before. Ann plays rincess Shalimar, a lovely girl whose aind isn't exactly on her blueberry muffins. Ann didn't even shudder-at least outardly-when she saw the Princess Shalnar's wisps of black chiffon. It's all a art of the business. She's quite conitioned now to the fact that dressing the art is almost as important as acting it. And my, my, what a time the publicity epartment used to have with Ann when he read the gossip columns. If she went o a premiere with a young man it was a omance. And if she was seen with him a econd time the columnists assured their eader that a marriage announcement rould be forthcoming before Tuesday. Ifter one of those droolly romance items nn wouldn't see the boy whose name was nked with hers again for months. "It's oo embarrassing," she'd mourn. But this ast year she has stopped fretting. When he columnists linked her name with Scott Brady everyone thought, "Well, that's the nd of that nice friendship." But it wasn't t all. Scott still is one of Ann's favorite remiere dates. She often calls him as late s seven o'clock of an evening and says. Hi there, if you haven't got a date to-ight, how about taking me to Ciro's?" Ann nd Scott have a very warm, understand-ng friendship. But it's no romance.

Several months ago it was reported that Inn had fallen in love at last-with dark, andsome Dick Contino (before the Army acident). The writer intimated that when nn returned from England there'd be a hurch wedding. The studio blew their op. The only calm person was Ann.

The boys at the studio, who adore Ann, vill tell you she's a lot of fun. "She's a

reat joke teller. She has good timing and swonderful at dialects," says Tommy hambers, her accompanist, who goes with er on all her personal appearance tours nd her camp and hospital visits. "She's razy about cartoons. Especially those by harles Addams in the New Yorker. Every ime we see a cartoon we think will give er a laugh we cut it out and bring it to he studio. But the most I have ever heard er laugh was over one she cut out herelf. It's a drawing of a woman in a police recinct. She's nude except for a be-lraggled hat and umbrella. 'Sir,' she ays to the police captain, 'I want to report

OWEVER, Ann has missed out on several good meaty roles because certain rass at her studio think she's too young nd wholesome and entirely lacking in hat thing called sex appeal. As a self-ppointed Mrs. Hooper I took a poll of ome dozen or more workers on her studio ot. The consensus was that Ann is loaded

vith sex appeal.

A part of growing up is falling in love, of ourse. Hollywood has been trying to push nn into a hot romance ever since she vas eighteen. But Ann won't push At wenty-two, she still insists that she is uch too busy with her career for a erious romance. She says that she didn't ave a date all the months she was in ingland, or the three nights she was in 'aris. The most attractive mer she saw vere in Ireland. When she talks about narriage she is quite serene. "I believe," he says, "that modern boys and girls now that quick, flashy attractions don't nake friends, much less lifetime partners. comradeship, a community of interests, emperament and standards are especially nportant if you're thinking about living our life with someone."

While Ann was in Europe she made no ffort to meet Aly Khan. But I'm sure if ly had known she was there he'd have

nade an effort to meet her.





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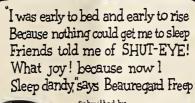
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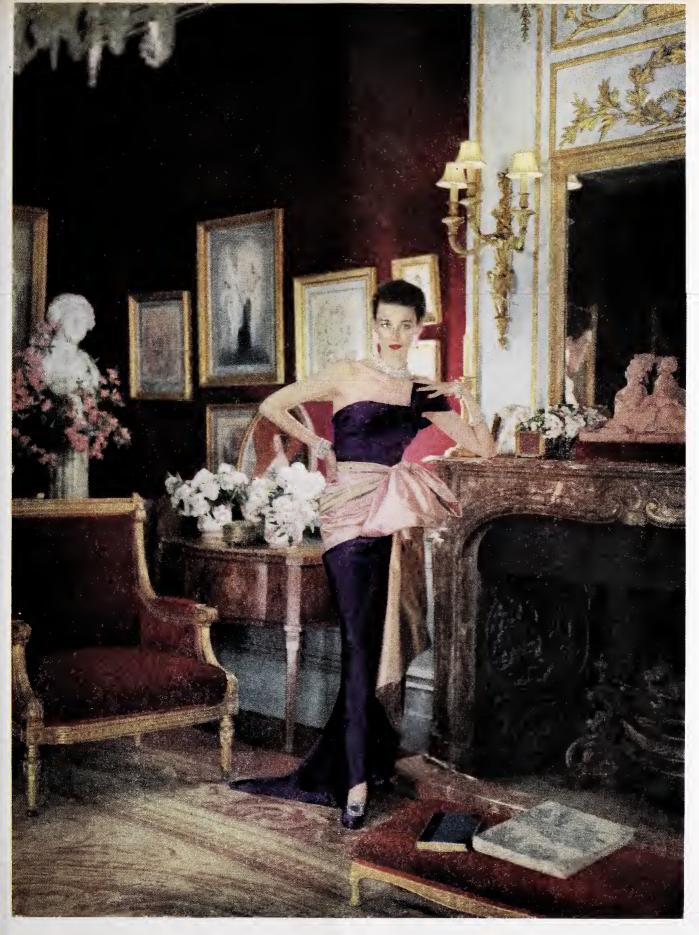
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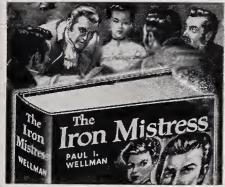


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Yvonne La Rouche Saskatoon, Canada

If I were Liz Taylor I would go back to my parents. Unfortunately, I've had to go through life without a mother (she died when I was six). I know if my mother were living today, I would give her all the love and consideration a girl should give her mother.

C. M. Springfield, Mass.

I was highly disappointed in the miscasting of Ezio Pinza in "Strictly Dishonorable." The story was rather enjoyable but that man just about drove me out of the show.

I admit he has a marvelous voice but let him stick to singing and not try to imitate a lover.

There must be a man shortage in Hollywood or this couldn't have happened.

J. K. Chicago, Ill.

Have seen "Strictly Dishonorable," starring Pinza with pretty little Janet Leigh. Honestly, it's the biggest relief from the stereotyped stuff you can imagine. Pinza is gay, amusing, Continental, in the same vein Boyer made so charming, only, praise be, he has the added grace of a sense of humor. Janet Leigh must have had some of his acting ability rubbed off on her, for she's never been so good.

For the person who is equally tired of crime, adolescence and nitwits called by courtesy "comics," this is a treat.

BARBARA KERR Blue Island, Ill.

Recently I saw "People Will Talk." This picture made fun of birth which I consider a sacred thing. I think it is wrong to make having fatherless babies a joke. Such things are a misfortune for the girl and her family.

ROBERT SCHULTZ Callicoon, N. Y.

Reader's Pet:

I have just seen "Bright Victory" and I must say what a superb performance was given by Peggy Dow. She not only handled the part beautifully but gave it a touch of radiance. With her natural beauty she could surpass Liz Taylor any time.

ROSALPINA MERCADO New York, N. Y.

Clift Contrast:

I have just seen "A Place in the Sun." I have this to say about Montgomery Clift. He's handsome. He's hideous. He's a superb actor. He's a terrible actor.

He underplayed to the point of being lethargic. Then again, he attained some highs in acting that I haven't seen duplicated.

Montgomery Clift is a combination of the best and the worst that has ever happened to Hollywood.

Mary Farrell Berkeley, Calif. Casting:

Why hasn't anyone noticed the resemblance between Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor? Don't you agree that they would make perfect sister roles?

GEORGIANA RAE CATHERINE KELLER Bloomsburg, Pa.

(You have a point. See below.)





Vera-Ellen

Mitzi Gaynar

Question Box:

While reading "Encore" in August Photoplay, I noticed that Mario Lanza cites the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Canada, as the most beautiful building he has ever seen. Has Mario Lanza ever been to Ottawa?

Mrs. M. Joanis Ottawa, Canada

(He sang there at a concert November 14, 1946.)

I just saw "Hard, Fast and Beautiful" and I thought it was great. Did Sally Forrest play tennis in the movie or did she have a stand-in?

Mrs. Marie Rogus Waterford, Mich.

(Sally trained for many months in order to make the tennis scenes herself.)

Tell me, please, some facts about dreamy Aldo Da Re who plays in "Saturday's Hero." When can we see him again?

JENNIE GRADY New York, N. Y.

(He was born 9/25/26 in Pen Argyl, Pa He has blond hair, blue cyes, is 6', 200 lbs., unmarried. He will be known as John Harrison in the future, and under that name costars with Judy Halliday in "The Marrison".



stars with Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind.")

Is "The Brigand" a cowboy picture? If it is, I think Columbia Pictures is wrong. Tony Dexter is a perfect star in romantic pictures. I've seen a lot of stars practically disappear because of those roles in cowboy films.

Gretchen Altmeyer New Kensington, Pa.

("The Brigand" is an adventure picture of the Napoleonic period. Tony plays dual role of a king and a brigand.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

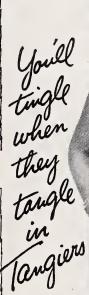
Secret agent Hope climbs the ladder of success...upside-dawn!

BOB

ABSOLUTELY UN-AUTHENTIC! Based on no government records whatsoever!



More fun than a barrel of monkey business . . . when Bob 'n Hedy flee the spies!





BY 80,000,000 FUN-LOVERS!



in

with FRANCIS L. ARNOLD SULLIVAN · MOSS · ARCHER



Whatta job for Hope! He's gotta keep his eye on Hedy... and his hands off!



Hope falls for Hedy . and falls twice as hard for the spy chief!

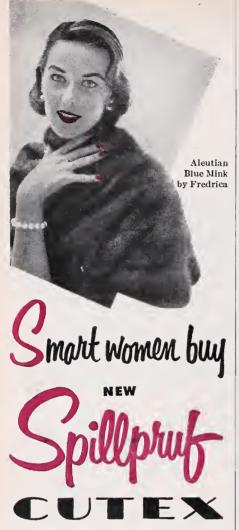


YOU'LL HEAR: "I Wind Up Taking A Fall" 'Just A Moment

More'



EDMUND HARTMANN and JACK SHER Additional Dialogue by HAL KANTER • A Paramount Picture



Exclusive with Cutex! A miracle bottle that won't spill-even though it's accidentally upset! No more fear of spilled polish ruining pretty clothes and furniture with new Spillpruf* Cutex! The wonderful polish that gives you:

Longer wear! Made with Enamelon, Cutex wears with a sparkling, jewel-like hardness!

Perfect manicures! "Nail-Measure" neck measures exact amount of polish brush should hold.

Lovelier colors! Pinks and peaches, glowing corals, lively reds! All with matching lipsticks!

Lower price! New Spillpruf* Cutex gives you all these "extras"-still costs less! Try it today!

CUTEX

Note: This new bottle is really Spillpruf for ample time to permit you to right the upset bottle.





Claudette Colbert of "Let's Make It Legal"

I do? your problems

answered by Claudette Colbert

What should

EAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a man of twenty-three and I am in love with a woman who is twentynine. She is divorced and has a six-yearold daughter of whom I'm very fond.

This is a very confusing problem because she is now living with a man for whom she has lost all respect and love, even though she was crazy about him at one time. He has turned out to be a heel. drinking, gambling, staying away until all hours, contributing nothing toward her support. She and I work for the same company and she says that her only happy hours are those spent during the day with

I have met her parents and they are nice farm people who don't know how she is living. They like me and don't think the difference in our ages makes much difference if we are in love. This girl has agreed to marry me as soon as I get an apartment and furnish it so that she can stay at home and keep house and mind her daughter while I bring in the family money. She has good sense and says she wants to settle down and do the right

Naturally I have some doubts and these are only increased by my friends who think this girl is too old for me, that this man might cause trouble, and that it isn't easy to bring up stepchildren.

Colby R.

I wish you had answered a few additional questions which must have oc-curred to you. For instance, why has this woman continued to live with a man to whom she is not married in view of the fact that he abuses her, does not support her, and brings her nothing but trouble? Is she a natural martyr or, in spite of your statement that "she has good sense," is she too inert or too lazy to take herself out of an intolerable situation? Why would a decent woman subject an innocent child to an environment like that? Why would a woman who was in love with you insist that you furnish an apartment for her before she would leave her present wretched and illegal association?

If you can't answer these questions to your own satisfaction, talk them over

with your friends.

You must have gathered from the tone of my answer what I think: That you are a kind and sympathetic man, lacking in worldly experience and likely to be badly hurt unless you take realistic stock of your situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen years old and have been married for sixteen months; we have a sweet baby girl three months old.

In most ways we are happy, but we have a constant argument. My husband owns a Mercury and a Buick. The Mercury is "Hollywooded" up with every gadget you could imagine. I want to learn to drive this car because my husband says the Buick is too large for me to manage. No matter

what I say, he still will not teach me to drive. I don't think I would feel as mean about it as I do, if I didn't think we should sell one of the cars. After all, we need a house now that we have a baby, but my husband says we can't afford it; we have to go on living in our two-room apartment.

My husband's best friend volunteered to teach me to drive, but my husband said I still couldn't use the Mercury even after I got my driver's license, so there isn't much use in learning.

Don't you think my husband is being unreasonable and selfish?

Herta M.

Probably your husband's reasoning is this: it is expensive to drive two cars. It is particularly expensive for a wife to have access to a car when her housework is soon done and she has little to take up her time for the rest of the day except travel about.

I do think that every girl should learn to drive. Regardless of the jokes about women drivers, statistics prove that women are much safer drivers than men are. However, when you are somewhat older and your baby has grown up a little, so that you are in a better physical and mental condition to learn to handle an automobile, you should be taught to drive by a professional driving school.

It is a rare husband who can teach his wife to drive without stimulating a

major quarrel.

Incidentally, I gathered from your let-ter that you and your husband seem to be working at cross purposes. Don't you think-you should sit down quietly some night and discuss your finances, how best to save money, and how to go about planning for your future home? An un-derstanding about your aims and how you plan to realize them, if reached now, may save much future bickering and heartache.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It may seem strange that a G.I. would write to you, but the other day, aboard a ship bound for Japan I began reading the March issue of "Photoplay." I came across "What Should I Do?" and read it with interest, especially the letter sent in by a girl named Pat MacT.

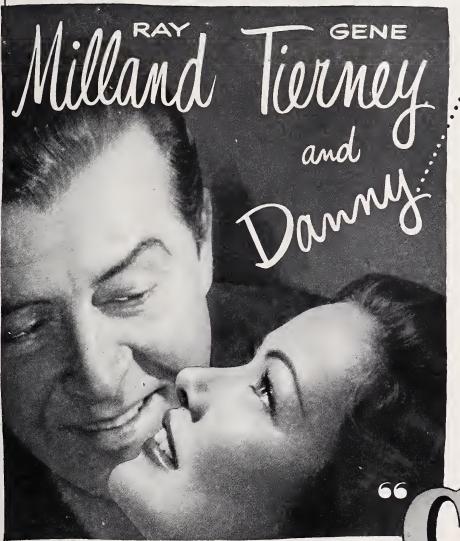
I may not be much more advanced in age or knowledge than Pat, but I do wish to congratulate her for having the courage to stand up for her high ideals. I hope she continues to do so even if it does mean fewer dates and good times. Eventually she will have a happy marriage and be a source of pride to her husband. The one thing a man can't stand is to be ashamed of his wife and to feel that he ought to apologize for her actions during her younger days.

It makes a fellow a long way from home feel good to know that there are still a few girls left at home with high standards.

I hope you will excuse my awkwardness in trying to express myself. Maybe (Continued on page 8)

THERE'S THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD FOR EVERYBODY TO SEE THIS PICTURE:

It's great and makes you feel great!



We're not going to tell you how Danny fits into this picture.

As a matter of fact, the important (and touching and delightful) part of this story is that people didn't know much about Danny's story.

Let's say simply he's one of the reasons that moviegoers, of every age, everywhere, have taken "Close to My Heart"

close to their hearts.

THIS THING
CALLED LOVE —
AND THE WONDERFUL THINGS
IT MAKES
HAPPEN...!

Another Big Movietime Success gaily presented by Warner Bros.





you can't wear



eye make-up?



Of course you can!



sweet-and-subtle new

MAKE-UP

looks so naturally lovely you won't believe your eyes!



Mascara - II mist-soft colors . . . tortoise-plastic case

Eye Shadow - 12 dreamy shades ... gold-tone "lipstick-

Eyebrow Pencil - 6 inspired hues . . . tortoise-plastic 'swivel stick" ... 1.10*

(Continued from page 6) it would give Pat a good feeling if she knew that you had heard from me. Pvt. Jerry K.

Your letter will please Pat, of course, and it will give new resolve to other girls who, in reading it, will discover the shonest attitude of one man. It is reasonable to believe that your attitude is shared by the majority of young men, although they may not admit it as long as there is a selfish advantage to be gained by pretending a broadmindedness toward a girl's behavior which they actually do not feel.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ever since I can remember, my mother-in-law has been "ailing." She has three doctors on her payroll now, and she tells with delight that one of them has found nine serious disorders in her system. She will talk for hours about her "miseries," excluding all other conversation.

She has to carry a footstool and a pillow wherever she goes, even to church or to social functions. When she sees me making a piece of needlepoint for a chair, she buys a similar piece and asks me to make it for her. When I knit a sweater for my daughter, my mother-in-law complains that she needs a sweater far more.

She is constantly dropping in for dinner, then announcing that she can't eat what we are eating. I have to leave the table and prepare a different dinner for her. She is crushed and filled with tears if

she hears that we have taken a week-end trip without her (although she refuses to go anywhere with her husband, who is a silent little man, seldom present), and yet she always holds up our departure at least two hours when we invite her along.

Now she has decided that she and her husband should move in with us. She has suddenly grown afraid to stay alone at night. "Besides, with your eldest son going away to college, you'll have an extra room," she says. She and her husband own a building. They have been living in one unit and renting the other. Now she wants to rent both.

What shall I do? I am nearly out of my mind with thought of what it would

mean to have her live with us.

There is only one way on earth to handle a bully: Fight back with all your intelligence, all your strength, and all

your determination.

From your letter, which was fascinating but much too long to print in its entirety, I gathered that you have put up with this woman's nonsense for nineteen years and that you have never re-volted. What a shame. You should an-nounce, immediately and in ringing tones, that this woman is not to live in your home. I believe your children will back you up 100 per cent and that your husband (a bewildered only child) will be happy to have a nineteen-year-old festering wound laid bare. Don't be afraid to stand up for yourself. You have rights but apparently you are the only person who can protect them.

Don't let this woman dominate you and ruin the mid-years of your life which can be so happy. Blow up. Pound the table if necessary. But insist upon maintaining the privacy of your own home, of your own dinner table, and of your

of your own dinner many own recreational days. If I sound like a bugle playing "Charge"—that is my intention! Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert: I am twenty-three so I feel that I must do something about my life and my future at once or it will be too late.

Ever since I graduated from high school I have worked for my father in a small-town store. About two years ago I de-cided that I wanted to learn a profession so I went to a large city and enrolled in a beauty school. I loved the work and graduated with fine recommendations. I returned home to rest before setting out to find a job in the beauty field.

While I was at home I took a job in a local factory in order to repay my mother the amount she had loaned me to see me through school. The pay was good so I cleared up my obligation quickly. So I started to look for work in a beauty shop.

At this time my father bought another store in a near-by town and asked me to run it until it began to pay off. And here I am, working twelve to fifteen hours a day, drawing very meager pay (my father cannot afford to employ a stranger or even a part-time worker), and losing my knack in the work I want to be doing.

I love my parents, but I have a lonely life. I am the youngest member of a large family, but all the rest are married and have homes of their own. I am beginning to feel penned in. I never go any place as all the young people I used to know have moved to larger cities or have married. I guess I'm stuck because my father would have to close the store if I left, but I do wish I could think of something to give me a new interest in life.

Korey T.

Wouldn't it be possible for you to set aside a cubicle in your father's store and use the space as a small beauty shop? Probably there are a few hours each day —perhaps in the morning—when there are few customers in your store. You could accept appointments during those hours and gradually build up a beauty

shop business of your own.

Also, for your own protection, you should have some sort of a contract with your father so that you would be drawing pay or promises to pay equivalent to standard wages for your type of work in standard wages for your type of work in your town. It is unpleasant to think of such things, but if something should happen to your father, his equity in the business would be divided equally among the children (unless his will specifies differently) regardless of the fact that all of your effort and none of theirs has gone into the running of the business.

Business within a family should be conducted according to the same ethical principles as those used in dealings with strangers, otherwise all manner of trouble

can result.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

I dreamed I was a

Lady Ambassador in my

maidenform bra

o o o

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* in white satin and lace...from 1.50

There is a maidenform for every type of figure!



CREAM HAIR DRESSING makes your hair behave!

For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

To help correct a permanent that left your hair dry, stiff and fuzzy, pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the palm of your hand and rub on those brittle ends.

For a dry, tight scalp pour a few drops of soothing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on fingertips and massage scalp thoroughly but gently.

Remember, new Lady Wildroot is a feminine hair dressing, a cream hair dressing made especially for women's hair. Not sticky! Not greasy! It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it more manageable, help it keep that neat, natural look. Delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Wonderful for training children's hair, too.



Personal size 50¢...

Dressing-table size \$1.00

P. S. For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.

LAUGHING

STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

HOLLYWOOD STARS are playing themselves in the Warner movie, "Starlift." When Ruth Roman was asked how it feels to play Ruth Roman, she replied: "It's the most difficult acting job I've ever had. I never knew Ruth Roman was so complicated."

When Marta Toren meets Humphrey Bogart for the first time in "Sirocco," she does a double take and then says: "You're so ugly. How can a man so ugly be so handsome?"

Greta Garbo's latest gastronomical delight:

A wild rice nutburger with a dessert of strawberry yogurt pie!

Boy friend Jerome Hines was the first to hear that Yvonne de Carlo would play the role of *Prince Orlovsky* in "Die Fledermaus" at the Hollywood Bowl. When Yvonne gave him the news about the male masquerade, his only words were: "Ye Gads, what a waste!"

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's opinion of his acting: "I can't act. I have never acted. And I shall never act. What I can do is to suspend the audience's power of judgment until I have finished."

Overheard at the Tallyho: "What this country needs is someone who knows what this country needs."

At Ciro's: "It takes forty years for a woman to be forty and then she has only twenty years to enjoy it."

There's a permanent sign on a West Los Angeles theatre marquee which reads: "Escape From Television."

"Storks Don't Talk" is the title of a new movie being filmed in London. In Hollywood, they hire a press agent to publish a timetable six months in advance.

A Hollywood Western matinee was advertised as: "Mati-NEIGH Today."

Fading movie queen to a friend: "I don't intend to grow old gracefully. I'm fighting every step of the way."

Talking about a certain movie executive, Nick Lucas cracked: "All he needs to get ahead—is a head."

Sign of the times: The Bali-Bali, a South Sea Island cafe in Palm Springs, California, has a sign out front reading: "The Bali-Bali Has Gone Western."

Vanessa Brown, working in a night-club scene, broke up in the middle of her dialogue

The last item on the prop menu handed to her by an extra playing a waiter read: "After Dinner Minks."



★ Betty's cards make a "tree." Esther's★ Xmas socks will give the Gages a glow.



Trimmings

When the Christmas lights go on in Hollywood homes they reveal a lot of decorative ideas for the holiday season.

Betty Hutton of "The Greatest Show on on the character of the

Betty Hutton of "The Greatest Show on Earth" loves to keep Christmas cards where she can see them. Her novel idea is to decorate a wide expanse of wall with them, to create an intriguing, stylized Christmas tree. First, she fastens a "key" card on a nail at the top center of the wall and tapes the rest together in everwidening rows. In other words, two cards are taped to the "key" card. Three are added in the next row, four in the next and so on, until she has her tree effect. Esther Williams of "Texas Carnival" is

Esther Williams of "Texas Carnival" is starting her Christmas tradition this year with clever stockings for the family. For Benjie and Kimmie, she made one red and one green felt stocking, with appliqued red and white felt Christmas trees and candy canes and their names in white felt. For golfer Ben, Esther used plaid cotton with a border of golf tees around the cuff. For herself, she used lame, decorated with sequins and colorful felt fish.

There's no end to what you can do to give your home that Christmas glow.

Double Beauty Offer

2 wonderful creams to make you doubly lovely!



Woodbury Cold Cream—to give deeper cleansing than ever before!

Woodbury's new wonder-working ingredient, Penaten, makes the cleansing, softening oils in Woodbury Cold Cream *penetrate deeper* than ever. It gently floats away dust and grime — leaves skin immaculate and exquisitely smooth.



Woodbury Dry Skin Cream—to give youthful softness even to extra-dry skin!

The magic of Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream carries lanolin and 4 other softeners deep into the corneum layers of the skin. It soothes away dry lines — makes skin smoother, younger-looking with the *first* application!

Try Woodbury Dry Skin
Cream with Fabulous
new Penaten FREE
when you buy Woodbury
Cold Cream ...
94¢ value only 69¢ plus tax

Look for this display at your favorite cosmetic counter! Get your gift of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream while the offer lasts!



THERE'S ALWAYS fun ahead when Jerry Lewis is in the party picture! Left, Danny Arnold, Marion Marshall step out with Jerry and his wife





GREG BAUTZER took not one, but two lovely ladies to "The Blue Veil"—the star, Jane Wyman, and her daughter, Maureen Reagan



Town Topics: Pleased as punch over his first bachelor apartment (decorated in gray, black and white by the talented Paul Fox), Scott Brady cooked his first at-home dinner for Dorothy Malone and a group of friends . . . Hollywood's newest and sexiest agent is Jane Russell, who landed a job for her old friend Portia Nelson, who's now singing at the Cafe Gala . . . Personal to those who wrote in and asked for Maureen O'Hara's great-aunt's special exercises for developing the bust: "I'm sorry I can't divulge this," says the lovely looker, "but I'm writing a book on beauty and the exercise will be included when it's published" . . . A letter addressed to "Alex" with a five-cent piece (nickel) held down by Scotch tape, was delivered to Alex Nicol in Hollywood!

Behind the News: No wonder Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner's nerves are on edge these days! Ruthless reporters are giving them very good reasons. A mild illness from a sleeping-pill allergy turned into a "suicide attempt" story on Frank, when it hit front pages. Once, when Ava (Continued on page 14)

THE LEADING siren in "David and Bathsheba," Susan Hayward, parties at Romanoff's with her husband, Jess Barker



P LISTEN TO PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST CAL YORK ON "HOLLYWOOD LOVE STORY" EVERY SATURDAY









PETITE FRENCH dancer and actress Leslie Caron, surprised in dressing room, has first dramatic role in Barbara's film

GETTING READY for the camera is Barbara Stanwyck, above, on "The Man with a Cloak" set. Posing for Bob Taylor, below, is Deborah Kerr, in Rome for film "Quo Vadis"

Hollywood

FOR YOU

I feel like a peeping Tom whenever I watch Jane Russell move about in a scene . . Marlon Brando acts with almost a contempt for the camera . . . "A Place in the Sun" gets my vote for the Academy Award . . . Very few movie fans can tell you who won the last batch of Oscars . . . Not that I give beauty



hints, but Ava Gardner washes her face with soap and water and then covers it with a thick layer of oil. Ava's a natural from any angle.

I know that Rhonda Fleming is pretty, Lut I don't get any message . . . Ronald Reagan and George Murphy strike me more as salesmen for Hollywood than as actors . . . Francis, the talking mule, while working in "Francis Covers the Big Town," backed into a newly tarred wall and the make-up department had to sup-ply him with a false bottom for the scene He even calls guys "honey." Still I like it better than Mickey Rooney's calling me "Uncle Sidney."



Rooney

Ida Lupino always refers to "men and females." She claims "females" sounds more feminine than "women." I think that Ida's discovery, Sally Forrest, looks plenty like Ida, don't you? . . . And Jeanne Crain's husband is a ringer for Errol Flynn. So much so that Pat Wymore was surprised to see Brinkman in Schwab's on

a day when Flynn was out of town . . . Marlene Dietrich remains my favorite glamour girl, and when I asked her what glamour is, she replied, "I can't tell you what it is, but I'm awfully glad people say I've got it."

I still like Judy Garland's line to Bing Crosby. She said, "Bing, I saw a sneak preview of your picture and all of us sneaks loved it"... Jane Wyman deserves an award for versatility. Jane can give a great performance as a song-anddance woman and then in the next picture, turn in a great dramatic performance . . . There's a certain type of movie actress that every man wants to marryexcept the man she is married to . . . I seldom eat popcorn in a movie theatre.

Shelley Winters has said, "When I'm not acting for money, I'm acting for free."

See a not kidding . . . Groucho Marx, playing host to a group of people at Mocambo, was at a table behind Marie Wilson. The waiter asked Groucho if he would like to move to another table. "No," said Groucho, "I like the obstruction better than the . . . I'm always fascinated when I stroll by a manager's office in a theatre . . . By the way, did you hear about the theatre manager who crowed, "We're getting a new class of people—those who want to get away from television" . . . The wolf pack now calls them "truesies" to distinguish them from you-know-whatsies.



Virginia Mayo should be given the Betty Grable treatment. She's pin-up bait . . . Don Taylor's bathroom is papered with pages from his movie scripts . . . I think "The Prowler" is the most underrated picture of the semester and I can't understand how it ever got

the approval of the Johnston office . . . I was embarrassed for Jeff Chandler in "Iron Man." He's too good an actor to have to make those faces.

Whenever I read about a movie player going to Broadway to do a show, I think he's having trouble getting a job in Hollywood. But when I read about a stage actor coming to Hollywood, I think he has been discovered . . . I realize I'm in the minority, but I didn't buy Vivien Leigh's per-formance in the pic-ture "A Streetcar Named Desire." I always felt that



she was acting . . . Scott Brady, who does very well for himself with the gals, claims he can size up a woman immediately by the type of perfume she

Monty Clift says that Brady

he does not consider money important if it interferes with his ambition to become a good actor. And he makes more money that way . . . Jan Sterling sleeps in the raw, but usually wears a shortie pajama when she first crawls into bed for a session of reading. When it's time to turn off the light Jan rips this garment off . . . A producer, telling Oscar Levant about the preview of his picture, said that when it was over the audience applauded. "Maybe," suggested Oscar, "they were applauding because it was over." That's Hollywood for you!

(Continued from page 12) neglected to smile in public, another "feud" story resulted. Someone even tried to rumor a romance with Clark Gable. Now here's a near-tragedy that did happen to Ava but every reporter missed it. She was driving her beautiful Cadillac up to Lake Tahoe, to vacation while Frank appeared in a Las Vegas night club. Suddenly a deer leaped out in front of her. Ava swerved into the opposite traffic lane but fortunately no cars were passing. The grillwork was all but ruined and she had it fixed at the nearest garage. When she started out again, the hood became unfastened, flew back and smashed into the windshield. Ava was terror-stricken, the car almost turned over, but she managed to stop before she fainted! Cal hopes that with Frank's divorce, he and Ava will be spared any further heartache.

Casual Casualty: Tony Curtis tells it on himself, which is one more reason why Cal thinks he's one of the most unaffected guys in Hollywood. It seems a publicity man who was really reaching, put out a story that Tony bled red blood when Piper Laurie bit his lip during a love scene! 'I received a letter from some G.I.s in Korea," he said sheepishly. (Tony didn't remind us that he was in the last war himself!) "They sympathized with me because I was suffering such hardships, while they were living a lush life where they were. Because they felt so sorry for me, they said, they enclosed—a band-aid!" (Continued on page 16)



GOING THEIR romantic way on the Hollywood merry-go-round are Mitzi Gaynor, fiance Richard Coyle

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



JOHN WAS as pleased as wife Loretta about the many letters and wires people had sent him. Of his life at the prison farm, John says, "You can learn from any experience-it is up to you"

ORETTA AGAR, at the wheel of the black Ford convertible, drove with a skilled hand along Highway 99, which she travels at every opportunity. It leads to the Wayside Honor Farm where John Agar, her husband, is serving five months with possible

time off for good behavior. He was sentenced on August 27th for drunken driving.

"John and I have been married four months now," she said. "It seems longer, but when you think of it, we haven't been together too much."

She's tall and slim, a former fashion model with brown hair and thickly lashed eyes that are very blue in her tanned face.

They had been married only a little over three months that Monday morning when Loretta went to court with John-to hear his sentence. They thought, as had many others, that he might be given a suspended sentence, that they might go home again together. Instead, John had been taken downtown and Loretta, shocked and stunned, had returned to his mother's home alone.

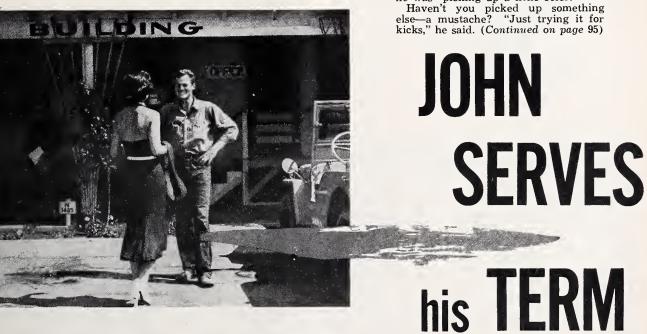
The Wayside Honor Farm, just off the highway, would seem picturesque under more pleasant cir-cumstances. Blue skies, rolling fields, purple mountains were silhouetted against a bright extrahot sun.

Here John Agar rises at six A.M., works until twelve, and again from one until four. In ninetyodd degree heat, on this particular day, he had been shoveling cement down by the livestock farm, building a pig sty.

As we approached the barracks-like Adminis-

tration Building, one of the hundreds of blue-denimed men resting in the shade saw us. He came towards Loretta with an eager look and a quick warm smile. He looked tired, tired as any man would be who had been doing manual labor under that hot sun. His eyes were red-streakedfrom an infection he got during Army days. He must undergo special treatment as soon as there is an opportunity. Of his tan, he said yes,

he was "picking up a little color."



When John Agar's wife visited

him at the Wayside Honor Farm, Photo-

play's reporter was right behind her! BY DIANE SCOTT





The "preem" of "The Blue Veil" was an occasion. It's a truly wonderful picture full of great performances—especially that of its star, Jane Wyman. Jane looked so smart in her rather tailored dress of black velvet with the tiniest black velvet hat and small cape stole of white mink. With Jane was her daughter (see page 12) and, believe it or not, it was the first time the child had seen Ma in a movie! Joan Crawford had her two oldest kids, Christopher and Christina, in tow and Lana Turner, slim and smart in black crepe, came with director Curt Bernhardt. The Wyman's ex, Ronnie Reagan, was there with Nancy Davis and both got a big hello from Jane. Spotted another Jane—last name Russell—at the curb waiting for her car in an



CHRISTOPHER proudly escorts mother Joan Crawford, Christina, to premiere

ermine job that, so-help-us, could have been either a dress or wrap. (Found out later it was a wrap.) The soft fur was draped into short sleeves; it was belted at the waist with jeweled leather about three inches wide and the ermine skirt fell in full folds to her ankles, as though it were a piece of silk. P.S. She had grabbed it out of the studio wardrobe department in a mad dash between work and premiere.

Slightly unusual, too, was the "courage" Joan Crawford showed by showing up for lunch at Romanoff's in an orange-colored tweedy sports costume. Why the courage? Because, in case you've forgotten, Joan's hair is still rcd. But she looked wonderful. The coat-type dress was diagonally buttoned from neck-clinging neckline to waistline which sported a wide black calf belt. Intricately cut, comfortable sleeves ended at the elbow with turn-back cuffs of the same soft wool. Skirt was very full over crinoline, Her accessories were black—plus great hunks of heavy gold jewelry.

It was all furs and furbelows at the Ice Follies opening. Saw Ann Blyth there with best beau Dick Clayton. Ann was wearing a plain ruby-red rather stiff velvet dress that featured baggy sleeves ending in a tight band at mid-forearm. The high round neck was fastened with a big velvet bow and another bow just above the belt of the full skirt—and that's all there is to describe. Ann's hair-do, though, looked different-for her. She had it parted in the middle, drawn tightly back into a big chignon that covered the entire rear of her pretty head. Jeanne Crain wore a dressy street dress of black satin with a very low neckline that became a stand-up collar as it crept over the shoulders. The bodice was draped, sleeves were short and plain, the skirt very full.

With the "cool, cool, cool of the season" upon us, skirts will swish in even wider circles and soon, if not already, you'll be wearing full skirts over full skirts—and I don't mean petticoats! The split, flying full skirt that flew over the slim sheath is now split right down the center-front and reveals another skirt of just about the same fullness beneath it. Some are split to reveal sequined panels of net, or contrasting shades of another material. This innovation which sounds so luxurious is really a good bet for the economy department. Any gal can split the full skirt of a little number that's been around a while and insert a glittery panel from waist to hem and quite inexpensively achieve the effect of still another voluminous skirt beneath it.

Don Loper opened his new dress salon with a huge cocktail-through-midnight soiree and he's really outdone himself with the decor. Most of the hundreds who streamed in and out said there just isn't a gown emporium in this country or Europe that can compare with it for taste and elegance. Most chic gals we saw there were Mona Freeman and Diana Lynn. Di wore a strapless calf-length, tight-skirted cocktail costume of black velvet with an enormous diamond flower pinned on the heart-shaped decollete of the bodice; black velvet gloves; large very wide-brimmed flat black velvet hat. Mona wore a daytime street dress of off-white heavy silk, buttoned all the way from neck to hem mid-front, with a tiny rolled collar, shortish push-up sleeves; a shallow-crowned small sailor of matching felt; dark brown accessories.

At the Air Force Wing Ding in the Hollywood Bowl; Betty Hutton, who has developed a mad passion for little bows, was wearing a white lace dress on which marched tiny black velvet bows from the neckline right to the hem!

(Continued from page 14)
Blessed Events: Shirley Temple Black denies the report that she is expecting a baby, while the Jeffrey Hunters (Barbara Rush) only wish the report about them were true . . . It's a girl for the grateful Robert Ryans who optimistically promised their two sons a baby sister . . . James Mason's favorite role is playing godfather to John Antony Fregonese, whose super-sexy Mom is Faith Domergue. The wee one has a half-sister whose father is Ted Stauffer, who is Hedy Lamarr's current husband . . . Marshall Thompson and Buddy Ebsen exchanged cigars in the father's waiting room when their respective wives gave birth to baby girls . . . Sharon Patricia Cummings timed her world entrance to take place

Tomorrow's Twinklers: It was Sunday afternoon at the Ocean House. All eyes on the terrace turned on two young ladies having lunch—Miss Gigi Perreau and her "young" sister, Janine Perreau. While Gigi was quite the mistress of the situation, Janine put up a beautiful little battle to keep her poise and dignity. Amused by it all, a solicitous old gentleman stopped by their table. "May I ask if you are a movie star, too?" he asked Janine. With righteous indignation she held her head high. "Certainly not," she answered icily, "I am an actress!"

the day after Bob departed for New York to do a play with Ann Sothern.



ON THE AIR, outside Grauman's Chinese, are John Hodiak, Anne Baxter. John recently left M-G-M

BY EDITH GWYNN



Young Man in a Flurry: The experience of Russell Nype is particularly disheartening, when you consider the great "brains" involved. The singing sensation of "Call Me Madam" fame needed Hollywood like he needed a hole in his crew-cut head. But they fought to get him for the role of the harassed father of three, for "Young Man in a Hurry." Russell begged for a screen test; he wasn't too young-looking, the studio insisted. No test was necessary. After twelve days of shooting, the bespectacled crooner was replaced by Glenn Ford. Director Mitch Leisen and Russell didn't always agree, but he was dumfounded when the studio called him and told him not to report. Yes, they have to pay him off, but that isn't the point. There's no compensation for injuring a man's pride. Russell Nype really was thrilled with being in Hollywood. Cal hopes that New York theatre audiences will help him to forget his disillusionment.

Cal Salutes: Joan Crawford for caring about other people. Mrs. Martha Wade of Fort Worth, Texas, who won Photoplay's Hollywood Holiday Contest, was so anxious to meet her favorite star. When Joan accidentally heard about it, unsolicited she invited the winner, together with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Hubbitt, to Romanoff's for lunch. This despite the fact that Joan's cook had been taken to the hospital that morning

and it was her nurse's day off . . . Bette Davis for her admirable lack of ego. For months, as announced, Photoplay planned on Ethel Barrymore serving as one of the judges in its Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship contest. When Miss Barrymore needed to rest and had to leave town, Bette (without benefit of any publicity) graciously stepped in and "substituted."
She had been up since dawn, worked all
day on the set of "Phone Call from a
Stranger," then drove over to Pasadena that night . . . Bill Holden for substituting at the last moment when Greg Peck couldn't make the contest. What a sincere easy-going guy! Cal was standing next to Bill's lovely wife Brenda Marshall when Bette announced that Virginia Mc-Guire won. "Wouldn't it be nice if Bill we whispered. "If I know Bill, he will," his wife whispered back. The following day he also contacted the Paramount casting office and put in a plug for the losers. Bill Holden's wonderful new fifteen-year contract couldn't happen to a more deserving friend.

Patron Saint: Attention teenagers. Ask Mom and Dad about Gareth Hughes, who was a handsome young star with the popularity and appeal of a Farley Granger. Today, the kindly, white-haired Gareth is known as Brother David, who devotes his life to the under-privileged American Indians. Gareth visited Holly-

wood recently and came to call on Cal. "Hollywood people have been so kind in helping me with my work," he told us, "especially Marion Davies. She sent me a little car so I could transport the sick and the dead. Mark Stevens is another who encloses a check in every letter." This friendship dates back to Mark's testing for "The Corn Is Green," when Gareth was called back to coach the Welsh accents. Our Indians are badly in need of practical clothes and shoes. Anyone who remembers Gareth Hughes can add to his happiness by sending bundles addressed to Brother David, Nixon, Nevada.

Hollywood Is Amused: By Marlon Brando and Russell the Raccoon. When Marlon's mother arrived for a visit recently, she surprised him by bringing his pet with her to the set of "Viva Zapata!" Completely unimpressed by Hollywood and movie-making, Russell finally had to be locked up in Marlon's car outside the sound stage. Judging by what he did to the interior of the vehicle, Russell is rehearsing to be a critic! . . . By Jimmy Cagney, who finished "Come Fill the Cup" and went to Chicago to purchase a special breed of Scotch Highland cattle. The one and only "Cag," who wanted the cattle for beef-eating purposes, took one look at their long red hair and bulging eyes. "I can't do it," he moaned mockingly. "It would be just like eating my own brother!"



DALE ROBERTSON, who recently deserted his bachelor brothers, on a party spree with bride Jacqueline



CARLETON CARPENTER, cute Anne Francis, are determined to lift Clifton Webb's party spirits!



JANE POWELL, back from beach stay with becoming tan, new hairdo and husband Geary Steffen.

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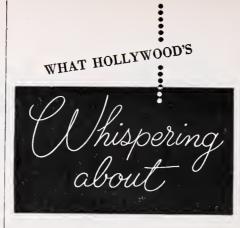
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P. S. LOWE



OFF TO A dancing date: The Gene Nelsons and Gower and Marge Champion

The bed, measuring six feet by seven, which Ava Gardner has ordered for her Pacific Palisades house—complete with a specially made thick mattress and a coverlet of gray Irish linen . . . Melinda Markey's future as an actress after her season in summer stock with her mother, Joan Bennett. Melinda may decide to give it all up for romance—Peter Whorf in particular. Pete, son of director-actor Richard Whorf, worked as scenic designer at the Marblehead Playhouse when Melinda was there . . . Clark Gable's determination to "get away from it all," which finds him looking for ranch land above Antelope Valley.

Marlon Brando asking \$150,000 for his next picture. He got \$40,000 for "The Men" and \$75,000 for "Streetcar." Would you call this a cost-of-living increase? . . . The two steaks dainty Vera-Ellen eats for lunch every day, needing extra energy for her strenuous dancing routines with Fred Astaire.

Pier Angeli's struggle to learn the English language. She really fractured the studio wardrobe department when she phoned them for a "brazille" to wear under her "turkey neck" sweater . . . The checkered vests which look so good on Tony Curtis that the Hollywood girls have started wearing them . . . Marge and Gower Champion coming to the rescue of their friends, the Gene Nelsons, and pinch-hitting for the baby sitter that didn't show up . . The big scramble, following General MacArthur's speech, to register "Old Soldiers Never Die" as a title. Now Twentieth, having won, has changed the title to "Fix Bayonets!"

INSIDE STUFF

Great Gal: Cal is positive that if there were more girls like Alexis Smith in Hollywood, there would be fewer unhappy egocentrics. Along with making good sense, Alexis has a great sense of humor. For example, she's tall, she refuses to make it a problem, she kids about it. You saw her terrific trouping in "Here Comes the Groom." Well, here's the story behind the story, of how she got the job. For days the studio tried to get Bing Crosby to look at her test. Finally, one day while Alexis was seeing it, Bing slipped into the darkened projection room. When Alexis came on the screen, he turned to writer Barney Dean and cracked: "Say, who's the first baseman?" The lights went on, Bing turned around. "I knew it." he groaned. "This had to happen to me someday and it serves me right for making cracks." Alexis just grinned. "Never mind the cracks," she said. "What I want to know is—when are you coming over to play ball?" Bing just threw up his hands. "If you didn't have the job before—you sure have it now!" he roared. So Alexis went to work.

A Little from Lots: A private showing of "Westward the Women," sent audiences into hysterical raves over Bob Taylor's performance as the rugged killer, who slaps women and makes them love it . . . The very deserving Bob Hutton, who gets his chance again opposite Bob Mitchum in "The Racket," is so good RKO is talking a term deal . . . The gals playing Waves in "Skirts Ahoy" are so-o-o young and so-o-o beautiful, the set slogan is—"Eighteen will get you thirty!" Years, that is.

Wistful Widow: Wearing no heart on

her beautiful sleeve, Lana Turner hailed Cal on the "Merry Widow" set. It was less than a week following those ridiculous stories of an attempted suicide. Actually, when she became dizzy in the shower, her hand went through the glass door and stitches were necessary. Lana went to the hospital for a few hours and an insider without scruples notified the newspapers. Whether she asks for a divorce or legal separation from Bob Topping, remains to be seen. Everyone knows that April 26, 1948 (the day of her (Continued on page 23)



THE GREG PECKS: Work on new film kept Greg from acting as one of judges at final Photoplay Scholarship auditions



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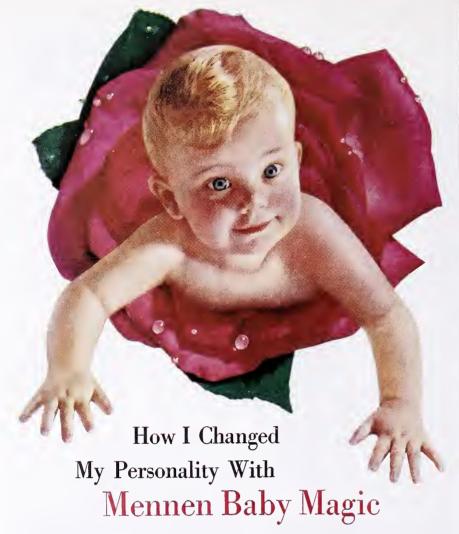
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Brief Reviews

(F) ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Disney RNO. All the beloved characters of the Lewis Carroll fantasy are brought to the screen through the magic animation of Walt Disney. (Sept.).

Vol. (F) AMERICAN IN PARIS, AN—M-G-M: Ex-G.1. Gene Kelly remains in Paris after the war and falls in love with pal Georges Guetary's girl, Leshe Caron, in this gorgeous Technicolor miniscal. With Oscar Levant, Nina Fosh. (New John March 1997). We harming fantasy in which tough baseball manager Paul Douglas inherits a guardam angel With Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn, Spring Byington. (Nov.) V/9. (F) CATTLE DRIVE—U-1 Dean Stockwell, stranded atter leaving his father's private railroad car, meets up with cowhand Joel McCrea and after a trek across the desert becomes a new boy. (Oct.) V/6. (F) DARLING, HOW COULD YOU.—Paramount: A cozy family type comedy in which Joan Foitamie and John Lund return after five years and are faced with some merry problems as they try to become reacquainted with children Mona Freeman and Van (S.) DAVID AND BATHSHEBA—20th (entury-Fox: Spectacular Technicolor production of the Biblical love story. With Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward as the lovers and Raymond Massey, Kieron Moore, Jayne Meadows. (Oct.)

V. (F) DAY THE LARTH STOOD STILL, IHE—20th Century-Fox in this out-of-this-world drama a messenger from Mars lands in Washington and starts a series of exciting events. Michael Remeis the Maritan, with Fat Neal. (Nov.)

V. (A) DESERT FOX, THE—20th Century-Fox. James Mason portrays Rommel in this interesting hoggraphy with events oversing the field drama a messenger from Mars lands in Washington and starts a series of exciting events. Michael Remeis the Maritan, with Fat Neal. (Nov.)

V. (A) FROGMEN, THE—20th Century-Fox. Special drama, With John Wapue, Robert Ryan, Don Taylor, Janis Carter, (Nov.)

V. (A) FROGMEN, THE—20th Century-Fox. In this out-of-this probability of the Marine Air Corps during the siege of Guadal-canal. With John Wapue, Robert Ryan, Don Taylor, Janis Carter, (Nov.)

V. (B) FROGMEN, THE—Universal; Andorder

with Century-Fox: A gav comely in which Eleanor Parker decides to marry Fred MacMurray sight mosen and proceeds in a mad and merry way to do it. With Richard Carlson. (Nov.)

V. (F) MR. BELLEDERE RINGS THE BELL—20th Century-Fox: Clitton Webb pretends he's gave the control of the control of

DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M.G.M.'S "QUO VADIS," Color by Technicolor



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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 18) marriage) was a great turning point in the life of Lana. Everyone also knows there were tough moments along the way, that she wanted desperately to make a go of this marriage. Suddenly the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the sound stage, and she was before the camera. Bright, gay and beautiful, Lana swayed in the arms of the handsome Fernando Lamas. To the casual observer Lana Turner has everything. To Cal—she has everything but happiness—and how we wish we could help her find it!

The \$64 Question: Fans, exhibitors, everyone who saw Janice Rule in "Goodbye, My Fancy," was taken with her talent. Tony Beauchamp, a portrait photographer of international fame, pronounced her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. The studio was ecstatic about her dancing with Gene Nelson in the yetto-be-seen "Starlift," and supposedly had brilliant plans for her future. So what happens? At option time they don't renew her contract! Cal was as stunned as everyone else. Some say Janice tried to run the works. We doubt it, but even so, many stars have survived a similar phase when they hit the big time in Hollywood. Both Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox have already sent for Janice. We can only wish her the good fortune we're sure she'll have.

Junior Mischief: Too young and tender to care for Hollywood parties, Debra Paget found herself with a popular hostabout-town on her hands, who wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally she agreed to accept his invitation if she could bring someone with her. "Okay," he sighed. "But make sure that your escort dresses for dinner." Said Debra as she sighed: "Okay-but my mother's going to look awfully funny in a tuxedo!"

Predictions: His name is Tab Hunter, he's a twenty-year-old handsome blond, built like the answer to a teenager's dream. Linda Darnell saw his screen test and presto, he was signed to play opposite her in "Saturday's Island," being made in Jamaica. Keep tab on Tab, who's really going places . . . His name is



BACK FROM ROME, where he was on location for a picture, Paul Douglas heads for a premiere with wife Jan Sterling



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BY ALINE MOSBY

U.P. Hollywood Correspondent

After Rex Harrison and his beautiful wife Lilli Palmer pulled up stakes nearly three years ago and blew Movieland, he was not remembered in these parts exactly with cheers. For Rex penned an article for a magazine in which he took some sly digs at the land of fat salaries and swimming pools.

After the dust settled, the patriots of the plaster city yelled that "Sexy Rexy" should be ostracized. So when Rex made a grand re-entry into Hollywood, I hustled over to see if he had suffered any horrible snubs, such as not being given the first booth at Romanoff's.

This also was his first trip to Hollywood since the unfortunate suicide by sleeping pills of Carole Landis in July, 1948. Harrison, you will remember, had dated the star while his wife was in New York.

But Rex, it seems, was welcomed back with open arms. He insists it wasn't any feud with Hollywood that kept him and Miss Palmer away. They came back be-cause of "the most interesting roles we've ever attempted." They play the only two people in a movie at Columbia that takes place entirely around a four-poster bed. Rex also indicated he didn't say he'd never return to Hollywood anyway.

"What I said at the end of that article, in summing it up, still holds. I said that there were certain movie directors I'd work for without question. I'd work anywhere I found a good script. I'd like to go on working in Hollywood, Tibet or Timbuktu—anywhere that there is a prospect of making a good picture. That's why I'm here for 'Four Poster.'

"My friends, I like to think, are still my friends," Harrison said. "We've seen a good many on this trip—the Tyrone Powers, the Douglas Fairbankses and the Ronald Colmans."

Since 1948, when they quit Hollywood, they have climbed to the top in other mediums. Rex starred in a Broadway hit "Anne of the Thousand Days." Lilli won acclaim in "Caesar and Cleopatra." They became a famed husband-and-wife acting team when they scored in another stage success, "Bell, Book and Candle." Besides, Mrs. H. goes down in history as one New York TV star who never has resorted to a plunging neckline. They've turned down many movie offers before trekking back for "Four Poster."

"We like being back in Hollywood very

much," Harrison smiled.

INSIDE STUFF

Vince Edwards, he played the title role in the New York-made "Mr. Universe." He's Italian, a former Olympic swimming star who looks something like Charlton Heston. He's taller and more muscular than Burt Lancaster. Producer Hal Wallis (who saw him on television and signed him without screen test) is so enthusiastic, Vince gets to play opposite Lizabeth Scott in his first Hollywood movie . . . His name is Ralph Meeker, you saw him first in "Teresa" with Pier Angeli. When M-G-M released the picture—they didn't release him. Currently, he's on loanout to Paramount for Betty Hutton's "Somebody Loves Me." Ralph hails from Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," but this suave smoothie has already found a lasting spot in Hollywood.

Purely Personal: Dear Debbie Reynolds: Cal thinks you're cute as a button and more talented than a barrel full of starlets. But you aren't the girl we like most to sit in back of at previews! You and your two girl friends came in late at the Academy Theatre where private show-ings are held. You carried bottles of pop that sizzled when you opened them, you chewed gum, crunched corn and you all looked sweeter than honeysuckle in those off-the-shoulder blouses, with your hair piled high. It was kicking those clanking bottles around that really got me down. Next time you sit in front of us, won't you please make with the marshmallows!

For Men Only: Covering the town this month, Cal caught up on some original ideas in male movie star fashions. Gary Merrill, who dresses casually and comfortably, wears plaid wool shorts when-

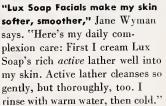
ever the occasion permits . . . On him it's very becoming, which is why Van Johnson can wear a pink tie with a yellow jacket . . . The swirling design on Tony Dexter's ties actually, but inconspicuously, spell out his name.

Brief Cases: Artist Paul Clemens has a new model—by the name of Mona Freeman . . . Dale Robertson, who couldn't get inside a studio for years, now can't get out long enough to have a honeymoon
... John Hudson, who is going places in Hollywood, is going to Hollywood places with Wanda Hendrix.



MOVING INTO the spotlight at premiere of "The Blue Veil" is the glamour gal Jane Russell and RKO director Nick Ray







"It's wonderful the fresh new beauty these Lux Soap Facials give my skin. As I pat with a towel to dry, I know my complexion is softer, smoother—really lovelier." Why don't you take Jane Wyman's tip—try this famous beauty care. It's easy to be Lux-lovely!





Richard Carlson, Jane Wyman, in tender story of a woman whose mother love finds outlet in others' children

(F) The Blue Veil (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

W HEN the Academy Award list of "bests" is chosen next spring this film undoubtedly will be among them. And the name of Jane Wyman undoubtedly again will be among the contenders. Tender and true, adhering to realities, "The Blue Veil" tells of a young widow whose baby dies in infancy and who turns to the caring of other people's children as a profession. Jane Wyman plays the governess whose story is told in sequences, each a story in itself, carrying her from home to home, child to child and heart to heart until the circle is completed. Such outstanding performers as Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Carlson, Vivian Vance, Don Taylor and Audrey Totter become part of the life story of the woman who mothers their children for a span of years, thereby becoming a part of their lives forever.

Your Reviewer Says: A superb motion picture.

Program Notes: When members of the staff and cast were assembled, the roster boasted eight former Academy Award winners; producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, Jane Wymnners; producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, Jane Wymnncharles Laughton, film editor George Amy, musical director Franz Waxman, still photographer John Miehle and art director Carroll Clark . . . Every item of Jane's clothing, every item of decor and article of furniture, vehicles, toys, etc., remained true to period, which ranged from World War I to the present time . . . Wave after wave of infants and their stand-ins, permitted to work only two hours a day, twenty minutes at a time, brought with them an avalanche of mothers, registered nurses and Welfare workers as required by law. The older children with their standins were placed under the supervision of Harold Minniear, RKO resident teacher who had never before faced so vast a moppet assignment . . . Jane's scenes as an older woman demanded her presence in the make-up department each morning at five. With luck she was home each evening by eight. Academy Awards are won, it appears again, by long hours of hard work.

SHAIDDW

// OUTSTANDING
// GOOD // FAIR



The West—and Howard Keel—goes wild when Esther Williams, Red Skelton invade Texas in gay cowboy musical

⟨Y⟩ (F) Texas Carnival (M-G-M)

A COWBOY musical! And look at the names! Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Paula Raymond, Ann Miller and Keenan Wynn. A regular round-up of talent against a Texas background. The story itself is not exactly an oil well of originality, but it's a darned good show and a real cheerer-upper. Red plays a down-and-out carnival barker and Esther his hit-and-dunk-her partner. Driving millionaire Keenan Wynn's car (left stranded at the carnival) to a swanky Texas resort, 'red is mistaken for the tycoon and Esther for his sister. Going along with the error until they can meet up with Keenan, the pair live in style until the inevitable happens. Esther, of course, falls for ranch foreman Keel and a big fat vice versa. Red is completely taken over by vivacious Ann Miller. Red's clowning is hilarious and if Keenan isn't the funniest screen drunk, who is?

Your Reviewer Says: Yippee!

Program Notes: The stars at night are big and bright all because everything is Technicolor-grand deep in the heart of this gay Texas musical. The songs are lively and catchy mainly because Dorothy Fields and Harry Warren wrote them especially for the film . . . Esther, who has probably swum the ocean over and back again if all those swimming scenes of hers were laid end to end, loved the idea of her fantasy swim and has asked M-G-M not to reveal its technical secret. After shooting was over for the day, Esther drove over to the restaurant she and Ben Gage own to see how things were going . . . Red was all excited about his trip to England with a Palladium stopover which now we can report was a howling success . . . Howard was informed by his studio that his deluge of mail had placed him among the top three stars on the lot and with only two pictures to his credit.

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY A—FOR ADULTS



Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker in tense story of crime and punishment and a man trapped by devotion to duty

VVV (A) Detective Story (Paramount)

HE scene is the 21st Precinct police station in midtown Manhattan. The motivating story force is the relentless, psychological drive on the part of Detective Kirk Douglas against any degree of leniency or understanding. The ugliness of this way station for derelicts, crackpots and degenerates, plus the spiritual desolation of this man's heart, combine to make this a motion picture of force and intensity. There is the shoplifter, Lee Grant, who steals scene after scene, injecting laughter into the proceedings. There is the bewildered young embezzler, Craig Hill, and his friend, Cathy O'Donnell, who cannot prevail against Douglas's determination to prosecute. There is the pair "cat" burglars, Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong, who add an odd sort of eerie hilarity to the proceedings. But it's Douglas's year-long effort to nail George Mac-Ready, a shady doctor, into whose coils the detective's wife, Eleanor Parker, is finally dragged, that proves his undoing. Horace McMahon, William Bendix and Warner Anderson are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific!

Program Notes: Kirk Douglas hied himself off to the Sombrero Theatre in Phoenix, Arizona, to play the part of Detective James McLeod on the stage before facing the camera. Previously, Douglas and director William Wyler had visited New York to see the play and visit the 16th Precinct to talk with detectives there. (There is no 21st Precinct in New York, incidentally) . . . Five members of the original Broadway cast, Horace McMahon, Lee Grant, Joseph Wiseman, Michael Strong, James Maloney, were brought to Hollywood to play their stage roles . . . Eleanor Parker and Cathy O'Donnell wore inconspicuous street clothes and street make-up. Director Wyler was determined that nothing be off key to mar the realistic unprettiness of the story.



Oskar Werner, Gary Merrill, Richard Basehart in spinetingling story of men facing the hazards of a spy's life

(A) Decision Before Dawn (20th Century-Fox)

THE novel, "Call It Treason," has been choppily translated to the screen with the actual chase and spy trapping scenes much too long in coming. It deals with German prisoners of World War II who, for personal reasons, consent to spy against their country. Among them is a sensitive lad, Oskar Werner, whose reasons are idealistic, and a tougher, more realistic specimen, Hans Christian Blech. The outfit employing this type service is headed by American Colonel Gary Merrill and is hidden away in a convent near Marmoutiers. To this outfit comes Lieut. Richard Basehart for orders which takes him and Blech into the very heart of Germany during the fiercest raids. For long periods of action, both Basehart and Merrill are completely out of the story, which then follows the exploits of Werner and his hazardous journey through his own country.

Your Reviewer Says: There must be a simpler way to tell such an exciting story.

Program Notes: Bette Davis, still a bride, was called upon to say goodbye to her new husband, Gary Merrill, who flew to the European location along with actor Richard Basehart and director Anatole Litvak... On the other side Richard fell in love and secretly married actress Valentina Cortesa whom he later brought back to Hollywood... Two thousand miles throughout the French and American zones of occupation were traversed by part of the cast and crew during the shooting... The Eberbach cloister where Merrill was quartered is over 800 years old. At times Merrill felt the same age, especially when the chill of a bombed country crept through the damp walls. Hildegarde Neff, as well as many prominent European actors, were anxious and willing to play bits or minor roles in the story.



NCE again comes the regeneration story NCE again comes the regeneration story—a bad man with a good side who needed tender concern—or thought he did—to go straight. The story moves heavily toward its ultimate end with Richard Conte, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally, Charles Bickford and Alex Nicol plodding waist deep in an almost stationary plot. The story opens with Conte shooting away at an unseen victim and then seeking refuge in a fishing hoat owned by ing refuge in a fishing boat owned by Charles Bickford and his son Alex Nicol. Bickford, unaware that Conte is a murderer, agrees to take on Conte as an extra hand. Seeing the son has the makings of a smart racketeer, Conte employs him to collect from his slot-machine racket while he hides out on the boat. Finally, resenting the boy's unkindness to his father, Conte whales Alex to within an inch of his life. In retaliation Alex steals Conte's girl, Shelley, while Detective Lieut. Stephen Mc-Nally tries through Shelley to find Conte.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow to get almost no-

Program Notes: Author Ernest K. Gann not only wrote the script from his book, but acted as technical adviser on all San Francisco settings. He even doubled for Conte in a long shot . . . Alex Nicol, who understudied Henry Fonda in Broadway's "Mr. Roberts," decided to cast his lot henceforth with Hollywood by buying a San Fernando ranch house . . . Virus broke out among the cast with both Bickford and Shelley laid low. For the actual storm scenes 800-gallon spill buckets poured almost ten tons of water onto the set to simulate giant waves, almost drowning the male cast. Still want to be in movies?

VV1/2 (F) When Worlds Collide (Paramount)

OOMSDAY! An earth-shattering planet approaches us at full speed! There is no escape! No help! No refuge! Ah, but Hollywood has thought of a way. It has built have the built and the built have been approached. a modern Noah's Ark—rocket-style—where the animals go in two by two and forty-three lucky people climb in for a successful landing on another planet. Richard Derr plays the handsome aviator who flies the secret information to scientist Larry Keating in New York, who places the matter before the League of Nations. Finally, students are recruited from every branch of learning and work on the rocket begins. The day before take-off a drawing is held to determine the lucky passengers. Barbara Rush plays the lucky passengers. Barbara Rush plays the girl Derr loves and Peter Hanson plays his rival. The spectacular effects are tre-mendous and the idea eerie and fear-y.

Your Reviewer Says: Ten bucks to anyone who can get me on that rocket.

Program Notes: George Pal, the producer of "Destination Moon" takes on another science-fiction drama that required the special effects department of Paramount to flood completely a deserted New York City, pro-duce an earthquake, a tidal wave and con-struct a rocket ship that takes off horizontally. Paramount cops flew around like headless chickens when the helicopter, used in the film, landed squarely in the middle of the Paramount lot. The driver, it seems, had no pass and no one enters those gates without a pass, see.

VV 1/2 (F) Behave Yourself (Wald-Krasna-RKO)

SHELLEY WINTERS and Farley Granger in a ridiculously funny story about a missing dog, gangs of hoodlums, murders galore and a nagging mother-in-law. The (Continued on page 30)

For the Holidays and every day — give yourself an exciting new figure!



Now! The newest Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle-White Magic with all the Playtex figure-slimining power and freedom of action, plus fabric next to your skin.

* Note | Agic Newest Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle

for the way it slims you in cloud-soft comfort



French Designer, JEAN DESSES: "If you wear a Playtex, you will have the ideal figure for which my fashions are designed!"



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It's sparkling white, slims so beautifully, controls your curves, leaves you so free! Cloud-soft fabric is fused to smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone-invisible under all fashions. Washes in seconds, dries in a flash!



In SLIM shiny tubes, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. White Magic, \$5.95 and \$6.95. (Other Playtex Girdles in pink, blue and white from \$3.95.) All prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.



Look Lovelier in 10 Days with Doctor's Home Facial money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Loveliar!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations ... no complicated rituals! With just one dainty, snow-white cream-greaseless, medicated Noxzema-you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

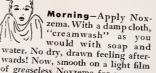
The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial described at the right. Developed by a doctor. in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness-without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a greaseless, natural-looking powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal blemishes*, helps your skin look softer and smoother.

Your Money Back! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.your money back. *externally-caused

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



wards! Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for a protective powder base.

Evening - "Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it washed away make-up — without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly mas-

sage with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes*

BIG 85¢ JAR

Limited Time Only. At any drug or cosmetic counter.

(Continued from page 28) teaming of Shelley and Farley may prove a publicity coup but in our opinion it is not the best possible casting. However, the picture is a romp from beginning to end. The dog, that motivates the plot, has been trained by one set of hoodlums to guide another set to something or other never quite clear to the audience. Farley gets into it when the dog escapes and follows him home. Shelley, his wife, thinking the dog an anniversary present, takes it to her heart. Farley's attempts to return the dog to its owner without Shelley finding out brings on complications frustrating and ludicrous. William Demarest, Lon Chaney, Margalo Gillmore and Frances L. Sullivan mess around the plot to their vast sorrow.

Your Reviewer Says: High class buffoonery.

Program Notes: RKO studio suddenly took on life and zip when Shelley and Farley got going with their uninhibited behavior. And that incongruous team of bad men, hardboiled Sheldon Leonard and soft-voiced ex-schoolteacher Marvin Kaplan, kept the crew in stitches. In fact a radio show is being written for the comically mismated pair and another film is in the offing . . . Archie, the dog, has been signed by producers Wald and Krasna for "Darling, I Love You."

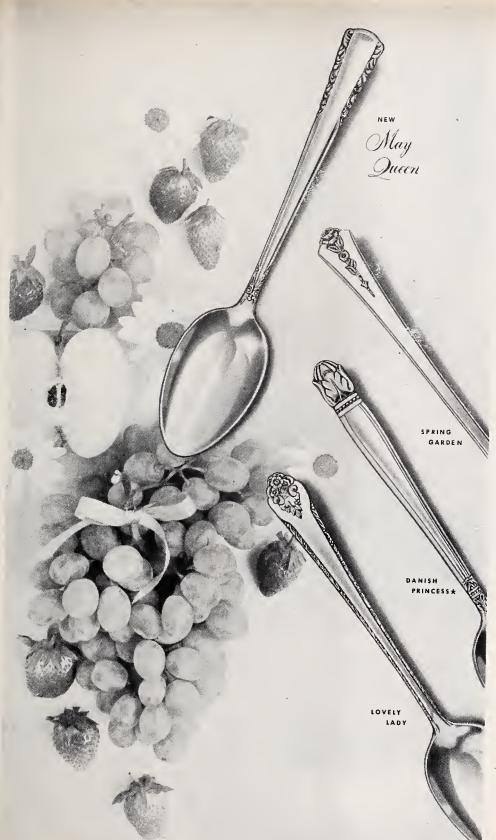
 ✓ (A) Bannerline (M-G-M)
 IIERE comes that brash young reporter again; that spirited cub whose "daring" and "courage" inspire the townsfolk to wipe out racketeer J. Carrol Naish who, unfortunately, seems the liveliest and most likable character in the whole blooming burg. Keefe Brasselle is the reporter who has been inspired by his history teacher, Lionel Barrymore, to precipitate action against Naish. But only when Keefe is beaten to a pulp by hoodlums do the local citizens at last get tough. Lewis Stone plays a has-been newspaperman who helps Keefe. Sally Forrest plays a young schoolteacher and Spring Byington her mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Surely not again!

Program Notes: Lionel Barrymore adored his role of ailing history professor because all his scenes called for the veteran actor to be comfortably ensconced in bed ... J. Carrol Naish, an Irishman and Hollywood's most prolific character actor, says if he were called upon to play an Irishman, he probably couldn't make the role convincing... Young Brasselle has come a long way in the past year carrying leads with easy non-chalance—apparently. Keefe claims he's al-ways really scared to death . . . Sally Forrest is delighted with the way her acting career has turned out since she gave up teaching dance routines at M-G-M. Sally has done four movies in a row and has four more lined up.

√½ (F) Across the Wide Missouri (M-G-M)

CLARK GABLE goes Western all the way in this—becoming a "squaw man" and a devoted one. Like a single chapter from a book, with so much past and future left untold, the story stands out as a little gem of Technicolor beauty and drama. Gable plays a rugged, fearless trapper way back in the early eighties when the West was raw, tough and beautiful. With John Hodiak as rival, Gable wins the beautiful Indian girl, Maria Elena Marques, as his bride. His reasons for marriage are selfish. Maria, he realizes, can lead him into the best beaver-trapping country in the West. But Gable grows to love the wife who gives him a son, born deep in the rugged country of hostile Indians. When the Chief is killed by one of Gable's men, the hatred of the *Chief's* son, Ricardo Montalban, is (Continued on page 32)



This very night...

After all, why should you wait?

There is nothing you can buy today that gives greater value in lasting pleasure than fine silverplate.

This very night enjoy gleaming Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid Silverplate for only \$8.50 a 6-piece place setting.

A complete 52-piece service for 8 in this loveliest and finest of all silverplate costs but \$74.95 and note: your dealer's Club Plan will make this complete service available to you immediately for practically pennies.

There is, of course, an added satisfaction in owning Holmes & Edwards...for this is the Sterling Inlaid Silverplate, superior to all other kinds. Most-used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at points where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there's Sterling underneath.

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(Continued from page 30)
roused against the intruders. J. Carrol
Naish, Adolphe Menjou and Alan Napier
complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Soys: Love midst nature's beauty.

Program Notes: A special tent city was erected in some of the West's most spectacular and solitary country for the 200 members of the cast and crew who were flown to Durango, Colorado, in chartered planes. Location sites ranging from 9,000 to 14,000 feet were selected by Director William Wellman, many of them scened where Mountain Men of over a hundred years ago trapped beaver, fought ambush and helped open the entire West... Maria Elena Marques was flown from Mexico to play the Indian girl after thirteen other girls had been tested.

(F) The Son of Dr. Jekyll (Columbia)

T was bound to happen! That scientist gentleman, Dr. Jekyll, who transformed himself into the monstrous Mr. Hyde, left a son—according to this movie—to carry on the 'orrible 'appenings of old Lunnon town. Louis Hayward plays the son, who is determined to reveal his father as a scientist eager to help humanity rather than a murdering fiend. The newspapers, however, make young Jekyll an object of ridicule and one or two others plot to put him out of business. It's a silly bit of business, anyway.

Your Reviewer Soys: Wait 'til they get to the old boy's grandson!

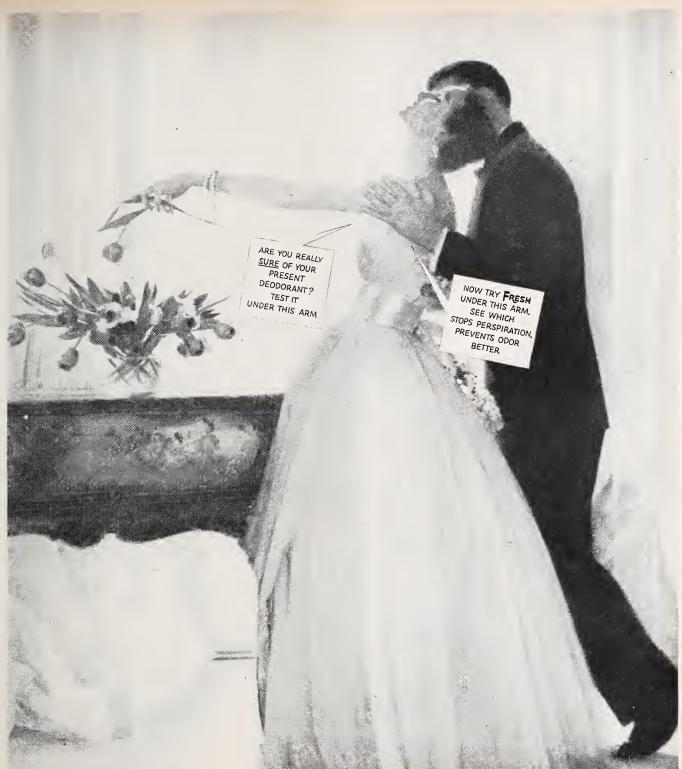
Program Notes: To get himself in shape for this one, Louis Hayward practiced jumping from a fifty-foot tower into a safety net as preparation for a scene which, for some reason, was never shot. In the laboratory scenes, Hayward was constantly grabbing the wrong powders and potions and in one instance concocted a brew that fumed suds all over the set . . . Laid in London, the film employed an all-British cast, with the exception of Jody Lawrence, who plays Hayward's fiancee.

THIS tale deals with the schoolteacher of the year, Linda Darnell, who wants to be loved for herself. Hitherto men have seen only the "mother" in her and Linda resents it. Then she heads for a Reno vacation, meets Stephen McNally, owner of a gambling club, loses \$7,000 at roulette and is forced to pay off—his way Steve's way is caring for his young daughter, Gigi Perreau, who needs a mother's love. Of course, the inevitable happens. Steve grows to love Linda, with Gigi, between prayers and pranks, acting as Cupid. Virginia Field plays Steve's old flame and Ann Codee is the French housekeeper.

Your Reviewer Says: A real cornball.

Program Notes: An enormous pain sent Steve McNally home from the studio and straight into the hospital where his complaining appendix was removed. Shooting came to a halt while the patient recovered... The Carmel house of McNally's in the film is a typically California resort home with a raised fireplace three feet above the floor and extending into the living room as part of the furnishings. The studio claims the house can be duplicated by any builder for \$20,000. Wanna bet? . . . This is Miss Darnell's first film as a free lancer and her first since her separation from husband Per Marley. Linda brought her three-year-old Lola to the studio to meet Gigi. Lola grew so attached to the toys used in the story, Linda had to duplicate them for the child's own room.

(Continued on page 34)



are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped — and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.



Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness...bathe with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!



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Now-Featuring THE NEW TRIPLE FIT



... a new measurement has been added!

The ultimate step in bra perfection! Now Formfit, and Formfit alone, offers you exact degree of separation as well as size and cup. Only Life Bras give this exclusive new "Triple Fit"! Proportioned to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) your separation - wide, medium or narrow. See the exciting difference Life Bra's "Triple Fit" makes in glamor! Feel the difference in comfort

> and freedom! You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW

Life Bras from \$1.25

For a Sweetheart of a Figure

(Continued from page 32)

1/2 (A) Come Fill the Cup

(Warners)

"COME Fill the Cup" proposes a message, that of an alcoholic's attempt to resist the fatal first drink. The story follows the zigzag pattern of drunken footsteps, weaving from side to side, backtracking and limping forward for two hours. Jimmy limping forward for two hours. Jimmy Cagney plays the newspaperman who loses' both his job and his girl, Phyllis Thaxter, through drink. Aided by another reformed victim, James Gleason, Jimmy gets back on his feet, regains his job but not his girl, who has married Gig Young, nephew of newspaper tycoon Raymond Massey. When Young becomes an alcoholic, Massey summons Cagney to put the lad on his feet. Mexican singer Charlita involves Young in gangster brawls and involves Young in gangster brawls and finally an accident.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much story for one

Program Notes: Jimmy Cagney celebrated twenty years in movies while making this film—twenty years since Jimmy shoved that unforgettable grapefruit into Mae Clark's face in "Public Enemy" . . . Nameless, the part-Collie, part-sheepdog, was discovered by a Warner Brothers' talent scout while the dog was doing tricks in front of Schwab's famous drugstore in Hollywood . . . The minute her last scene was filmed, Phyllis Thaxter, with her five-year-old daughter, Susan Aubrey, flew to Portland, Maine, for a family reunion with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Sidney Thaxter.

(F) Cave of Outlaws (U-I)

OW busy is this little "B" with characters flitting in and out the Carlsbad Caverns in search of gold which outlaws hid there in 1880. Fifteen years later, Macdonald Carey, who had been imprisoned as one of the gang while still a boy, is released from prison and heads for the caverns to find the gold. In the meantime he helps Alexis Smith reopen her newspaper, thereby reaping the enmity of his rival, Victor Jory.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole thing col-

Program Notes: Naturally everyone con-cerned trooped off to the Carlsbad Caverns in southeast New Mexico, locale of the story. Work within the cave usually began at four in the afternoon due to the rush of daytime sightseers. At midnight the company called a halt and had a midnight snack in the underground restaurant . . . Due to working most of the time at 750 feet below sea level, Carey and Alexis wore heavy flannel under-wear under their "gay 'ninety" garb.

VV 1/2 (A) The Lavender Hill Mob (Rank-U.A.)

(Rank-U.A.)

POR drollery and easy flowing humor that erupts at times into explosive hilarity you just can't beat this English film. It's sheer delight all the way, made so by the artistry of Alec Guinness and his talented cohorts, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James and Alfie Bass. Guinness plays a meek employee of the Bank of England. He supervises gold deliveries from the refinery to the Bank. His well-concealed ambition of stealing the gold and living somewhere in luxury materializes when he meets up with Stanley Holloway, owner of a curio company. With the aid of two professional crooks, the pair succeed in stealing the gold. But alas, there's a hitch at the last moment and the police car chase that ensues is side splitting.

Your Reviewer Says: A British riot. (Continued on page 90)



"YOU KNOW HOW RAW WEATHER CHAPS SKIN. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY, IN THE ICY RAIN, MAKING THIS SCENE FOR 'RED MOUNTAIN' .



LATER, I had to fire blanks 'til my hands were fiery red ...



AND CLAWING this sandy floor was rough on my hands again...



BUT I USED Jergens Lotion to soothe my hands and face . . .

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?



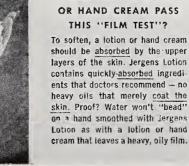
SO THEY were wonderfully smooth for romantic close-ups.



AT HOME, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret."



BEING LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin . . .



YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above ...



SEE WHY Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!



WINNER

of the Photoplay scholarship

contest

BY KATHERINE PEDELL



JUDGES, rear, Bette Davis and Stanley Kramer; Lyle Rooks, Joe Mankiewicz, Bill Holden. Right, Charles Prickett of the Playhouse reads contestants' names





PHOTOPLAY'S nation-wide search for the best of America's undiscovered talent is over. Virginia McGuire, twenty-one, from Bridgeport, Conn., won the two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. At the final audition at Pasadena, Virginia took all honors just as she did last August at the New York preliminaries. search for talent, which sifted through hundreds of applicants, had penetrated communities large and small before Virginia McGuir Joyce McLeod of Provident Rhode Island; and Rachel Mendlovitz of New Braunfe. Texas, were selected to mal the trip to California as Photoplay's guests.

The night of the audition Bill Holden, one of the judge sat quietly in the audienc The trial about to be stage was an emotional one f him. Twelve years ago, this very same theatre, h chance had come. Bette Dav looked intently about he



LEFT, winner Virginia McGuire. Inset, scene from "The Trojan Woman" that won her the two-year scholarship.



ABOVE, Joyce McLeod, Virginia, Rachelle Mendlovitz, in Playhouse dormitory. Below, Virginia, Joyce guest on Bob and Kay WENR-TV Show in Chicago

Joseph Mankiewicz, director of Academy Award winner, "All About Eve," Stanley Kramer, producer of "The Men" and Lyle Rooks, Photoplay's Western Editor, reflected the solemnity of the occasion. The Playhouse staff waited impatiently to judge.

Backstage, the girls drew lots to determine their order of appearance. Joyce McLeod was first. She enacted a scene from a play she had written, the same scene (Continued on page 101)



Connecticut-the judges' unan-

imous choice as scholarship winner

—is on her way as a student

at Pasadena Playhouse

4.99 97.99% x T'S 20TH CENTURY FOX'S 14 CARAT, 13 SONG, 48 STATE SALUTE TO THE GOLDEN GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST! SUNDAYNING hey wrote her name in lights and OH, WEN SUPPERS OH, DEM paved her way in gold SAN FRANCISCO from Broadway to JOIN THE PARTY Californ-i-ay! The lilting life and loves of CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY Kiss ME Quick the one and only AND GO Lotta Crabtree! SHOO FLY DON'T BOTHER ME DINIE'S LAND YANKEE DOOME WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME CALIFORNIA NEVER Moor BEANTIFUL DREAMER. TECHNICOL with UNA MERKEL RAYMOND WALBURN Screen Play by

GEORGE JESSEL · LLOYD BACON · WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN From a Story by ALBERT and ARTHUR LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON

THEIR RULES FOR ROMANCE

BY RUTH WATERBURY



COVER GIRL

"The most important rule in a romance is not to be a liar," Tony Curtis said.

Janet Leigh, across the table from Tony, didn't

smile. On the subject of love she

is much too earnest for any

frivolity. They both

are unaffectedly sincere: this tall, dark, blue-eyed and

intense boy, this tall, slim, (Continued on page 84) Janet and Tony used their

heads to keep that

love light burning

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORNITZ-FINK



ENGSTEAD

ENGSTEAD

the

photoplay Feature attraction

most beautiful

LOOK MAGAZINE

What do they have that
makes them outstanding in
a town full of beauties? Hollywood
photographers give their
reasons for voting these girls
the most beautiful of all
BY VICKY RILEY





BLACKWELL JR.

women in Hollywood

Wно are the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood?

Quite a question, that!

To list the most beautiful in a town world-famous for its beauties would be a poser—even if beauty were the fixed quality it so definitely isn't, every eye, in truth, forming its own beauty.

Obviously this was a matter for a jury to decide so that every choice would be a reflection of many opinions.

For a jury we chose the Hollywood photographers. We reasoned that if a star is a beauty to those who see her through the revealing lens of a camera as she stands under searching lights then, by Venus and Aphrodite, she is a beauty!

The ballots, on which first, second and third choices were listed, were secretso that no man would feel that, for political reasons, he should vote either for a star under contract to his studio or a star who gave him business.

(For the record, our jury consisted of Bert Six of Warner Brothers, Robert

> Coburn of Columbia, Gene Kornmann of Twentieth Century-Fox, Ray Jones of Universal-International, Ernest Bachrach of RKO, Clarence S. Bull of M-G-M, John Engstead, Carlyle Blackwell Jr., Sterling Smith, Nat Dallinger, Don Ornitz,

Tom Kelly, L. Willinger and Photoplay's Hymie Fink.)

These men, outstanding in their profes-















"BEAUTY IS SOMETHING OVER AND ABOVE SHEER PHYSICAL PERFECTION"

the most beautiful women in hollywood

sion, were definite always, not only in their selections but in their reasons for their selections. Which brings us to the final results—so provocative that they are, currently, Hollywood's favorite conversation piece.

The twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood, in the order of our experts' selections, are:

Ava Gardner, 2. Ann Blyth, 3. Elizabeth Taylor,
 Arlene Dahl, 5. Linda Darnell, 6. Joan Crawford,
 Mona Freeman, 8. Loretta Young, 9. Marlene Dietrich, 10. Susan Hayward, 11. Rita Hayworth,
 Deborah Kerr.

Ava Gardner received the greatest number of votes. And, in every instance, those who chose her placed her first or second. Besides her "smoldering vitality and intensity," the jury listed "the symmetry of her features and her glorious coloring."

One photographer said, "Ava's progress from the frightened, aggressive; awkward girl who arrived in Hollywood ten years ago to a woman with poise, many interests and understanding is reflected in the tender lines of her mouth and the lights in her greenish eyes. An insatiable curiosity to find out what makes things tick, which has led her into many strange corners, animates her features, vitalizes her beauty."

Those who listed Ann Blyth talked about other things:

"Ann has flawless facial attributes," said one photographer, "but it is something beyond her bone structure and her exquisite dusky coloring that makes her a great beauty—an inner spiritual beauty which illumines her face."

Another said, "Ann symbolizes the dream of all of us. She personifies everything that girls of her age

want to be. She is the girl boys desire for a wife And she is the girl parents want for a daughter."

Elizabeth Taylor was chosen as often as Ann but she ranked lower on the lists. She also evoked the most contradictory sentiments. One photographer merely listed her name, obviously feeling that her beauty needed no explanation. Two other comments were, "Exciting, worldly beauty," and "The family type, faintly dusted with Hollywood glamour."

Arlene Dahl, it was agreed, does not possess one bad photographic angle. "For physical perfection of face," one of our jury said, "Arlene cannot be topped." All stressed her divine coloring. It was, unquestionably, reading the ballots, because Arlene lacks the physical excitement of Ava, the inner radiance of Ann and the provocative qualities of Elizabeth—because, in other words, her beauty is not especially animated by personality—that she did not rank even higher than fourth.

Linda Darnell, on the other hand, comes into fifth place largely because her dramatic nature is reflected in her face. As one photographer said, "Linda can look angelic or devilish, depending on her mood."

Joan Crawford has beautiful bones. On this score all were in accord. However, Joan qualified with the gentlemen of our jury largely because of her self-dramatization, because "she knows exactly what to do about herself—and, more important, does it." As one ballot read, "It is inevitable Joan will remain an all-time symbol of Hollywood glamour. She should be an inspiration to every woman—to do something exciting about herself!"

Mona Freeman's beauty is delicate, with a Dresden china quality. But she (Continued on page 78)



MITZI GAYNOR bounces from "Friendly Island" to star role with Dale Robertson in "Golden Girl"

JANICE RULE, who danced from Broadway to Hollywood, now has chance to soar in "Starlift"



PIER ANGELI will work overtime, with four pictures scheduled. Next, "The Light Touch"

MONICA LEWIS, far right, plays herself—a popular singer and recording star—in "The Strip"





When you pick them, Hollywood producers sit up and take notice! Here are their

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

STUDIO IS shopping for big stories for Gower Champion and wife Marge

DREAMBOAT Robert Wagner, at bottom, is Claudette Colbert's son in his next picture, "Let's Make It Legal"

YOU HOSE THESE **STARS**

Make way for the winners! For your stars of tomorrow are well on their respective ways today.

Mitzi Gaynor, your number one choice in the "Choose Your Star" Contest and Twentieth Century-Fox's new "zing" girl, an irrepressible blonde with laughing, slanting blue eyes and dancing feet, is climbing all the faster through strong roles which were planned for Betty Grable-when Betty went on suspension. Mitzi is going to need every bit of bounce and every stray vitamin for the future the studio now plans for her. Following her starring role in "Golden Girl" with Dale Robertson, she gets the role of Eva Tanguay, the "I Don't Care" girl, one of the studio's biggest budget musicals of the year. (Continued on page 87)

JEFFREY HUNTER, after "Red Skies of Montana," will be rushed into two more films

IF TONY DEXTER yields to studio and public he'll do "The Sheik." Now in "The Brigand" ORNITZ





CARPENTER

wonderful plans for the "Choose Your Star" winners

Her romances were legion,
her mistakes many.
But her glamour never failed to
intrigue you. Now
Rita's back and trying
to be—the girl she thinks
her public wants





RITA, Princess Yasmine, Rebecca

When Rita Hayworth came back to Hollywood, after the customary six weeks in Nevada, she, with her two daughters, Rebecca and Yasmine (with an "e," says Rita) and an entourage of three, holed up in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and dropped the Iron Curtain on the Hollywood press. Her entourage consisted of Suzanne, her personal maid; Winifred Barry, governess for the children; and Domingo, whom she calls "My Man Sunday" because Domingo means Sunday. Domingo has been with Rita since her early marriage to Eddie Judson. He serves (Continued on page 93)



WHEN Rita married Orson Welles, public applauded the love match. And forgave her when they finally parted

BY LIZA WILSON



IT WAS first husband Ed Judson, who taught Rita that lovely clothes, being seen in night clubs was good publicity



JUDSON'S campaign paid off. Rita, now one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars, intrigued the public with her romances after her divorce from Judson. Most spectacular was Vic Mature, shown with Rita, Jack Benny



FREE again, Rita wasn't alone for long. But Tony Martin, like the rest, was just a night-club romance

NOW she's parted from Aly Khan, Rita's done an aboutface—stays close to home



STEVE CRANE took Rita to gay places she loved. Above, with Gene Tierney













SINCE BETTY HUTTON'S broken engagement to Norman Krasna, she bounces from date to date. Right, with Pete Rugolo

ANN SHERIDAN and Steve Hannagan, below, are back where they parted, now Jeff Chandler and his wife have reconciled





GREG BAUTZER and Joan Crawford were so in love—then once again the handsome lawyer went his bachelor way



It's the ones who got away who have

these glamour gals reeling on their romance line

They COULDN'T get their man

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



FRIENDS SAY Barbara Stanwyck was never more in love with Bob Taylor than on the day she told him he could be free



VERA-ELLEN'S reported romance with agent A. C. Lyles has Hollywood wondering what happened to her engagement to Rock Hudson



PETER LAWFORD'S gallant attentions to Sharman Douglas lasted over a yearbut never reached the marrying stage

O you sometimes sit all alone by the telephone waiting for the ring that never comes? Do you ever wonder if those ads refer to you because the man you love doesn't love you? Do you get excited buying a new dress, then realize you have no special guy to wear it for? Are you longing to be married but he won't propose? If the answer is "Yes" to any of these questions, you can take some small comfort in the fact that you are in very good company. An amazing number of Hollywood's topmost glamorous movie actresses are in the same unhappy boat. They just can't land their man. Or keep him when he's hooked.

When Yul Brynner, of "The King and I" and the sensation of New York, parted from his wife, the former Virginia Gilmore, the smart-aleck set in New York said, "Ah ha, it's because of (Continued on page 82)

Now Shelley's on top of the world! But in the past there were many times when only the Winters' bounce lifted her out of the low spots





WHILE still at High, she got a job at the Five and Dime. At first she worked behind the candy counter—but her employers decided Shelley was too expensive—she ate up all the profits!



SHE TOOK job as model to pay for evening dramatic courses. The first day she tripped on her long gown—fell flat on her face. But agency didn't fire her, she says



SHE SPENT every spare moment haunting the theatres. Soon her flaming determination to succeed paid off—she was given singing-acting role on Broadway in the stage play "Conquest in April"



OTHER roles won her Columbia contract and minor parts in pictures. Feeling she was in a rut, Shelley asked for release. For a year she freelanced. The going was rough!

• From the time she appeared as the tragic waitress in Ronald Colman's "A Double Life," Shelley Winters hasn't let Hollywood forget her. This shrewd little actress, who knows the value of publicity, is giving the movie scene the full Winters' workout. Shelley

arrived the hard way—and those who called her temperamental now know she's just a determined actress who believes in getting the best breaks for herself.

There'll never be dull Winters, if Shelley can help it!

BY LYNN PERKINS

PHOTOPLAY'S PHOTOLIFE OF Shelley winters



CAME a break—Shelley was signed for role of Ado Annie in New York Theatre Guild Company of "Oklahoma." Sister Blanche helped her rehearse



THE MOVIES lured Shelley again when she heard of waitress role in "A Double Life." She arrived in Hollywood broke. Lou Costello saw her at bus station, gave her a lift to studio. Eight or nine girls . . .



REHEARSALS weren't enough for Shelley. For six days she worked as a waitress—earned \$13.00 in tips—and won stardom with screen performance



FRIENDS believe Shelley's hard work is mainly responsible for her success. But she believes in luck—is constantly knocking on wood. Superstitious rapping is bane of soundmen like Bob Pritchard, above



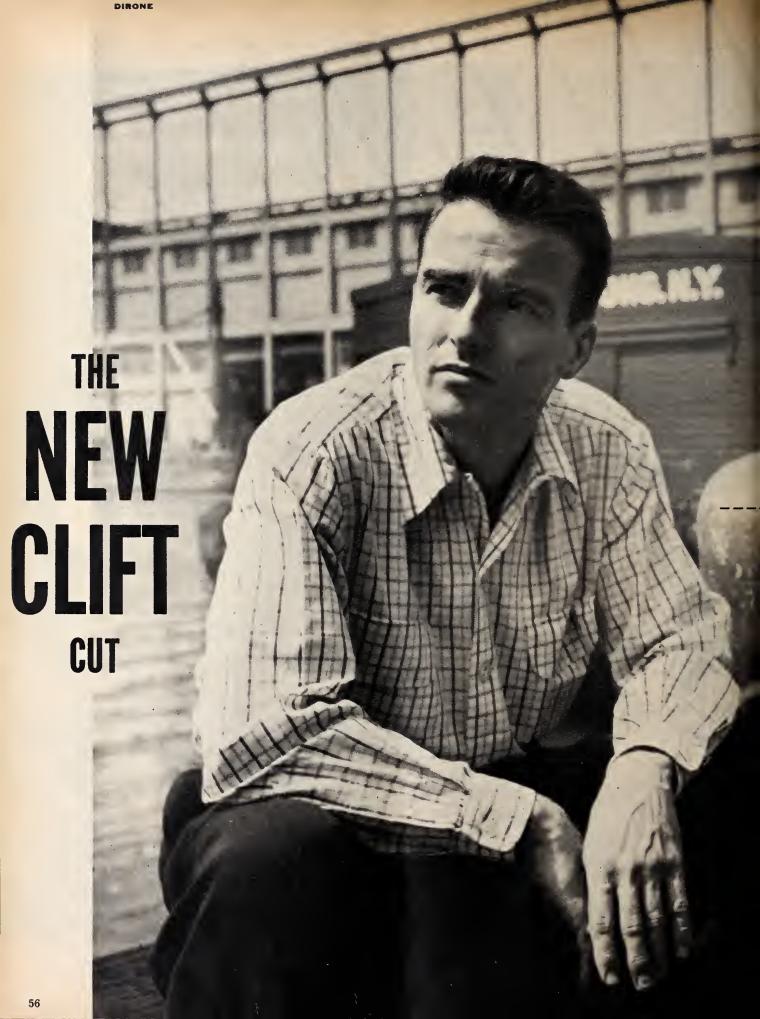
... were tested, but Shelley's luck had turned. Assured that role was hers, she dashed out—and back—to borrow carfare home from casting director Bob Palmer!



SHELLEY soon learned that earning that star salary meant keeping that star figure. In Frankie Van's gym at studio she works out regularly—robed in a rubber suit!



NOW MAD and merry Shelley is heading for a new chapter in her colorful life—maybe marriage with Farley Granger, her co-star in their new comedy, "Behave Yourself." (See story on page 62)



BY ELSA MAXWELL

Time has done more than polish off the edges of Clift—it's even added a faint glow of romance!

Success has a way of rubbing off on people. It has rubbed off on Monty Clift. The other day when he lunched with me there was no need for my maid to darn the sleeve of his tweed jacket, as she had had to do when he had lunched with me two years ago. Still, he has that carelessly-hung-together look, but this has as much to do with the way he's made as with the way he wears his clothes. His hair is still faintly crew-cut but it's a very good crew-cut now. He has more to say, too. And he says what he says with greater authority.

We are, all of us, what we eat, what we say, what we do, what we think and how we feel. And Monty's several years of exposure to other successful people with their fine homes and cars and clothes and his several (Continued on page 97)





SCREEN HISTORY of Clift: Top left, with Joanne Dru in "Red River." Below, with Cornell Borchers in "The Big Lift." Top right, in "The Search." Next, with Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress." Opposite, with Liz Taylor in "A Place in the Sun." It is two years since he finished latter. Monty Clift believes in taking his time!











EVVIE WAS planning a birthday party for sister June when they learned the news they had waited so long to hear

They hadn't seen each
other for twelve long years. But in
that first magic moment
June Haver knew her father still
remembered his pledge

AND THE FAMILIAR STRANGER

JUNE'S sister was throwing a birthday party for her, and June showed up early to lend a hand. When the phone rang, Evvie said: "You answer it. Either somebody can't come or somebody wants to bring somebody else. Whichever way suits me—"

It was neither way. Evvie heard June cry, "Daddy!" stood still for a moment, then moved to the doorway to hear the rest. "Oh, I'm so glad. When? That'll be just wonderful! I can hardly believe it—" June's eyes lifted in a signal to her sister, who crossed the room. Dark head bent close to the fair one, as June's hand covered the mouthpiece and her lips formed words. "They're coming out. Daddy wants to know if you can put them up."

Glancing 'round the small apartment, Evvie flopped.

"Don't worry about a thing," June, at the phone, continued sweetly. "You and Florence just get here, and we'll see to the rest. Thanks, I (Continued on page 99) BY IDA ZEITLIN



WHEN JUNE'S PARENTS taced reality of their rift, they determined the children should not suffer. Above, early picture of June, her mother, Dorothy, father, Evvie





Bullets and bouquets . . . country boy in a Cadillac . . . the calm before a storm . . . adventure in a well-pressed suit . . . practical sentimentalist.

Photographed by Schafer. Alan appears in "Thunder in the East"



Hercules at the Metropolitan . . . red wine and pizza pie . . . a small boy strutting in his first long pants . . . the ringing of bells on a sun-drenched day . . . music and magnetism.

Photographed by Bull. Mario's next picture is "Because You're Mine"





"SHELLEY'S A GOOD kid not nearly as crazy as some people think," says Farley. They co-star in "Behave Yourself"

engagements

BY EDITH GWYNN

The dictionary defines "engage" like this: "To bind or obtain by promise. To affect favorably." Of course, "engage" also means, "to join in conflict with." Nobody with eyes or ears, who has read of, heard of, or been present when Farley Granger and Shelley Winters have intoned lasting devotion to each other, gazed dreamily into space for hours while out in public together, staged word-battles that could be heard for miles, followed by resumption of cooing, could possibly deny that these two have more than lived up to the dictionary's definitions of the word "engagement"! The first time Farley was asked if he believed in long engagements was 'way back in November, 1950. With Shelley holding on to his arm, he said, "If you mean us-we're not thinking about marriage. We just like each other's company." With that, Shelley broke loose, gave her glamamour a resounding slap on the back and laughed uproariously. (What she meant by that loud guffaw, I dunno.) Quite recently Farley was again asked the same question. He said, "It certainly looks like it, doesn't it?" Obviously he knew he was being queried about himself and la Winters-so his answer can only be taken as an admission that they've considered themselves engaged for a long, long time. Shelley was at his side this time, too, mugging like mad. Then she dropped this gem, "Marriage is pretty serious business. We're just horsing around." Despite Shelley's "denial," Farley told a close friend last spring, "We talked it all over. I love Shelley and we'll

surely marry in June." They didn't. (Continued on page 80)

Farley Granger
should know. He and Shelley are taking their hectic
time going to the altar!



bachelor, holds to it with one hand while

holding on to Shelley with the other

Im still whistling

One look at Esther's picture and her husband reached for his pen. After six years of marriage, he still has things to say to his pin-up wife



ESTHER, Kimmie, Benjie and Ben. "Sometimes when I think back I get a little jealous of all the years I didn't know you." Esther's in "Texas Carnival"

Darling:

This is a love letter all right. On that subject I could write to you every day. If I don't—well, you know how some people are about writing letters. But the thoughts are there—and the sentiment, too—even though I don't put the words on paper. You know?

Come to think of it, does this sound silly to you? I mean, do old married folks write love letters? If we were eighteen again I'm sure it would be all right.

Or if we were still just courting.

Then a fellow can tell his best girl that he's crazy about her eyes and the way her hair makes little curls on the back of her neck. He can write about the length of her lashes, her cute nose that gets a little tanned in the sun, and her hair that is as bright as an October leaf. That's fine.

But after six years of marriage and with two husky sons to our credit, maybe it'll sound too sentimental. Do you think so? Well, what if it does? That's the way I feel, and why shouldn't I say so? Or am I just repeating myself?

I confess that when I looked at the picture they are putting on the page opposite this I had a definite urge to pucker up and whistle.

That's what pin-up pictures are designed for—and that's what usually

happens. Even to husbands. Especially if the pin up looks like you.

I remember I had that same urge that night at Earl Carroll's

Restaurant in Hollywood when you were selling cigarettes for charity. That was the night Bunny Greene introduced us.

You had on a white evening gown that was shining and smooth and very beautiful.

Bunny said, "Ess, this is Sergeant Ben Gage." You said, "Hi, soldier."

And I stood there in my size thirteen Army shoes and grinned at you and hoped that I was being very charming. I'm sure that I said something really brilliant even (Continued on page 91)



"WE HAD some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on his way—the studio had asked us to wait!"

photoplay magazine

Jin Up 40

color photograph by Dirone

Esther Williams



Their happiness was
showing when our candid
cameraman focused on
Frank and Ava during their
pre-honeymoon holiday





LEFT, Ava and Frank at The Desert Inn in Las Vegas, where he entertained. Right, at a late supper party at The Flamingo Hotel

I WAS THERE

BY HYMIE FINK

Photoplay's Photographer

When I registered at the Flamingo for a Las Vegas vacation, I promised myself I'd go over to the Desert Inn where Frank Sinatra was singing. Ava was there, too, when I arrived, with her sister Beatrice. Bea has lived with Ava for years. Then gossip had it that the girls had quarreled over the Sinatra romance. But I guess Bea finally got the idea they were really in love. They sure were shining with happiness, shining almost as brightly as Ava's diamond necklace, the night I saw them. I kept wondering if Ava's necklace was the one Frank gave her after he visited her in Spain. They had a wonderful time on their pre-honeymoon holiday. Frankie had his boat up there. Every day they toured Lake Mead and fished. Nights, after Frank was through work, they danced and talked of their days ahead as Mr. and Mrs.



HER SISTER BEATRICE, opposite page, went along as chaperone when Ava lived at Las Vegas to be near Frank. The Gardner-Sinatra . . .



... happiness was contagious. Even Jack Benny, above with singer Rosemary Clooney and Frank and Ava, looked as if he wished he'd brought his fiddle!



fashions



Joyce MacKenzie of Twentieth's "With a Song in My Heart" twirls onto the dance floor in iridescent taffeta with separate nylon net overskirt. By Sportset, 9-15, aress \$12.95, overskirt \$7.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y. Magid bag, Deltah pin.



Anne Francis of Twentieth's "Lydia Bailey" reveals the youthful enchantment of an iridescent taffeta dress with graceful V-neck front and back. Stardust print adds a glow to the full skirt. By Teena Paige, 7-15, the price, too, is appealing—around \$15.00 at Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Winter Furs muff, Coro necklace.

FOR STORES NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 74

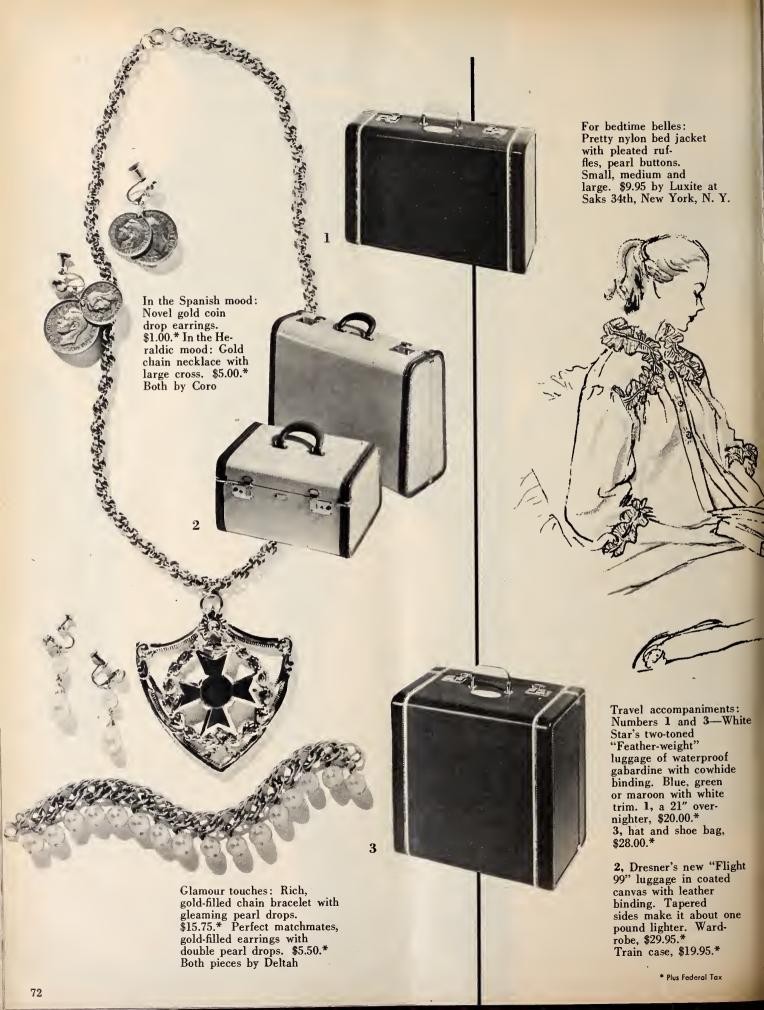


Photoplay Patterns
 Box 229, Madison Square Station
 New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Polly Bergen "The Stooge" pattern #5 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

A just-right style for the holiday season, when friends
drop in or you go Christmas calling. It's a
smart coat-type dress with stand-out skirt; the
tricky bow can be worn tied at the side or in front as an
ascot. Easy to make; we suggest you try it in
taffeta. Detailed pattern drawings are shown at right







(Continued from page 49) be on the getting end, too) and not only at Christmas but the year round. You have a love of food and are probably a "mouth-watering" cook.

Dr. Woodward says the choosers of the Santa Claus card are not likely to have any strong interest in "keeping up with the Joneses," nor much concern about "what will people think?" If they had, they wouldn't choose the Santa card. They'd

"As a matter of fact, the Santa Claus card is apt to be chosen," says Dr. Woodward, "by very mature people who have grown up enough to enjoy good, gay things without feeling any need to explain, or to apologize for their enjoyment. Santa Claus-card senders are also liable to have less trouble than others in their relationships and they have the likelihood of achieving a good and lasting marriage.

If you are a Santa Claus-card sender, it is to be hoped that this analysis fits you as it does the young Hodiaks.

PEOPLE do reveal themselves, Dr. Woodward says, in the small things they do, day by day. Such as, for instance, the ease and speed-or the laggard lingering-with which they get up in the morning. If you leap out of bed, beating the alarm clock to it, you may be sure you are a happy-in-your-work, well-adjusted person. If you just hate to get out of bed, can't wake up, it means you are unhappy in your work or in some department of your life.

Even the way one person meets another is, Dr. Woodward told me, a giveaway. The way you listen tells tales on you. If you listen with interest and without interrupting, you have a comfortable certainty of your own importance. But if you only half listen, waiting to get into the conversation, it means that you are lacking in self-confidence, that your ego is hungry.

If you go in for blues in dress or decoration—especially the dark blues—you are apt to look on the dark side. "Not for nothing," said the doctor, laughing, "are the phrases 'I feel blue,' or 'It gives me the blues,' in common usage." On the other hand, if you go for green, nature's primary color and very restful but gay, you reveal yourself as well balanced and contented.

And so on through the everyday choices. And of these choices, a Christmas card is especially fraught with meaning—because, at Christmas, people's emotions are nearer

the surface.

With the pageantry of the coming of the Christ Child, and the annual advent of Santa Claus, childhood memories come thronging back with the wistful longing expressed in the verse, "Backward, turn backward O Time in your flight, make me

a child again just for tonight!"

Which is what Mario Lanza may be saying, without knowing it, of course, in his choice of a Christmas card: "For conceivably," says Dr. Woodward, "the choice of this scene could be Mr. Lanza's subconscious expression of his wish to return to the infantile and so, uninhibited enjoyment of Christmas, with his admiring parents looking on.

"The thing that most interests me about this card is the simplicity and the highly formal nature of it. The whole picture is nothing but the Christmas tree and the traditional family-mother, father and child. But the picture is so rigidly formal, the mother and father so proper, I would suppose it chosen by a person who just has to be very proper, who can't veer away from the accustomed patterns."

When I reminded Dr. Woodward that the chooser of this card was M-G-M's lusty Italian tenor, "The Great Lanza," and one not given to any prunes-and-prisms pattern, Dr. Woodward laughed. "Without realizing why he was doing it," he said, "Mr. Lanza could have chosen a scene that pictures a mode of life in which he grew up and for which he still has some preference. His card could be an unconscious expression of his wish to turn away from his present environment to the more peaceful life of his childhood. Or to a different life—the one of which he dreamed, perhaps, as a boy and which he has not, in spite of his fame and for-tune, truly realized."

If you would choose a card like John Derek's, you will be fascinated to hear that it's those who love the old ways who

are liable to send such a card.
"I often wonder," Dr. Woodward said, "whether such cards are chosen by people of rural background, who have memories, or by people in crowded city places who yearn for the out-of-doors. By both probably. Some choose scenes for the fond recollections they bring of childhood years. But one thing is, I think, certain, and that is that the person who chooses this card, with its down-to-earth quality, has the same quality in himself. It's a card that symbolizes a kind of revolt against superficiality. The chooser may realize that his nostalgia for the country is greatly idealized—that life in the country may be rather cold—and bad traveling. He still loves the scene because it looks so peaceful, romantic and clean. He chooses it because he wants his life to have a solid

"And there is a plus," Dr. Woodward added, "for, in addition to the down-to-earth quality, the high steeple of the church, reaching upward, suggests that while your feet are planted firmly in the earth, your eyes are on the stars. You have an aspiration higher than yourself, a recognition of forces beyond your control. And kind of acceptance of what comes." Compared with the more traditional

those of Kirk Douglas and Don DeFore, while similar, reveal men who are not similar at all-either to John Derek or to each other. Kirk's card shows neither the farm nor the church-which indicates that he has no strong subconscious desire for the rural life or for the good old days. It could symbolize, however, according to Dr. Woodward, the sender's desire to have more space around him, to tap the value of rural life without its hardships. This is the type who would go for the log cabin in the mountains provided it was supplied with hot and cold running water. This is the card of a man who enjoys-not solitude-but a retreat to the country accompanied by his family and (as the young ladies skating toward him suggest) friends.

rural scene of young Mr. Derek's card,

"A physically vigorous man in all likelihood," the doctor commented, "would choose this card. The scene depicts him demonstrating a vigorous enjoyment of skating. But whether skating, boxing, swimming or dancing, the choice of this card points to the man of action; to a doer card points to the man of action; to a doer,

not a dreamer."

Don DeFore's card, also a rural scene, pictures a couple of houses, some standing trees in process of being cut down and a train being loaded with the cut trees. The train says "Loads of fun."

The chooser of this card could be-the doctor told me-a person with a lot of hostility in his make-up. Somebody who has destructive urges, can't face them, wants to get rid of them and so, vigorously cuts down the trees. The solitary figures, each cutting down his own tree, characterize a person with hostile feelings, who

would always rather be alone.

"It is pretty general," the doctor explained, "that people find it difficult to accept that they have hostile feelings, destructive impulses. A child will shout, 'I'll shoot you dead!' and quite healthily and happily get it out of his system. But adults

dress up their destructive impulses.
"One value of symbols, however—and the Christmas card is definitely a symbol is that they often require different interpretations for different people. So, this card also could have been chosen by someone who thoroughly enjoys rural out-of-doors in the winter. Someone who pities the poor city fellow, wants to send him a trainload of trees. Or by someone who has a happy association with trains."

THAT Don has a childhood association with trains we know H I with trains, we know. He comes of a rail-roading family. And as for Don, easy-does-it, genial Don DeFore with "destructive urges"? Oh, surely not!

When we came to Loretta Young's card, the doctor said, "Undoubtedly, Miss Young chose a religious card because her church is very meaningful to her." (It is. It deeply

and devoutly is.)

"However, it is a curious fact that people who are not religious often choose a religious card as a safeguard to hide a hostility within themselves. More nonreligious people choose religious cards because religion has had a rich, nostalgic association with their childhood.

If you do choose the religious card, and especially one like Loretta's, you are pro-bably a person of extremely gentle disposition but also of deep and tender feeling as indicated by the tender pose of the Virgin and the Child.

If you choose a card similar to Olivia de Havilland's, you are a woman who has real maternal interest and who anticipates finding much of her own fulfillment in parenthood. Or, if not, the card misrepresents you. It doesn't misrepresent Olivia,

WHEREVER YOU LIVE YOU CAN BUY

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Date Dream evening dress 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Juniorite satin separates 1359 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Sportset dress and overskirt 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Teena Paige star print dress 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y. White Star luggage 32nd & Allegheny, Philadelphia 32, Pa. Dresner luggage 512 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill. Coro jewelry 47 W. 34 St., New York, N. Y. Deltah jewelry
411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Artemis petticoat 901 Louderman Bldg., St. Louis 1, Mo. Wonder Maid shorty gown 1727 Locust St., St. Louis 3, Mo. Luxite bed jacket 404 W. Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis. Barbizon brunch coat 475 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

392 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Powers Model slip

for those who know her best well know that her son, her husband and their home come first with Olivia; her career, second.

"A kind of sacrament of life, that's what comes to my mind," Dr. Woodward said, "as I study this card. The Wise Men bringing gifts. The Dove of Peace hovering over the simplified manger-home, the picture of the simplified manager of the picture. tured Joseph and Mary jointly adoring The Child, all this seems to say that a very dedicated and meaningful family life is the highest fulfillment of life to the one

who chooses this card.
"It could be, of course, that a person would choose such a card because her life was the opposite of the close family life and parenthood she wanted. In which case the person would be compensating. Compensatory behavior is fairly common. The little man with the big voice. The homely girl with the beautiful manners."

AND now, for a change of pace, we'll take Betty Hutton's card. And do you know that if you send a card like La Hutton's you are the type who usually sends a photograph of the kiddies as a Christmas card? Or a sketch of yourself hanging from the Christmas tree. Or you may choose a pictured scene of a mother and father accompanied by their young. Now the young may be in the form of cats or dogs or chipmunks, but no matter-if the number is right it is meant to depict you and yours. In other words, you adapt some part of the Christmas myth to yourself, which is exactly what, in her own giddy, gymnastic fashion Betty has done. She has removed Santa Claus from his legendary chimney and put him in her next picture "The Greatest Show on Earth."

"To make people over in our image,"
Dr. Woodward said, "is natural enough.
Most people, if they have any kind of self-confidence, believe the world would be a better place to live in if their particular brand of selfhood was advertised to the world—and followed. This is a form of exhibitionism, of course, but frankly, I think it takes a certain amount of exhibitionism to make a good, well-adjusted human being. You have to like your role in life, as on the stage, and you have to

like your audience.

"There is a goodness of life in this card," the doctor said, "an outflowing quality—and so I would expect the person who chose it to be a vivacious, physically exuberant individual."

And now we come to the Big, Bad Wolf as offered by hig bad movie menace, Dan Duryea. But this wolf, according to Dr. Woodward, is no more dangerous than is Dan when he steps out of camera range. Said Dr. Woodward: "Traditionally the

wolf is a destroying animal rather than the male pursuer we think it today. While the person who would choose a wolf card is likely to be one who embodies the wolf qualities in his own make-up, this card is different, this card symbolizes a wolf gone comedian. The fellow who chose this card is a person of strength and power, true, but he uses his strength not to destroy, but to do gay good. This wolf has learned to suppress his inborn tendencies so much that he now inspires laughter rather than fear. He's a delightful wolf who, hat gaily cocked, takes you out for a good time. This card indicates the big he-man who is capable of being a wolf, and destroying you, but loves you instead! An insecure person would probably not choose this card. I would think of the person who chose this card as an essentially gay, vigorous sort of person, very secure, unusually strong, and as safe as an accredited baby-sitter."

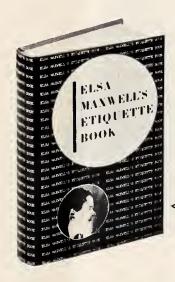
So endeth the tales told by the stars' innocent-seeming Christmas cards. And a Merry Christmas to all!

THE END

The New Jimand trim-line frame ... the hose with the distinctive new heel-line that accentuates and slims your ankle . . . frames your legs in loveliness. In Airmaid's smart new shades with your choice of either the rich brown ar the navy heel ... And Airmaids now are delicately scented. Found exclusively . . . AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

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cover to cover for life as it's lived today.

BY JOAN CRAWFORD

Star of "That Woman Is Dangerous"



If you want to be



Dm you ever spend weeks planning for a very special party, only to end up by having a perfectly miserable time?

Most of us do just this, at one time or another. But, shining up everything we think important from our hair to our party pumps—we too often neglect to put a party polish on our poise.

Now I know poise is another one of those foggy words—like "personality," "popularity," even like "charm"—brimful of meaning, yet somehow hard to define. So let us pin it down, right here and now—for without the intangible quality of poise, a girl can be as beautiful as *Snow White* and as brilliant as Madame Curie, yet be all alone and lonely in the middle of a crowd.

To me, poise is knowing one's own worth. The girl who knows herself, and likes herself, has poise, self-confidence and assurance enough to forget self and go forward with friendliness. You could say poise is having a reason to be where you are.

The girl with poise talks as though she's interested, walks as though she's going somewhere. She smiles when she greets you. She looks you in the eye. She remembers your name, and tells

woman but they won't make the man if you don't keep your party poise polished

charming

you that nice compliment someone paid you last week.

The girl with poise has not spent all her time preparing for this evening in thinking about what the party is going to do for her. She has devoted a good hunk of her time to thinking out in advance what she could contribute to the party's success.

Some people seem to be born with poise. They're the lucky ones. Most of us have to acquire it for ourselves. It's not easy. But it can be done once you know what it is you are after.

Basically, poise is a faculty for putting yourself in the other person's shoes—accenting the "you" over the "I" in your conversation. It's also a lack of fear, an assurance and confidence in yourself which—in one of those queer paradoxes which make psychology so fascinating—expresses itself in a playing down of self, and a playing up of real interest in and concern for the other fellow.

The girl with poise thinks, "I feel wonderful" and she says, "You look wonderful." She thinks, "I'm having fun." She shows it by indicating that "You interest me. You're making this a memorable evening."

"I like you" is what she radiates. And you respond by liking her.

If you're shaky in the poise department, plan for it with just as much care as you plan your party hair-do. Or the costume you're going to wear.

If you're shy—and some of the nicest and brightest (Cont'd on page 86)



YOU MAY raise temperature
as the office siren—but watch out
for the boss's blood pressure!

STOP SQUINTING—glasses are no handicap to the girl who knows how to wear 'em



The Twelve Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood

(Continued from page 43) "isn't remotely the baby doll type.

As one enthusiastic voter put it: "In Mona's delicate beauty there is strength, intelligence and humor."

The photographers say that time and time again stars ask if their sitting can be given the quality they have admired in recent portraits of Loretta Young. No member of our jury denied that Loretta is beautiful in features and in coloring. But it was stressed, repeatedly, that her beauty would be less if she were less the lovely

lady in thought, word and deed.
"What a face! What a face!" There is
the summation of Grandma Marlene Dietrich. "She knows what to do with her provocative bone structure, too," our jury noted, appreciatively. "Besides, she's all

human, all woman!

Susan Hayward never was a first or last choice. Always she was listed second. Always, too, the reasons for her selection tallied. "An exotic type, crowned with the most beautiful golden red hair.'

In Rita Hayworth's beauty personality

was stressed.

"Rita's personality really projects to make her features provocative, challeng-ing and warm," they said. And, "Her complexion, eyes and hair blend into some-

thing that is over-all lovely."

Only once was there a similarity in the jury's analyses of beauty—with Deborah Kerr and Loretta Young. For Deborah, like Loretta, would not be as lovely, our jury was agreed, in spite of her fine features and her "delicious" coloring, if she were less gentle, kind and completely charming.

And there you have the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood-ranging in age from nineteen to forty-six. They were chosen for many reasons. But one fact remained constant—beauty is something over and above sheer physical perfection. It is good bones and lovely coloring, plus other things—vitality or spirituality, self-dramatization or intelligence and humor, a gentle, kind nature or exoticism.

Beauty is more than skin deep.

However, since, to be realistic, skin still is important to beauty, we consulted the make-up experts who guided our beautiful women. And we present:

The Make-up Palettes of Hollywood's Twelve Most Beautiful Women As Recommended by Hollywood's Make-Up Experts

Ava Gardner: Classic, oval-shaped face. Hazel eyes. Dark brown hair. Rich, natural coloring with fair skin.

William Tuttle, head of the M-G-M

make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: Pure red, to follow the natural line of her lips, curving upward at cor-

ners. All make-up should curve upward to give the face a pleasant expression.

Rouge: The bright red lipstick blended with a little oil or cream so it will apply smoothly as it follows the natural line of the cheekbone.

Mascara: Black.

Eye Pencil: Black. To give eyes an even larger appearance, draw a little upward line at the outside corners of the eyes.

Eyeshadow: Eyeshadow should match the natural coloring that exists around the eyes. Some women have a delicate purple shadow, others a shadow with a brownish tinge. To achieve the true brown color around 'Ava's eyes, a blue-gray shadow is mixed with a reddish brown shadow. Ann Blyth: Oval face. Dark blue eyes. Brown hair with reddish tint. Fair skin.

Jack Kevan, head of Universal-International's make-up department, recommends:

Lipstick: True red, no blue in it, follow-

ing lip line faithfully.

Rouge: True red, applied to a high spot on cheekbone and blended outward.

Mascara: Dark, used very lightly.

Eye Pencil: Dark.

Eyeshadow: Light blue-green.

Elizabeth Taylor: Elongated oval face. Violet blue eyes. Blue black hair. Light

William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends: Lipstick: Dark, on the blue-red shade.

Lip line needs no changing.

Rouge: Dark, on the blue-red shadeplaced low on cheek on a line perpendicular to her nose, to lend face breadth.

(No mascara or eye pencil needed.)

Eyeshadow: Blue gray—blended down
to meet upswing of the eye.

Arlene Dahl: Classic oval face. Light blue eyes. Red-golden hair. White skin. William Tuttle of M-G-M recommends:

Lipstick: Warm red-yellow shade.
Rouge: Same red-yellow shade, also

applied subtly at high part of cheekbone.

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Red-

dish-brown, cinnamon color.

Linda Darnell: Oval-triangular face. Deep brown eyes. Deep brown hair. Fair skin. Ben Nye of the Twentieth Century-Fox

make-up department recommends:

Lipstick: True medium red to follow full line of mouth faithfully.

Rouge: True medium red, applied high

on cheekbone, blending off.

Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Brown-

black.

Joan Crawford: Square-shaped face. Bright blue eyes. Orange-red hair. Suntan complexion. No make-up expert other than Joan can be quoted here. She applies her make-up even for the screen.

Lipstick: A shade to complement color she is wearing.

Rouge: None.

Mascara: Dark brown. After applying, Joan goes over lashes and brows with pomade which removes surplus powder.

Eye Pencil: Dark Brown. Eyeshadow: Blue-gray. Uses only occasionally and then almost entirely wipes it off, leaving the barest trace of color.

Mona Freeman: Oval face. Blue eyes. Golden hair. Very light olive skin.
Recommendations by Wally Westmore,

head of Paramount make-up department. Lipstick: True, light red, lightly applied.
Rouge: True, light red, used high on cheekbones, blended back to the outside of the eye and back toward the temple.

Mascara: Brown-used sparingly. Eye Pencil: Brown-used sparingly.

Eyeshadow: None.

Loretta Young: Heart-shaped face with strong chin. Blue eyes. Light brown hair. Fair skin.

Ernie Parks at Twentieth recommends: Lipstick: Dark red, applied to follow definite full mouth.

Rouge: Dark red used high on cheekbone, blended outward. (The dark lipstick and rouge are used to make Loretta's teeth and eye-whites look even whiter.) Mascara, Eye Pencil, Eyeshadow: Dark

brown.

Marlene Dietrich: Diamond-shaped face. Blue eyes. Blonde hair. Fair skin.

Frank Westmore recommends: Lipstick, Rouge: Garnet red.

Mascara: Dark.

Eye Pencil: Instead of an eye pencil Marlene applies substance from burnt matches to line the eye.

Eyeshadow: Soft warm brown.

Susan Hayward: Oval-shaped face. Bluegreen eyes. Red-gold hair. Fair skin, few freckles.

Ben Nye of Twentieth recommends: Lipstick: Orange rust.

Rouge: Orange rust applied on the cheekbone and blended skillfully upward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown.

Eyeshadow: Green-neutral brown.

Rita Hayworth: Oval face. Brown eyes.

Dark red hair. Castilian olive complexion. Clay Campbell of Columbia recommends:

Lipstick: Medium red or a light clear pink. Perfect lip line with rare double bow followed faithfully.

Rouge: Medium red or light clear pink applied high on the cheek and coming forward.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Black-brown. Eyeshadow: Olive brown.

Deborah Kerr: Rectangular-shaped face. Hazel eyes. Red hair. Fair skin.

William Tuttle of M-G-M points out that Deborah is a different type of redhead, has appearance that suggests the outof-doors, recommends:

Lipstick: Coral tone with blues. Rouge: Coral tone with blues. Applied

high on cheek with diagonal line.

Mascara, Eye Pencil: Brown. Eyeshadow: Blue gray.

THE END

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she's Engaged !

Dayle Fort's shining eyes, the diamond on her left hand—tell you there's happiness ahead! Dayle is engaged to Donald F. Nesbitt, Jr. They'll be married next summer in the charming First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, New Jersey—the groom tall and handsome and Dayle a most beautiful bride.

she's Lovely!

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she uses Pond's!

Looking your best builds up your confidence", Dayle says

You always feel gayer, more confident when you know you look your prettiest.

Dayle thinks every girl's prettiest face depends on fastidiously clean, soft skin. Dayle's own complexion is appealing as spring lilacs. "For a blissfully quick and effective beauty cleansing, you can't equal Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel so refreshed—simply wonderful."

You can make Dayle's "beauty formula" work a lovely magic for your complexion, too. Use Pond's Cold Cream religiously every night as Dayle does (and for day face cleansings). This is the way you do it:

Hot Stimulation-a good hot water splashing.

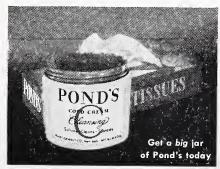
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—perfect results! Your complexion feels smooth and soft as a baby's skin!

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Show your most attractive self and a new confidence glows from your face, brings friends to you on sight.



Start your Pond's beauty care now. Help your face show a lovelier You!

Long Engagements Are Fun

(Continued from page 62) Farley believes in "long engagements" if any, because more than loving any gal, he loves being a bachelor, and has always appreciated the bounties of single bliss. Because he's fascinated with his single status, he holds tenaciously to it with one hand, while holding onto Shelley with the other.

I know at this writing that Farley gets an unfailing kick out of Shelley and wants to go on and on with her. His praise of her camaraderie is even topped by his admiration for her performances. He says, "Shelley is a wonderful actress. No one quite realizes how great. She's a wonderful girl, too." So far he's made no statements about what kind of a wife he thinks Shelley would be. But what kind of a life Granger thinks any wife might lead him is tipped off by this incident:

One morning a studio friend came to pick Farley up. He was in bed sipping orange juice and listening to classical music. "Isn't this the life?" he grinned. "I can lounge around like this every day I'm not working—without anyone to say otherwise."

The sound of wedding chimes may strike terror to his heart, but the "life in a gold-fish bowl" that Granger and Winters lead, doesn't bother them at all! Matter of fact, the crazy things they do individually and together, are an important factor in holding them to each other. Farley, for sure, doesn't feel he could get away with, nor participate in, a lot of their "gags," nor indulge in the easy-going life he loves, if they were Mr. and Mrs. The day he's convinced that things can continue to ripple along as usual, and that life can be as casual and amusing for a husband, will be the day Farley stops being a bachelor!

There was the time when he'd just

There was the time when he'd just returned from Europe and had a date to take Shelley to a big Hollywood premiere. Shelley was dressed to the teeth when he arrived. Farley showed up in slacks, topped by a loud sports jacket and no tie! Shelley almost had hysterics! P. S. They went to the show—just as they were. (Now, if they'd been married, Shelley might have rightly stood on her "marital rights" and made hubby change his clothes before she'd budge.)

The blue-jeans routine of Farley's wasn't confined to Hollywood. He and Shelley were much criticized for traipsing around the better New York thoroughfares and even trying to lunch at one of Manhattan's swankier restaurants, while both were in blue-jeans! The lifted-eyebrows didn't

bother them at all, at all!

Another episode during the time this pair was prancing around Gotham together is funny—and much noisier. They had just come out of a theatre and it was almost midnight. Farley insisted they walk back to her hotel through Central Park. Shelley wanted to ride instead. She hopped into a cab, telling the driver to follow Farley through the park. Then she kept sticking her head out of the window, shouting at the top of her lungs, "Who's that tramp?" Farley enjoyed the whole thing. Shelley was hoarse for days.

When "A Place in the Sun" was premiered in Hollywood, instead of sending her orchids or any kind of wearable corsage, Farley bestowed a huge, floral horseshoe upon Shelley. But even though it was her "big night" (people are sure she'll get an Academy Award nomination for her work in this one) Shelley not only took the gag with good grace (instead of what might have been "wifely indignation") but took the horseshoe along to the theatre with her! And to Ciro's later. And was still dragging it around in the wee hours when the two of them went

to Hamburger Hamlet where she sang and clowned for at least another hour.

Now, Farley revels in this kind of uninhibited nonsense, and undoubtedly feels it would all "get lost" with marriage. He may be right—or just scared. However, the two of 'em-and especially Granger, enjoy some calmer pursuits together. Sailboating, for instance. Usually they go with friends who are old hands at the sport. But even though neither our hero nor our heroine knows a thing about sailing sloops, skiffs -or anything that floats, they leaped to Balboa Bay one day when neither had to work and rented themselves a sailboat. They were doing just fine until they wanted to turn around (at a spot just short of where bay meets ocean) and almost upset their "applecart" trying! Frantic hailing of passing boats was no help-because people thought they were just waving a greeting! After a frightening two-hour tussle, Farley and Shelley finally managed to get themselves towed in!

MARLEY is a very erratic spender. His business manager once asked him to keep a record of his spending for one week, and was furious when he got a report which read: "Mon. \$2; Tues. \$5; Wed. \$2; Thurs. \$7; Fri. \$84; Sat., nothing; Sun., nothing." Now, F. G. may have been kidding about those two-dollar days, but there's no doubt he really spent the eighty-four bucks that Friday—and in a record shop! (Another vote for "long engagements." After all, what wife would approve that kind of expenditure in a single day—while she was trying to balance the family budget?)

Another eccentricity of Farley's is the way he falls asleep at parties. Once at a shindig at Ida Lupino's, Farley dozed off after dinner—and they just let him sleep through till dawn when everyone left. This sort of thing might get a husband a fast rolling-pin over the head. But where a sweetheart might raise the roof over it, she can be pacified with sweet words.

If you want further proof of why Farley finds long engagements fun, dig this: It happened when he and Shelley and Tony Martin were at a dull, low-score ball game. During the fifth inning, Shelley said, "Come on—let's go." But Farley wanted to stay and did. Shelley dashed

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home in a snit. Then Granger said to Tony, "She'll get over it. A year ago I would have had to go along. That's the advantage of a long friendship."

If you ask me, what he really meant was, "I've got her trained—and it takes

time, brother-it takes time!'

It also takes time (or a long engagement) for a guy not to care whether the gal of his dreams goes around without make-up; looking sloppy most of the time and even showing up at the chic Beverly Hills Hotel's swimming pool with zinc paste all over her face—as Shelley does. I don't approve of this kind of tolerance for man or woman. It's the kind of thing that bores most married men—and sends them out to flirt with someone more glamour-wise. But maybe in "long engagements"—each of the two either fails to notice or unconsciously "forgives" a lot of things that wedding rings point up! Who knows? Farley thinks he does.

He says, "I used to travel alone and enjoyed it, but now I don't get the boot out of it I did. It's more fun traveling with Shelley. Knowing her all this time, I enjoy everything double—seeing it through both pairs of eyes. That's one of the

advantages of long engagements."

And that's his ambition—travel. Nothing but. He adds, "I've seen everything in Europe but the Scandinavian countries. They're next." So what happened? Farley, finding himself with at least six weeks off before he was to start "The Hans Christian Andersen Story" for Sam Goldwyn, decided to travel. And this unpredictable lad immediately started negotiating for a house for himself—not in Stockholm, kiddies, but in Paris! Shelley immediately announced to the world that she'd be going along—or meeting him abroad. Since they weren't married, this, of course, called for finding a chaperone—a not too difficult chore.

Perhaps Farley is still too immature to properly weigh the fruits and joys of married life against the thrills of an endless bachelor binge. Maybe, as many think, these two have already worn out the original, mad infatuation that goes with a big, new crush and are on a basis of great comradeship—with no hectic emotions involved—and no intention of marrying. And both of them smart enough to carry on the big question of whether they will or won't wed for as long as it gets them newspaper space. Maybe by winter, each will have married someone else. Again, knowing their utter unpredictableness, I say, who knows?

Farley says, "I really never do enough. I'm lazy. I'm terribly impatient. I'm highstrung and nervous." Shelley's had plenty of time to find all this out. If they're really in love, she'll stick it out until Farley makes up his mind. BUT—here's something that is rather revealing—and may mean he's beginning to realize that even "long engagements," no matter how much fun, must end sometime—one way or another.

While still working in "I Want You"—and before starting his vacation, Farley showed up on the movie set one morn in a pair of busted house-slippers. As he was putting a patch of tape (tape, I said!) over a hole in a sole, he turned to a pal and said, "Maybe Shelley and I ought to get married in Paris as we told people we would. She's a good kid—not nearly as crazy as some think. People are always crying for color in this town. Then when someone gives it to them, they scream for the whitewash. You can't win!"

Well, boys and gals—write your own comment! Mine is???!!**??!!

THE END



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They Couldn't Get Their Man

(Continued from page 51) Joan Crawford." Joan vehemently denied to me that she had anything to do with the break-up. And I believe her. No one can break up a marriage unless the crack is past repairing.

But Joan, like all healthy normal women, would like a man she could call her ownpermanently. If handsome lawyer Greg Bautzer had been the marrying kind, Joan would have been deliriously happy-for a while, anyway. For she was in love with him and he with her. Her later romances were just bright flashes in some fancylooking pans. I hope Joan finds the man she seeks. Because this is a great woman with much tenderness and loyalty to give-to the

You could write almost the same copy for Ginger Rogers. Ginger, like Joan, doesn't function right unless there's A Man In Her Life. Both have had three marriages and Mr. Bautzer. Now Greg is friends with both long-time stars, although they are not. But when the time comes for Greg to marry, I predict the girl will not be a well-known actress. And that, I think, is the clue to the lonely-spinster state of many unattached actresses. Men are afraid of them. The best men won't be part of the Queen's entourage. The worst, who would, are usually kicked out before they can get too close.

Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler pitched

woo for a time. I saw them holding hands at Mocambo, doing ditto at Universal-International where Jeff works. But Ann did all this and more often with Steve Hannagan, and still signed her name "Miss Sheriwhen the closeness of the romance was over. But what Ann lost in a husband, she gained in a friend. Steve is still her closest confidant, and when she successfully sued RKO recently, Steve was the man who advised and stood right there in person by her side. Also now that Jeff and his wife have reconciled, Annie and Steve are dating again.

It may even be that Mr. Hannagan now will add to his mementos to Annie—so far they include a drawerful of jewels.

Which reminds me of a remark Paulette Goddard made to me between her marriages to Chaplin and Burgess Meredith. "When I'm old, I hope I'm not lonely and alone sitting by the window polishing my jewels." As of writing (this is a necessary stipulation in Hollywood where the romantically impossible can happen overnight) Paulette is alone. Although for a while there she almost marched to the altar with writer Cy Howard. Almost. In affairs of the heart, a miss is as good as a mile—away.

Will Pat Neal get to be the next Mrs. Gary Cooper? This question is currently puzzling the Hollywood gossips. I guess Pat's future matrimonial status with Gary depends on a change of decision from Mrs. Rocky Cooper, who can be as adamant as "I will not divorce Gary." But later added a tantalizing postscript, "Of course anything can happen." Whatever happens will originate with Rocky. Gary takes love and life as he finds it.

When petite Vera-Ellen appeared at a party with A. C. Lyles, former mate of Martha Vickers, now divorcing Mickey Rooney, I wondered what had happened to her romance with Rocky Hudson, the handsome six-foot actor at Universal-International. "Is it all over?" I asked Rocky, remembering his impassioned love speeches on the subject of Vera-Ellen. "No," he said, emphatically, "but until I can afford to take her to expensive places, I've told her it's all right with me if she dates other guys." Don't misjudge Miss Vera-Ellen. A star has to be seen sometimes in places where the photographers congregate. But how would you like it, if you read in the

columns that your girl was a cosy twosome at this and that restaurant, with another man? I don't think that Rocky does either.

Barbara Stanwyck's friends are divided into two camps on the question of a reconciliation with Robert Taylor. Barbara kept her man very happy for twelve years. But she was never more in love with him than at the end when she told him he could be free, she'd get a divorce. The three months of separation when he went to England to star in "Ivanhoe" could bring them together again if the time apart proves they still need each other. But I don't subscribe to the school which says, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I think absence makes you forget the little daily happenings and habits which cement marriage and love. And there's always the big danger of meeting and falling in love with someone else. I know it took Barbara a long time to make up her mind to marry Bob, she'd been so hurt in her marriage to and divorce from Frank Fay. I'll be surprised if Barbara will ever want to get another man-if Robert and she decide against another try.

VONNE De Carlo is getting uncomfortably close to her thirties. She's alluring and intelligent, and yet the few men she has wanted to marry, didn't. She was engaged to Howard Duff. I saw the ring and everything. But there was no wedding. When Yvonne appeared on my television show recently, I asked her, "Have you any plans for marriage?" "None at all," she said. "Do you want to be married?" I persisted. "I most certainly do," she replied, frankly. Well, I'm sure she will make a better wife for the waiting.

There was a time when Betty Hutton couldn't breathe right if she didn't have a man swooning for her and vice versa. But her marriage, divorce, reconciliation, divorce from Ted Briskin have slowed down the loving impulse. Recent reports have linked the names of Pete Rugolo and Norman Krasna with Betty. With Norman she even had a brief, beautiful engagement. But Betty doesn't seem heartbroken by the broken engagement. She was all bounce and bubble when I heard her today recording a song for her picture "Somebody Loves Me."

Sharman Douglas, a more restrained type, really carried a man-sized torch for Peter Lawford. There were even those who thought the ex-Ambassador's daughter went to work in Hollywood as a means to the end-Pete. But whatever Sharman has, and she has charm, a sweet nature and a lot of sense, it wasn't quite enough to win Mr. Lawford. Now that Peter and Sharman are seeing each other again in London there are those who think the romance is

on again. We don't!

June Haver was rumored in a romance with writer Sy Bartlett. Then she was and still is seen all the time with Joe Campbell, who owns a store. But June, who married Jimmy Zito at twenty and divorced him soon after, is not looking for a man to marry now. First, the deeply religious girl wants the approval of her church—via an annul-ment. And in any case, for a long time to come, June's heart will be buried with the one man she did love, the late Dr. Duzik.

Judy Garland first saw Sid Luft five years ago across a crowded room at a party. But she didn't find him at all enchanting until they met again after her separation from Vincente Minnelli, and his divorce from Lynn Bari. Vince preferred Judy on the thin side. Sid likes her fat. But they have to wait until next year to wed. That's a long time, in the romantic calendar, Holly-wood style. Anything can happen. But the worst that can happen, from the viewpoint of a movie actress, is—nothing.

THE END

Are you in the know?



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

- Wrap as you shop
- Stock up on cologne
- Take a night aff

Why make the night before Christmas a nightmare? Here's how to beat that lastminute deadline. (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your calendar catch you unprepared - stock up on Kotex. You can jest at problem day jitters, for that special safety center gives extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



What makes pound-paring easier?

- Paund cake
- A special dress
- Dance dates

You swore you'd give up a month of sundaes - to get trim-figgered for the holidating season. But, you're still getting your desserts! You can avoid being pound foolish by saving your pennies for a special dream dress in a smaller size you'd love to wear. Good reminder to keep your reducing resolutions! And at certain times, remind yourself to try the 3 sizes of Kotex (different absorbencies, for different days). You'll discover the ideal one for you.



If your guy can't afford much gallivanting -

- Slip him the wherewithal
- Snare a spender
- Try parlor magic

He's no miser-just allowance-bound. If your steady can't take you out on the town every night, how 'bout a few home dates? A little parlor magic (disc music and popcorn) can ease wallet-strain; help him save for your really plush occasions. On trying days, there's magic too in the way Kotex puts the skids on discomfort. See how at ease you'll stay, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives wonderful softness that holds its shape!



Can you be the hit of a holiday party, if you're —

- A jingle belle
- A snab sister
- Mistletae mad

When the gang gathers 'round the piano - put new zing in the sing! Beforehand, write jingles to popular tunes: a verse about each guest at the party. Practice rhyming (starting now). A rhyming dictionary helps; or get an assist from the class "Pote." Jingles pay

off-in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidencewise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special flat pressed ends, you're free from telltale outline woe!



What assures daintiness on problem days?

- Bath salts
- Pawder Occasianal showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a powder deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

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Their Rules for Romance

(Continued from page 39) fair and lovely

girl.
"By not being a liar in a romance," Janet things . .

"In everything," Tony interrupted. "Yes, in everything, little or big. pretense. No trying to be a big dealer. Not trying to cover anything up.

"If you never tell each other anything but the truth, even about the silliest little things," Tony said, "then if a big thing comes up-and looks like deceit or misunderstanding-you don't flip your wig.

You know there is an explanation."
"For instance," said Janet, "before we were married, while I was in Pittsburgh making 'Angels in the Outfield,' several of the ballplayers joined our group in the evenings. They were nice fellows and we had a lot of fun. But I called Tony in Kansas City (where he was making personal appearances before starting 'Hear No appearances before starting Evil') and explained it ahead of time, just

so he couldn't misunderstand."
"I wouldn't have misunderstood," Tony said, "but I felt better because she called."

"That's something Tony has taught me,"
Janet said. "Always telephone and explain everything. I'm one of those girls who loses time. I say I'll be someplace in a half hour. Then I get doing things and the next thing I know, an hour or more has flown by. I never used to realize such delays could hurt the other person. I didn't realize that if you said you'd meet them at four and didn't turn up till five, they might think you'd been killed in an automobile accident. Tony would worry when I was late. And we had rows about it, until he pointed out, quite rightly, that if you are in love, you don't forget the other person, because of anything you are doing.

"Janie is the one who taught me to blurt out my anger when I was hurt," Tony said. "It used to be I'd just brood when I was The more I brooded the worse it would fester up in me. In a way, until I knew Janie, I was always on guard, always ready to withdraw into myself.

"That attitude can hurt anyone," Janet said, "but you can get hurt, too, though perhaps not quite so much, by being exact-I always believed everybody, and every word they said. So when, occasionally, somebody didn't live up to what they said, I was wide open to unhappiness-

"That girl knew more clowns when I first met her," Tony interrupted. "She was much too nice to know that a lot of them were using her, getting their names

into the papers because of being seen with her, getting invited to parties because they could escort her.'

"So that's a rule for romance we practice very seriously," Janet said, "the business of really understanding one another, of expressing exactly what we feel. A lot of fellows and girls make the mistake of being all fair weather with each other.

"Let's say you've had a perfectly miserable day at your work and you have a date. A girl sometimes thinks she should just smile and be gay. But the boy knows she's acting. If she's sensible and tells him what's the matter with her, they have something to share. Sharing is one of the best things about a romance and a marriage, too. And it shouldn't just be sharing laughs. In a way, you can laugh with anybody. But it's only those with whom you're very close that you can share your worries, your troubles, your annoyances.

"Yet sometimes in this business of getting to know another, of blurting out what is bothering you, you hurt one another,'

Tony added.

It was enchanting, sitting there at lunch with them, seeing how naturally Janet and Tony picked up the other's remarks. Thus Janet said quickly, in answer to Tony's remark, "Sometimes when you're romantic you hurt each other unconsciously.

"Like after we'd begun serious dating, when I began taking you-really not for granted, but let's say, a little casually."
"Yes," Janet said. "I think that's the

kind of mistake a fellow makes in ro-mance. He gets a habit of saying, 'Thursday we're going to the beach,' or 'Tuesday we're going over to see Bill and Liz.'"
"Janet only had to bring that up once,"

Tony said. "I soon learned it made her a lot happier if I said, 'How's about the beach for Thursday?' or 'Do you want to have dinner with Bill and Liz on Tuesday?' and now I do the same thing."
"Well, Tony was much more stubborn

in believing I wasn't trying to put anything over on him," Janet said, smiling for the first time, because she was teasing Tony a little. "He didn't quite believe me, at first, when I'd explain why my name used to get linked with that of some other fellow. I had to point out that two movie people may be in a party of thirty but when it's reported in the papers maybe only their two names will be used so that

it looks as if they were alone together."
"I told Janet," Tony said, "that I would
not go into this kind of competition for her. The first night I ever met her, I wanted to date her, but I was told she was

"I was never so happy before!



said one amazed listener when she heard the answer to her own problem on radio's "My True Story". "My True Story" is helping thousands of people find the way to happiness because it presents real-life dramas of real people and their problems—direct from the files of True Story Magazine. Here you'll find vividly portrayed stories dealing with love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

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AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

going with another guy, so I never even called her for two years, until I heard she was free. And for a man to know this solidly about his girl seems to me important. It was for us, anyhow. I had to know Janet wanted to be with me, just for me, not to test me out against some other character."

"When girls act that way they are just being silly and coquettish," Janet said, "and that attitude kills romance. I think it's crazy for a girl to say, if her date asks her if she wants to go dancing. 'Oh, I'd leve to,' if actually she loathes dancing."

crazy for a girl to say, if her date asks her if she wants to go dancing. 'Oh, I'd love to,' if, actually, she loathes dancing." "Also you shouldn't be too rigid in your attitudes or plans," Tony put in. "The other night Janie and I had tickets to a premiere. At the last minute I somehow didn't want to go. So I said I'd just like to go down to the beach, if she'd like it. So we did go down to the beach and it was keen, the way she never pouted once." "We try to adjust to each other's pleas-

"We try to adjust to each other's pleasure and our night at that beach was a revelation anyhow," Janet laughed.

NOW it was Tony's turn to laugh. "I'd never been on a roller coaster before in my life," he said. "I was scared to death, so scared I was sick for days after." "I'd been on lots of coasters," Janet said.

"I'd been on lots of coasters," Janet said.
"But I'd always been with fellows who protected me, kept me from getting the bumps. But my husband just sat there, hanging on for dear life. And I bounced around like a wooden spoon. It was simply horrible."

ply horrible."

"When I finally got down to earth and on my feet," Tony said, "it was that honesty thing again. I didn't have to pretend with Janet at all. She liked me, even if I was

scared blue.

"When Janet and I want to be alone, we stay home or drive to the beach or something like that," Tony continued. "Nights when we don't do one thing special, when we eat wherever we are, and do whatever comes into our minds at the moment, like suddenly swimming, or just looking at the scenery or whatever it is, are almost the best moments because it's then that we know exactly how compatible we are."

"I think our out-of-town trips are good, though," Janet added. "Here in Hollywood we naturally meet few people who aren't connected with movies. We love shop talk, but I think it is also very good for us to be in other environments and see other ways of living. And I believe this would apply just as well to girls and fellows in other professions. We all need a change of pace. I think it is a wonderful rule for any romance or any marriage for both the people to have scads and scads of things to talk about, even to argue about."

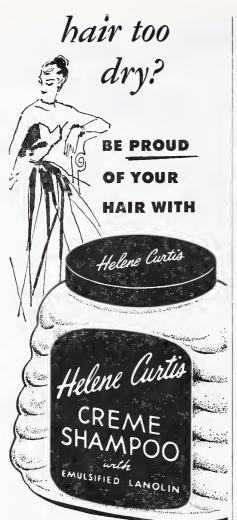
The assistant director of Janet's picture came over to our table. He told her she was needed on the set immediately.

"I guess what the basic rule for romance comes down to," Janet said, "is that each two people have to find out the important things in their own individual way. But I think the way any couple can know they are falling in love is by suddenly discovering that what the other one wants to do is really the thing you most want to do. I mean, when I find myself thinking, Why, it would make Tony happy to do that—whether it's just eating a hamburger or acting out a play or whatever—and the very thought makes me happy too... well, it's so wonderful."

"That's love," said Tony. "When your kicks' don't come from any outside ele-

"that's love," said Tony. "When your 'kicks' don't come from any outside element and don't depend on spending a lot of money, or having a lot of clothes, or telling a lot of lies, but just being together and being completely yourselves, why, that's real love!"





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If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 77) people are shyplan to pick out someone at the party who is shyer and make him have a good time. If you're lonely, plan to find somebody lonelier to introduce to all the people you know. You'll marvel that so little effort can make so many friends, for it's real magic-the little trick of learning to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes.

It can work for you wherever you are. On the job, for instance. How many times have you thought about your boss's reason for hiring you for this particular job?

You know well enough what your job means to you. A chance to meet people, perhaps, and if you're one of the fortunate ones, a chance to work at the thing which interests you most and for which you've been trained. And a weekly paycheck.

What does your job mean to your boss? Perhaps you're a receptionist—then what you are and what you do on the job makes that important first impression on every visitor to the office. If you put yourself in your boss's shoes, you'll never be caught showing up for work in a "sloppy Joe" sweater and dirty saddle-shoes. Nor will you ever consider office hours the appropriate time to try out for the title of Miss Sexboat of 1952, complete with plunging neckline and dangling earrings.
You're a secretary? When the buzzer

summons you, be ready for work, with your wits as sharp as your No. 2 pencils-you'll not be out for coffee or on the phone with your beau. His boss, incidentally, would be happier if you saved all those juicy gossip

items for date time tonight.

Are you a salesgirl? Were you hired to please the public and sell merchandise or do you think the manager would be flattered if you so successfully snooted the customers that they slunk away, feeling shabby and rebuffed, to do their shopping at a friendlier shop down the street?

I've thought about this recently, for I've just taken on a "sales job" myself as advisory fashion consultant for Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.

I'm sure that Mr. Plehn, my boss, expects something from me in return for the fees he has contracted to pay me. I'm committed, as I see it, to live up to my titleto consult, and to advise, to tap my experience as an actress to help American women become better dressed, better groomed, and more glamorous.

If I keep my share of the bargain, I'll have fun; from my own standpoint the job will be worth doing. If I don't—not only will I be bored, I'll be useless.

Bored—useless! That tired old daily double. Nobody's happy. Nobody wins. I don't know about you gals, but I'm too

selfish to settle for such meager pickings. It's too easy—and so much more pleasant -to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes and accentuate the positive!

Beat the Skin Game:

Blustery weather time again, and high time, I think, to pay a little attention to a seasonal beauty problem which seems as inevitable at this time of the year as the fire in the furnace, and the heavy, nonporous suits and coats in our wardrobes.

Those same stuffy houses and heavy clothes are the perpetrators of the crime, probably.

What I'm talking about is a condition I call "winter skin"—rough, chapped, excessively dry skin which, if we don't check it right now, can get to be chronic.

You think you've escaped? Maybe your face is as smooth and moist as a rose petal. Most of us take care of our faces, with creams and lotions. But have you checked your hands lately, or your elbows, or your knees? Alligatorish?

I've been able to escape "winter skin" by the special autumn skin treatment I've

added to my beauty routine.

The largest, most often used bottle in my bathroom contains a scented, emulsified body oil. This I apply generously every day, just before my bath, to counteract the drying tendencies of soap and water. Try it! You'll find you will emerge from your tub with softer, prettier, younger skin. (If you've delayed too long and your skin is already excessively dry, apply the oil after the bath. Your skin will absorb it the way dry ground soaks up rain water, and by the time you're ready to don your fresh lingerie any trace of stickiness should have disappeared.)

There are other little tricks to counteract this particular beauty bogey; bath oils, -quicker than the oil rub, but not, I think, so effective—super-fatted soaps with a lanolin base, and, as always, the interior department, lots of milk in your diet (buttermilk or skim milk if you're overweight) and daily exercise outdoors.

Here's to keeping our bodies as young and beautiful as our faces!

None So Blind As Those Who Won't See:

One of our readers has written in despair that she "used to be" attractive and pop-ular, but that now all is lost. She has to wear glasses!

It's so if she says so; But only because she says so. If a girl is convinced that she's unattractive, she is. It's as simple as that.

There's nothing disfiguring about glasses these days with many becoming shapes and luscious colors to choose from. Some girls, I think, look even prettier in glasses than without them, especially if going without means squinting and going around halfblind.

If you really believe that "men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," you've a psychological hurdle to get over, along with the physical one. Maybe, for you, contact lenses are the answer. Eye specialists make miracles with contacts

these days . . . so look into it.
Or should I say look through it?

Maybe contacts are too expensive or not available in your town. Then, if you need glasses, wear them, for goodness sake, and see the world.
You don't know what you've been

missing.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE END



You Chose These Stars

(Continued from page 45) Mitzi's most unforgettable scene, privately speaking, was the day she finally met Darryl F. Zanuck—a moment in which she'd hoped off pretty low comedy instead. She was on her way home from the studio, comfortably gowned in a faded wash dress and some old scuffs on her feet, when she was called into Mr. Zanuck's office.

She sat down in a chair, and was attempting to hide her scuffs in the rug and to present a generally well-poised appearance, when she looked up into a pair of amused eyes. "How old are you?" he asked. She was eighteen, she said. "Are you married yet?" No, but she was considering it, she said. Well, that was fine. The studio was signing her to a sevenyear-contract and he hoped she'd be very happy there. It was a moment when Mitzi would have "loved to have made a dra-matic exit—and I just died knowing how I'd look instead, scuffing along in my wash dress with my back to him all the way back across that room to the door!"

On stage from childhood with the ballet, Mitzi is privately convinced her lucky pair of purple toe shoes—the ones she wore in "The Great Waltz"—have brought her luck. "I always wear them in every picture the first day," she says. "Nobody else believes they're lucky—but well, look!"

As for winning the "Choose Your Star" poll: "That was such a surprise, for the first time in my life—I'm speechless!"

IVEN more so is the son of a minister from the tiny town of Talmage, Nebraska-population 393-the number one man, Anthony Dexter. While appreciating the thousand letters per week that keep piling in to him from those who've seen him in "Valentino," Dexter would rather be that star "tomorrow" you voted him than the sensation he is today. He's now starring in "The Brigand," a \$1,000,000 Technicolor in The Brigand, a \$1,000,000 Technicolor production at Columbia. Despite the ambitious plans of the "boss," as he calls producer Edward Small, who discovered him, Tony's reasoning prompts him to say: "A year from now will tell the real story. Meanwhile, I'm saving my money. It's better to be realistic, don't you think?"

Both Dexter and his agent have had "a great deal of pressure" put on them from the many thousands who want them to re-make "The Sheik." With his sideburns, his black, black hair, heavy-lidded brown eyes and the general contour of his features, Tony's resemblance to Valentino is uncanny. But until recently he was is uncanny. But until recently he was opposed to a remake of any of Valentino's films. However, "The Sheik" is his favorite, that which he is "least leery" about. "Whatever Mr. Small puts me into is fine. I'm banking on him," he says.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Jeffrey Hunter (who came in second) is an ath-Jeffrey letic six-footer with a rich, deep voice, blue eyes, dark hair. After "Red Skies of Montana," Jeff co-stars with Jeanne Crain and Myrna Loy in "Belles on Her Toes." His pretty brunette wife, Barbara Rush (who

pretty brunette wife, Barbara Rush (who made ninth place in the contest and is one of Paramount's "Golden Circle") portrays the ingenue lead in the science-fiction production, "When Worlds Collide."

The Hunters live in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood. They painted it themselves and when they're both working, they share the household chores. However, while Jeff was baching last summer and Barbie was away in summer stock be and Barbie was away in summer stock, he drew the line at washing any more dishes. "I washed dishes in college. I've washed my last dish!" he wrote Barbara and she







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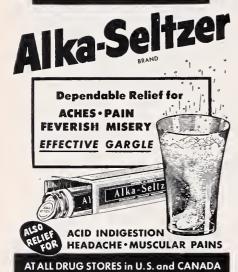
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didn't know until she got home that he was surprising her with an automatic dishwasher, bought on a budget plan.

They realize that too many separations can endanger their marriage. There'll be no more long summer stock separations, they say. "Nine weeks is just too long to be apart. I didn't want Barbie to miss the chance, though," said Jeff. "We understand the requirements of our careers. I want her to have a career, too. We hope we'll be able to work it out like some others have.

Janice Rule (who won second place among the girls) came to Hollywood from Broadway. She will dance with Gene Nel-son in "Starlift." When she was fifteen she took a job in a Chicago night club. But she had to keep up her school work during the day. Between floor shows, she went backstage where hardened chorines and comics coached her on homework. Janice says, "That's when I saw the real heart of show business, knew I'd love the people in it and wanted to become one of them for keeps."

As anxious as ever to get ahead, Janice made arrangements to teach dancing to the Arthur Kennedy Theatre Group in return for lessons in acting. Smart girl.

BOB Wagner (#3) twenty-one years old, breezy, blond, of vintage and vernacular 1952, who scored in "Halls of Montezuma, plays the juvenile romantic lead in "Let's Make It Legal." His studio, Twentieth, tells you readily, "We think Bob will get there." The son of a Bel-Air steel manufacturer, Bob "wanted to do something on my own. I decided to try the movie business. I'm trying to pattern my career after Alan Ladd's. I'm always asking him for advice. I like the way he's made out."
A popular young man, Bob dates Carol

Lee Ladd, Barbara Darrow and Susan Zanuck. Marriage? "Not yet. I want to know where I'm going first."

Pier Angeli (#3), the beloved little Italian Teresa, with excited gray-green to spiritual warmth that shines

eyes and a spiritual warmth that shines from within-looking a very young fifteen instead of her proud nineteen years—has finished "The Light Touch," co-starring with Stewart Granger. "I hate myself on the screen," she says. "When I see myself, I cry, I get the stomach ache and I feel so terrible. I keep thinking how I could do it better. I like working in pictures. I put all of myself into them. And I'm happy if other people like them. I like Americans. Some people are jealous of them. They say, 'Hollywood will be very hard—you will see.' But the first day I come here, when I go in the studio commissary, everybody says, 'Hello—you're Pier,' and they smile and they all come

around me. I cried. It was wonderful!"
M-G-M's "secret weapon" for a future
box office is, by their own admission,
Monica Lewis (#4). Monica, of the hotcha-cha brown eyes, honey-blonde hair and dimples, portrays herself as a guest star in "The Strip." Whenever Monica, an established singer and popular recording artist (she once sang TV commercials as the voice of an animated banana), asks about future plans, she hears, "You're our secret weapon—don't worry." To which Monica laughs, "How long do I have to stay hidden?" But she knows—not too long.

There at Metro, too, Marge and Gower Champion gave a teamed "What!" together when they were told they were winners (Gower #4, Marge #8). They get some great numbers in "Lovely to Look At," the star-studded remake of "Roberta." "We thought we would be good together as a dance team, but we never thought what has happened would happen. We don't want to be just dancers—and they're let-ting us act too."

These two are happily married-they

work, rehearse, dance and live as a team. "We hope we can work our two careers out. Others have. Gower is the boss,"
Marge says. "He creates the routines."
When he has one ready he gets her
opinion. If there's something about it that doesn't feel right to her, she says so. "Then," says Gower, "if I'm strong enough to argue her out of it, and I believe I'm right, we do it my way." Says Marge, "And he is right. He always has been." Gower's dream is to direct musicals someday. years from now we don't want to be

dancing. And we want to 'produce' a few children too, somewhere along the way."

Alex Nicol (#5), blond, Danish and the fair-haired boy at Universal-International right now, comes from the stage, where he understudied Henry Fonda in "Mr. Roberts." He's just finished a featured role in "Meet Danny Wilson." Alex and his actress wife, Jean Fleming, belong to an acting group that includes Gary Cooper, Pat Neal, James Whitmore, Jean Hagen and others

who meet Sunday afternoons.

JOYCE Holden (#5), pearl-blonde, willowy and beautiful, who worked her way through school as a model, dreams of following in the talented footsteps of the late Carole Lombard. She seems on her way with her parts in "You Never Can Tell," and "Bronco Buster." However, her face was familiar to TV fans long before she signed with Universal. She's resourceful, too. For when kids from her home town, Kansas City, Missouri, wrote con-cerning voting for her in the Photoplay contest, she answered by air-mail with, "Got any friends?"

Joyce goes steady with a song writer, "who hasn't made his name yet-but he will. I'm a one-guy girl. I don't see what other girls are trying to prove-going out with a different man every night. Maybe that's my small-town attitude, but that's the way I feel."

Anne Francis (# 6) is a twenty-year-old Mona Lisa type blonde with sudden flashes of spontaneous humor breaking through her poised reserve. A former cover girl and fashion model, Anne was the first child actress to have her own TV show when she was twelve. She was signed by Twentieth after having been seen in only one film, "So Young, So Bad." She literally plummeted into the title role in "Lydia Bailey" which was in turn followed by a featured role in "Elopement."

Red-headed Kenneth Tobey (#6) had done twenty-five Broadway plays at the time he came out to La Jolla to do a part for his old friend, Gregory Peck, who fur-ther suggested, "Why don't you stick around and try pictures for awhile?" Ken, who's been given a contract at RKO as a result of his performance in "The Thing," feels downright guilty sitting around waiting for the next vehicle. He likes to keep busy—"Even if it's just for \$25 a week"-and during the time when he's afraid he isn't earning the big weekly stipend they pay him, he's pacing and hop-ing some miracle will get him the part of the newspaper reporter in Jerry Wald's "The Harder They Fall."

Rugged and romantic-looking Fernando Lamas (#7), with dark expressive eyes, youthful tanned face and gray-tinged hair, is a great star in his own country, South America. "But at first here in America, it was like starting all over again," he says. "I am touched to be picked. I have a very emotional feeling toward people in this country. You think of Hollywood as such a tremendous place at first-like a light on top of a mountain —and you keep thinking, 'How do I get up there?' But nobody here is a foreigner. That's what thrills you. If you have something to offer, they will back you with everything they have." And so has M-G-M.

He got star billing with his first, "The Law and the Lady"... "and I didn't even ask for that." Now Fernando is co-starring in "The Merry Widow" with Lana Turner. Then will come "Dangerous When Wet" with Esther Williams, "Three Love Stories" with Pier Angeli and a remake of "The Flesh and the Devil," with Ava Gardner.

Today television is a real talent scout. Red-haired, willowy Polly Bergen (#7), who goes from a sweet ballad to "honky tonking" with the greatest of vocal ease, was discovered on television and signed by Hal Wallis, where she's rapidly becoming distinguished as Hollywood's most indestructible actress, having survived three Martin and Lewis films—including "The Stooge"—thus far. Polly is Mrs. Jerome

Courtland in private life.

From the Bronx, via "Mr. Roberts," came baby-faced, virile-voiced Bob Sherwood (#8). Bob ran away from home at the age of fifteen, "bummed" his way around the country, worked as a lifeguard, car-hop and machinist and considers his background, "didn't necessarily make me a better actor—but it did make me a better person." He will be seen as the young killer in "It's a Big Country" at M-G-M. Hal Wallis discovered Charlton Heston

(#9) who, he says, "was born to be a star—he has everything it takes," on TV. Heston, from whom Wallis reportedly gets \$75,000 for a loan-out, picked off the plum of the year when DeMille gave him the starring role of the circus manager in "The Greatest Show on Earth."
Bronx-bred Susan Cabot (#10), U-I's

"When you hear a guy say that a gal has no heart, it's fairly certain she has his."

KEEFE BRASSELLE

little black-eyed petite charmer, began singing at the age of seventeen at The Village Barn in Greenwich Village. She was discovered on TV, where she did a singing commercial. Since arriving in Hollywood, she has been given a contract at U-I and the lead opposite Jeff Chandler in "The Battle of Apache Pass."

Susan, who is divorced from an artist she married at the age of seventeen, wants the stability of a real home and children. "I want to give a child the things I didn't have and I want a husband to share

all the wonderful things of life with me."
Robert Clarke (#10), a good-looking brunet of the gray-tweeds type, began his film career under contract to RKO. When his option was dropped, he worked in radio, got a couple of Broadway shows, then came back to Hollywood for Ida Lupino's "Outrage." Ida then signed him for "Hard, Fast and Beautiful." And after eight years Fast and Beautiful." And after eight years of Oklahoma determination, Bob is clicking in films. Having just finished "Three Thousand A.D.," he has the title role in "Robin Hood." He was touched when he came in early from a date one night and found his dad and mother filling in a Photoplay ballot for him. "Everybody in the family must have sent one in," he grins. "This is a time when it really pays to have a lot of relatives." a lot of relatives."

Whatever the route, these winners have all dedicated themselves to show business as a form of self-expression—and to click or bust. They're intelligent, competent young people on and off the screen. They know where they're going, what they want to do, what they intend to be—the best. They're on their way up the golden stairs to stardom. And they want to thank all of you for helping anchor them on that first rung.

THE END



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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 34) Program Notes: The mindfulness of little things that marks the better English films is emphasized again in the perfect type-casting regardless of box-office names. The work of Sidney James and Alfie Bass as a pair of accommodating crooks enhances the production despite the fact they are known to few fans outside England . . . Alec Guinness, the master of detail, dislikes being photographed in closeup and prefers full-figure shots. He claims the body can act better than the face and should be seen as often as possible. Spectacles and a little added hair were the only bits of make-up used by the star.

√½ (F) Reunion in Reno (U-I)

SENTIMENTAL and mildly entertaining with a brand new angle on the Reno divorce problem. Gigi Perreau asks Reno attorney Mark Stevens to secure her a divorce from her parents (Frances Dee and Leif Erickson) and enlists Mark's sympathy, as well as that of the girl he loves, pathy, as well as that of the girl he loves, Peggy Dow. They notify the parents that Gigi is in Reno instead of the Girl Scouts' camp she was headed for. The parents hurry to that "Biggest Little City in the World." There's a trial, to please the child, of course, with Gigi stating her case before Judge Ray Collins and all ending exactly as it should.

Your Reviewer Says: For family night.

Program Notes: Mark Stevens, Peggy Dow and Gigi Perreau flew to Reno where most of the action was filmed, much to the delight of the local citizens, some of whom worked in the film as bit players . . . This was Mark's last film for awhile. As soon as the last scene was in the can, he began his twenty-eight-week schedule of headlining entertainment in hotel and supper clubs throughout the country . . . Handsome Joel McCrea drove round to the studio almost every evening after shooting to pick up the beauteous Frances Dee, his wife of sixteen years and the mother of his two sons.

(F) Crosswinds (Paramount)

SORRY day for hero John Payne when he meets up with villain Forrest Tucker in this little movie that has more plot than a forest has trees. Adventure and action it has aplenty but when the story rambles from treasure hunting to forged papers to head hunters, with killings, double dealings and triple schemings thrown in, it's much too much to digest at one time.

Your Reviewer Says: Dirty work at the crosswinds.

Program Notes: The small fishing village of Homosassa, Florida, near Tampa, provided the locale for the story and some mighty fine fishing for the visitors. John Payne caught the largest fish, thereby winning the \$200 pool made up by both the natives and Hollywoodians. Rhonda Fleming became an expert but was never able to top Payne's catch . . . Robert Lowery had been touring the country with Jean Parker for a year and a half in "Born Yesterday" before traveling to Florida to make this picture.

VV (F) Submarine Command (Paramount)

A THRILLING story of submarine warfare and of the men who live or die encased in steel beneath the sea. William Holden gives a deeply convincing per-formance as the young submarine officer whose one day of command in actual com-bat results in the loss of the sub's com-

mander, Jack Gregson, and quartermaster, Don Dunning. The war over, Holden mar-ries his sweetheart, Nancy Olson, and takes a routine desk job with the Navy, but he constantly is plagued by the memory of his one day in action. This feeling, aggravated by the accusing attitude of the sub's chief torpedoman, William Bendix, becomes such a sore spot that Holden finally grows so surly and unreasonable. he loses the wife who loves him. Then come new orders that change his whole life-his old sub, the Tiger Shark, is ordered to Korean waters for a dangerous mission. Don Taylor plays a light-hearted Navy officer, Arthur Franz a lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotional thriller.

Program Notes: The crowding of camera, crew, director and actors into the confining space within a submarine chamber was the nearest Hollywood ever came to canning sardines. Actors were forever trampling on equipment and on each other . . . Holden, who spent four years in the Air Corps, claims the food served aboard a sub is not only the best in any branch of the service but best in the world. During the last week of shooting, Bendix had almost to be shoved through the conning-tower hatch, he'd gained that much on the ultra bill of fare.

VV (F) Close to My Heart (Warners)

THE tormenting doubts of a man concerning the wisdom of adopting a child of unknown parentage form the basis of this solidly knit and highly interesting story, with Ray Milland and Gene Tierney the couple eager for a child. Gene attempts to take over a foundling and finds she must run the long, patience-in-waiting route evolved as protection for both parent and child. When the baby is almost ready to be released to the pair, Ray, a newspaper columnist, begins writing of the infant, hoping to clear up its parentage. His probings eventually reveal the father—
a hardened criminal. But Ray's doubting
heart has in the meantime lost him the child, and it is only when his own thinking is righted through faith and love that happiness comes to the three of them.

Your Reviewer Says: Heartaches and joys of "adoptive" parents.

Program Notes: An "adoptive" parent himself, having acquired by adoption three years ago a small daughter, Ray knew the waiting, wonder and joy involved. Gene, the mother of two little girls, felt right at home in her role of screen mother. A real commuter, Gene flew to New York (her ninth trip East in a year) and then on to Europe when the picture was ended . . . Baby John Winslow, not quite six months old, won the role of "Danny" over dozens of contenders by virtue of being judged the cutest, best behaved and best adjusted baby.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Blue Veil Behave Yourself Detective Story The Lavender Hill Mob When Worlds Collide

Best Performances of the Month

Kirk Douglas in "Detective Story" Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil"

I'm Still Whistling

(Continued from page 64) if it did sound exactly like a gulp. And I remember I wondered what the pounding was all about. It was much later when I realized it was going on right inside my own chest.

Sometimes when I think back I get a

Sometimes when I think back I get a little jealous of all the years I didn't know you. I wish I'd been around when you had those wide-eyed baby pictures taken. You were so solemn. But your mother says you weren't solemn at all.

says you weren't solemn at an.

I'd like to have carried your books when you were going to high school. I'll bet you were real cute then. Did you ever wear sweaters? Your mother says you weren't good at geometry when you were in school. That's probably why you couldn't figure it out when Billy Rose offered you only forty dollars a week to star in his Aquacade. But when he raised it to \$175 you understood him all right

it to \$175 you understood him all right.

And that time you made a screen test with Clark Gable. I wonder if I'd have been jealous every time Gable kissed you. Maybe I'd have been laughing so hard it wouldn't have made any difference. I hear you were really scared!

B UT don't think I'm complaining. I haven't known you all your life, but I've had my share of years and they've been wonderful! So many good memories . . .

Like our honeymoon at Acapulco, Mexico. Our room looked out at one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. There was a moon, too. Remember? When the dance music stopped playing we walked along the quiet beach and I tried out the new words I had learned in Mexican. Yo te amo, querida. Yo te quiero. My accent wasn't pure Castilian, but you understood what I was trying to say.

We took off our shoes and danced on the deserted sands that were still warm from the Mexican sun. Little waves caught at our toes and we splashed like a couple of kids. Then we had to go for a swim.

There have been many high spots since then, and a low spot here and there, naturally. Especially the time we lost our first baby and were faced with the tragic thought that we might be denied any children. But not long after that Benjie came along and made things right again.

And we had some hilarious moments

And we had some hilarious moments when we were first suspicious that perhaps Kimmie was on the way. The studio had asked us to wait at least two years before having another baby. And the doctor had suggested it would be a good idea. But old man stork wasn't cooperative.

We were in Hawaii. You had just started to shoot "Pagan Love Song." We weren't absolutely sure so we didn't tell a soul. Then I had to come home on business.

Then I had to come home on business. So we agreed on the code word "Frances." When I talked to you on the telephone I'd say, "How's Frances?" And you'd say, "Fine. But there's no definite news yet."

We were talking via short-wave radio and of course hundreds of people could listen in. When we kept mentioning "Frances" I guess somebody got suspicious. For one morning I read in Louella Parsons' column: "Ben and Esther are expecting a little brother for Benjie." So I got the news about my own son from Louella's column. How do you like that?

column. How do you like that?

Well, it's time to bring this to a close.
You and the children have been in bed for hours. The house is quiet. I'll just look in and see that Kimmie is covered and

then call it a night.

Thanks for all the memories, darling.
Thanks for being a good cook and a wonderful mother, thanks especially for marying me. And thanks for being such a beautiful pin up. Here's whistling at you!

All my love, Ben.



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At lunch in Paramount commissary, Mrs. Margaret Allen, winner of Greyhound bus trip to Hollywood, chats with Roy Rogers, who has role in Bob Hope picture
"Son of Paleface"







At Tallyho Restaurant, Margaret and husband Robert are guided menuwards by host LaVon. Right, maitre d' Johnny Olgin whips up Hotel Wilton Sky Room specialty for Allens and hotel catering manager, Ernest Glaser



Margaret at Ocean House, Marion Davies' former home, with Janine Perreau of "Three in Bedroom C," Gigi Perreau of "Oh Money, Money" and Audrey Totter, now entertaining in Korea. Below, ownerchef Jean Charles Birgy gives Allens per-sonal attention at Malibu Rendezvous



PRIZE TOUR

On a headline holiday with the Robert Allens. winners of Photoplay's Travel Contest

Should Rita Change?

(Continued from page 46) as chauffeur, butler, bodyguard and what have you. Rita paid \$112 a day for her bungalow, and spent most of the time sunbathing on the sun porch. Girls from the beauty salon gave her pedicures, manicures and hair-dos on the sun porch, not to interrupt her sun bathing. All her meals were served in the bungalow and Room Service reported her as "most gracious."

Then, just before Rita went back to Ne-

vada, she leased lawyer David Tannenbaums' three-acre estate on Alpine Drive —which cost her per month what the hotel had cost per week (with an option to buy). She hauled out of storage her silver, dishes, linens, books, records and

favorite pieces of furniture.

It looks as if Rita intends to stay a while —in spite of what she told a reporter in Nevada. Said Rita at that time, "Naturally, wherever I went with my husband I was constantly being interviewed, and that is why it's good to be in Nevada away from all that. I like it so much, I intend to stay here after the divorce. I really do."

In Nevada Rita also told photographer Bob Landry, "I'm going back to work to care for myself and my family. I haven't any overwhelming desire, really, to be an

actress any more. She made no bones about the fact that her bank balance was depressingly low.

DURING her fabulous fling with Prince Aly Khan, thirty-two-year-old Rita be-came a well-publicized international figure. Just like Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke. Barbara blows her nose and it's news. Doris eats a macaroon and it's news. Just so with Rita; everything she did made the gossip columns, often the headlines. But there's a difference! Bar-bara and Doris are "poor little rich girls"; Rita is a "poor little famed girl." Barbara and Doris have had to care not a whit what the public thought of them. What-ever they may do will affect in no way their positions in society or their fantastic incomes. If the public reprimands them after a naughty escapade, all they have to

after a haughty escapade, all they have to do is shrug and say, "Drop dead."

Rita, on the other hand, is neither economically nor socially secure. Her father didn't strike it rich. The money she worked hard for as a screen star has been spent. She has to care what the

public thinks of her actions.

All of which is why, at least until her divorce is final, Rita is doing no romancing of any kind. She, or her advisers, feel she might easily estrange her public. No one, apparently, is quite sure what the public reaction towards her is, after her international romance with her Moslem prince, their much publicized marriage, the equally publicized birth of Yasmine on December 28th, 1949, and their divorce less than two years later.

Rita, who needs public favor now in order to insure that big, fat salary of

order to insure that big, fat salary of \$6,500 a week, figured out this equation fifteen years ago, about the time she was being promoted from B to A pictures.

"I hate this glass-house treatment," she said to an interviewer. "Makes you feel like a race horse in a paddock before the race. Everybody's hoping you're going to win." And then she hastily added, "But it would be even worse if they didn't care whether you won or not." care whether you won or not."

Naturally a number of the Hollywood

eligibles called Rita when she arrived in Hollywood, among them Kirk Douglas. But she dated none of them. When someone asked her whom she was dating, she said, "I'm only dating married couples."

The reported Gilbert Roland dating, which was given so much space in the





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local columns-wasn't. Gilbert came by the bungalow one afternoon with toys for the children. Rita made her first screen test with Gilbert when she signed at Fox studios ages ago. They've been casual friends ever since. A few days later, he dropped by again "just to say hello." According to a close friend of According to a close friend of Rita's, that's all there was to that.

Rita was never a girl to sit at home nights. She's passionately fond of dancing. And she has never made any secret of the fact that she likes men. So she must have found those pre-divorce days and nights a real ordeal. But she was determined, for the sake of her career, not to do anything to offend the American public. Does Rita's public want her to conduct herself in this—for her certainly—most unnatural way? We wonder. We think everyone expects Romance of Rita. Already people all over the country are speculating on whom Rita will date now.

Well, it's a cinch she won't start ro-mances with any of the boys she dated between her divorces in the past-Tony Martin, Victor Mature, Ted Stauffer and Howard Hughes, among them. Tony is married to Cyd Charisse, Victor to a Pasadena girl, Ted to Hedy Lamarr and Howard Hughes to his new plane. (They say during the Hughes-Hayworth romance that Hughes found Rita's continual dancing just a little too strenuous. One night Rita kept him hoofing four solid hours. "Never saw such a beat-up character," reported a press agent.)

THERE isn't much new talent in town. Of course, there's always Greg Bautzer, our glamorous attorney, who dances as efficiently as he draws up his "Where-ases." In the past few years Greg has escorted such lovelies as Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and Jane Wyman. How did Rita happen to miss him? Or vice versa.

Rita had the reputation of working harder than anyone in the industry except Bette Davis, but when a picture is over Rita is ready to play. She and Orson Welles got on beautifully while they were both working. But when Rita had finished her picture and was ready to play, Orson kept on working. If he had taken time off to dance with his wife, friends think they'd still be married. Rita always has had a fondness for Orson.

Rita's close friends, who strangely enough are Orson's friends, say Rita has made it quite clear that she wants no more international playboys in her life. She's had it. "The next time she marries," one of these friends said recently, "and Rita will marry again, she'll want someone who talks her language. Someone in the movie industry, though not necessarily an actor. But he'll have to work."

When Rita filed for divorce on September first in Reno she charged her thirtyseven-year-old Moslem Prince with "extreme cruelty, entirely mental in character." This caused her "great unhappi-

ness, and injured her general health."

The "extreme cruelty, entirely mental in character" undoubtedly stems from Aly's gambling, reckless driving, and extra-curricular girl friends. Aly's gambling, though perhaps not on the grandiose scale of King Farouk's, wasn't far from it. Aly, who drove his cars like a madman, fairly scared the daylights out of Rita. She used to be a familiar and lovely sight driving along Sunset Boulevard in her canary-colored Lincoln convertible at a conservative twenty-five miles an hour.

Shortly before Rita filed for divorce she said, "Living with Aly at the Chateau de l'Horizon was like living in a hotel. The house had twelve bedrooms, and they were always full. Aly's friends are very necessary to him, and he wants them con-

stantly around him. He can't help being the way he is, that's how he always has lived. And I can't help being the way I am. I happen to like being alone with

my family.

The American public, particularly those who were somewhat horrified at Rita's cavortings with a married man (Aly was married at the time the Great Infatuation started), will be very pleased with Rita's desire to settle down with her little family. But Rita needn't overdo. No one wants to see pictures of Rita, the glamorous, cooking oatmeal for the children or hanging out the family wash. There's no need for her to be "the girl next door." Her tons of glamour makes her rather unique among the stars of today. It is the quality which shot Rita to the peaks of stardom. And now is the time for her again to turn it on full force.

T WAS husband number one, Eddie Judson, who persuaded Rita to invest almost her entire salary in clothes. She could loll around the house in her blue jeans and sloppy moccasins, said Mr. Jud-son, but every Saturday night she must dress to the teeth and go on a tour of night clubs where the "right people" would see her. One of the "right people," producer Harry Cohn, saw her, and signed her. The publicity department eagerly backed up Judson in his glamour cam-paign, and soon Rita, though a little lazy about it, was sold on the idea. Her prime function, she agreed, was to be glamorous. In 1941 she told an interviewer that she squandered her salary, \$3,000 weekly, on dresses, shoes and chocolates.

When Rita returned last summer from her international binge in Europe she had with her only four bags of clothes. "I don't think I have six dresses to my name," she told a friend. She jumped into old blue jeans, moccasins, and photographers snapped her looking anything but glamorous. The public complained bitterly.

The man who had much to do with making Rita a glamorous personality in the past is Columbia's talented designer, Jean Louis. He is now ready to do his part towards wooing the American public back to the shrine of their "love goddess." When the locale of her come-back picture is decided upon he will design the clothes she will wear. The picture is tentatively called "The Hayworth Picture," and it's all very hush-hush. But, according to the studio grapevine, it will be like "Gilda"—one of the most sexy films Hollywood ever produced. Jean Louis reports Rita's measurements are just as delightful as they were when he worked with her last in 1948: height, 5'6"; weight, 120 pounds; bust, 36"; waist, 26"; hips, 36"; thigh, 19"; calf, 14"; ankle 9".

Last March, Igor Cassini, as Cholly Knickerbocker, named the ten worst-dressed women of 1951. "The cake this work of the heavitiful and diameters."

year goes to the beautiful and glamorous Princess Aly Kahn, formerly Rita Hay-worth of the films," wrote Mr. Cassini. "Rita is not only overdressed, she also adds a touch of sloppiness here and there -and the two things don't seem to mix." It was enough to make Jean Louis wince. Well, when he gets his hands on Rita again, there'll be no sloppiness about her.

Rita was known as the Princess of American Glamour before she became the Princess of Aly Khan. And there has been no one to change her title since she went away. So it seems reasonable to assume the public will be far more intrigued if Rita remains glamorous. We think even her attorney's advice to "act like a normal American girl" wasn't too good. Rita never has been a normal American girl. Also we doubt whether anyone expects or wants her to be.

THE END

John Serves His Term

(Continued from page 15) He was as pleased as Loretta about the letters and wires she had brought him. "Makes you feel good-to know people are for you,' he said.

The day before, John had been slinging a sledge hammer—"just weighs fifteen

pounds but when you sling it all day, you can feel it in your arm. Your golf arm."

At night he had been introduced to the grand old game of pinochle. "They play a lot of it here. And sometimes a few of us drift off somewhere and sing."

John, who had been studying with a vocal coach, hurried back from his tour to test with Mitzi Gaynor for Twentieth's musical, "I Don't Care." It would have been a great break. But on the day he was to have made tests, he was sentenced.

"It was a disappointment. But you have to take disappointments," he said. "It's what you learn from them that counts."

At the Wayside Honor Farm he had come At the wayside honor rain he had come into contact with men of all classes, colors, creeds and crimes. "Some you know are wrong guys," he agreed. "You feel sure they will be here again. Others you know can't help themselves. They will be back too. The rest never will be back. They have done something wrong. They are paying for it. And that will be all.

Regarding the future, John says, "I just want to work. Radio appearances, records; movies—action pictures, musicals, dramas, anything. When I come out I

don't want to sit around.

He will have a good friend in his wife when he comes out. She will be, as she is now, rooting in his corner. On the way home she told me how they met—a year and a half before they had married. They had dated often but John, with a "driving while intoxicated" charge against him, had hesitated to make marriage plans. When John was making personal appearances in Chicago she was there visiting a girl friend. He sang "I'm Glad There's You." His baritone voice seemed beamed right at her That did it. Three days after John's return to Hollywood, they flew to Las Vegas. While they waited for additional funds to be wired from Hollywood, they had lunched, with wedding champagne. The clerk at the city hall, smelling the wine, had at first refused to issue them a license. Later, however, understanding, she even had served as a witness. But in the mean-time, there had been more headlines.

We traveled slowly on the way home. "I wish he were coming home with us," Loretta said. "Home with me," her look added.

When John does come home he and Loretta will, unless all signs fail, accept the fact that the past has had its compensations and face the future as a wel-come challenge. The End

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Delancey, Charles Horvath; Jed Delancey, Jimmy Van Horn; Jones, Tim Graham; Whitey, Clem Fuller.

CLOSE TO MY HEART—Warners: Brad Sheridan, Ray Milland; Midge Sheridan, Gene Tierney; Mrs. Morrow, Fay Bainter; E. O. Frost, Howard St. John; Arlene, Mary Beth Hughes; Mrs. Barker, Ann Morrison; Evarts Heilner, James Seay; Baby John Winslow, himself; Taxi Driver, Eddie Marr.

COME FILL THE CUP—Warners: Lew Marsh, James Cagney; Paula Copeland, Phyllis Thaxter; John Ives, Raymond Massey; Charley Dolan, James Gleason; Boyd Copeland, Gig Young; Dolly Copeland, Selena Royle; Julian Cuscaden, Larry Keating; Maria Diego, Charlita; Lennie Garr, Sheldon Leonard; Ike Bashaw, Douglas Spencer; Don Bell, John Kellogg; Hal Ortman, William Bakewell; Travis Ashbourne, III, John Alvin.

CROSSWINDS—Paramount: Steve Singleton, John Payne; Katherine Shelley, Rhonda Fleming; Jumbo Johnson, Forrest Tucker; Nick Brandon, Robert Lowery; Sir Cecil Daubrey, Alan Mowbray; Sykes, John Abbott; Bumidai, Frank Kumagai.

DECISION BEFORE DAWN—20th Century-Fox: L. Rennick, Richard Basehart; Col. Devlin, Gary Merrill; Happy, Oskar Werner; Hilde, Hildegarde Neff; Monique, Dominique Blanchar; Oberst Von Ecker, O. E. Hasse; SS Man Scholtz, Wilfried Seyfert; Tiger, Hans Christian Blech; Fraulein Schneider, Helene Thimig; Paul, Robert Freystag.

DETECTIVE STORY—Paramount: Det. James McLeod, Kirk Douglas; Mary McLeod, his wife, Eleanor

Parker; Det. Lou Brody, his partner, William Bendix; A shoplifter, Lee Grant; Det. Dakis, Bert Freed; Det. Gallagher, Frank Faylen; Det. Callahan, William Phillips; Det. O'Brien, Grandon Rhodes; Joe Feinson, Luis Van Rooten; Snasn Carmichael, Cathy O'Donnell; Lt. Monaghan, Horace McMahon; Endicott Sims, Warner Anderson; Karl Schneider, George MacReady; Charles Gennini, Joseph Wiseman; Lewis Abbot, Michael Strong; Patrolman Barnes, Russell Evans; Patrolman Keogh, Howard Joslyn; Miss Hatch, Gladys George; Willy, the jami-tor, Burt Mustin; Mr. Pritchett, James Maloney. LADY PAYS OFF, THE—U-1: Evelyn Warren, Linda Darnell; Matt Braddock, Stephen McNally; Diane Braddock, Gigi Perreau; Kay Stoddard, Virginia Field; Marie, Ann Codee; Minnie, Lynne Hunter; Manuel, Nestor Paiva. LAVENDER HILL MOB, THE—Rank-U.A.: Holand, Alec Guinness; Pendlebury, Stanley Holloway; Lackery, Sidney James; Shorty, Alfie Bass; Mrs. Chalk, Marjorie Fielding; Miss Evesham, Edie Martin; Parkin, John Salew; Turner, Ronald Adam, Wallis, Arthur Hambling; Godwin, Gibb McLaughin; Farrow, John Gregson; Station Sergeant, Clive Morton; Clayton, Sidney Taffer; Cafe Proprietor, Frederick Piper; Joe the Gab, Peter Bull; Craggs, Patric Doonan; Senora Gallardo, Marie Burke; Chiquita, Audrey Hepburn; Gregory, William Fox; British Ambassador, Michael Trusbhawe. RAGING TIDE—U-1: Bruno Felkin, Richard Conte; Connie Thather, Sheley Winters; Det. Lieut. Kelsey, Stephen McNally; Hamil Linder, Charles Bickford; Carl Linder, Alex Nicol; General Ball, Jesse White; Barney Schriona, Tito Vuolo; Corky Mullina, John "Skins" Miller; Spade-Face, Robert O'Neil. REUNION In RENO—U-1: Norman, Mark Stevens; Laura, Peggy Dow; Maggie, Gigi Perreau; Mrs. Linaker, Frances Dee; Mr. Linaker, Leif Erickson; Judge Kneeland, Ray Collins; Miss Pearson, Fay Baker; Mrs. Mason, Myrna Dell; Taxi Driver, Dick Wessel.

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SON OF DR. JEKYLL—Columbia: Edward, Louis Hayward; Lynn, Jody Lawrence; Curtis Lanyon, Alexander Knox; John Utterson, Lester Matthews; Richard Daniels, Gavin Muir; Inspector Stoddard, Paul Cavanagh; Michaels, Rhys Williams; Lottie Sarelle, Doris Lloyd; Hazel Sarelle, Claire Carleton; Joe Sarelle, Patrick O'Moore; SUBMARINE COMMAND—Paramount: Commander White, William Holden; Carol, Nancy Olson; C.P.O. Boyer, William Bendix; Lt. Commander Peter Morris, Don Taylor; Lt. Carlson, Arthur Franz; Ensign Wheelwright, Darryl Hickman; Mrs. Alice Rice, Peggy Webber; Rear Admiral Joshua Rice, Moroni Olsen; Commander Rice, Jack Gregson; Lt. Barton, Jack Kelly; Quartermaster Perkins, Don Dunning; Sergeant Gentry, Jerry Pris. TEXAS CARNIVAL—MG-M; Deborah Telford, Esther Williams; Cornelius Quinell, Red Skelton; Slim Shelby, Howard Keel; Sunshine Jackson, Ann Miller; Marilla Sabinas, Paula Raymond; Dan Sabinas, Keenan Wynn.
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THE REAL CARUSO



Mario Lanza wasn't born in 1918 when the great Enrico Caruso appeared in the silent movie, "My Cousin," with Caroline White. After this experience, Caruso decided to return to the operatic field for good

The New Clift Cut

(Continued from page 57) years of enjoying the best restaurants and their excel-lent food, the subtle flattery that velvetcushions your way when you're well known, the sense of security that comes with a cozy bank account—all these things have worked together to give him a different aura and some different ways.

I had chicken pot-pie and a mixed salad for lunch, with French bread and Brie cheese, wine and Italian coffee—all the things I know he likes. And, pleased that I had remembered, he sat back, relaxed and happy. It doesn't take much to induce happiness in Monty. He's more than

willing to be happy.

"I like your room!" he said. "I've really got to get at my flat. I started sandpapering my bookshelves, but somehow a morning passes and I have done nothing but read the books I've taken down. I'm

"I've read a lot of the philosophers. I remember, the last time I was here, you talked about Socrates. (I had mentioned Socrates only in passing but he had not forgotten.) So I had a go with Socrates. But it's Aristotle I like. He believed in happiness, calls it the 'gentle art of the

T IS two years now since "A Place in the Sun" was finished. During this time Monty has not worked. "I've done some traveling," he said, "a lot of sailing. Next week I'm going on another cruise; I'll 'crew' on a friend's ketch." There was no explanation about the friend. He isn't the confiding kind. But, putting little things together, I know one person who was on that ketch, I think. I'll come to her later.

"I haven't played nearly as much tennis as I would have liked to," Monty went on. "Somehow the girls I like don't like tennis. . . . And I've spent quite a lot of time in court. I went to the trial of the 'Lonely Hearts' killers. Martha Beck, I thought, was obviously a glandular case. Fernandez looked to me like one of the exterminable. The first time I saw him I felt sure he would kill anybody for five dollars. Well, he's been exterminated."

It is not morbidity that sends Monty to murder trials. Legal things have great interest for him. Often, too, he goes to the night court. And, giving a verbal blueprint of the emotions of various people under stress, he's as impersonal and detailed as a doctor outlining the prognosis of an illness. He was quite cynical when he talked about the character he played in 'A Place in the Sun." He was convinced that if the youth had not fallen in love with Elizabeth Taylor it would have been some-

He said: "The little things Shelley did, all unconsciously, the things that were



THE GIRL seen most often with Monty Clift lately-Judy Balaban, above with Monty, Master of Ceremonies Warren Hull, at "A Place in the Sun" premiere

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piece and parcel of her and her background would have built up-one on top of the other-until they became a mountain of irritation.

"Eventually, too—inevitably—the boy I played would have fallen in love with a girl with the lovely smoothness that comes with wealth and social position. He was conditioned to do this from his childhood when he made up his mind to get away from the ugly life he then knew."

I asked if he liked Elizabeth herself. He

raised his eyes in eloquent admiration. "Any guy would!" He laughed. "She's everything a guy wants; beautiful, warm, gay—vet also sensitive, also poignant. . . .

When I had heard that Monty was going to do this new version of Theodore Dreiser's novel, "An American Tragedy." I had thought it a pity, and said as much to him. I did not see how this tragedy ever could be made into a successful movie or how Monty could fail to estrange at least his younger public. I did not reckon with the great artistry of George Stevens, the producer-director.

"He got the best performances all of us were capable of giving," Monty says quietly—the way you say a thing when you know the person you are praising to be secure without your praise. "He never be secure without your praise. "He never tried to make any one of us say or do any-

thing that seemed unnatural to us.
"It's time I went back to work," Monty continued, "as soon as I've done all the things Paramount needs me to do for publicity on 'Place.' But I've enjoyed this long holiday. Not that I want to sound arty, but acting—especially in a picture like 'Place'—takes a lot out of you. Your but acting-especially in a picture body, after all, doesn't know you're pre-tending when you get white and emotional

A NOTHER change I noticed in Monty. When we had lunched before, he had had me arrange for him to be let out the service entrance. He was driven and harassed by the groups of boys and girls who trailed him and who, that day, waited patiently at the main door. He talks of his public now as if they were the human beings they are. On his way to see me, in fact, he had stopped to talk at length with a truck driver who had recognized him. He's a much more relaxed, much less defensive fellow than he used to be.

Ask anyone who works with Monty about him and the answer comes the same. "I like him," they say as if they did not think you expected them to like him at all. They don't say, "He's a doll!" And they don't say, "He's wonderful to work with, so cooperative." For he's neither of these things. More than once he's refused to approve a story in which the things he was quoted as saying were colored or twisted. "But," say the publicity people in defense of Monty, "he always makes sense. He has his ideas of what he should and shouldn't do-and he sticks to them. You can't blame a man for that!'

It takes weeks to get him to agree to go to a photographer's studio. And, likely enough, if anything that promises to be more fun or more stimulating turns up, the first one or two appointments will be broken. But when he does appear he works like a Trojan. He'll go down to the docks to pose. Interested in a new lens or theory with which the photographer is ex-

perimenting he'll spend an extra hour or two posing, in a laboratory sense, a willing guinea pig. Always, too, he wanders into the dark room to gab with the boys.

A year ago, gabbing in the dark room of a New York photographer, he talked

to one of the boys about a flannel shirt he had bought. "It doesn't fit me. I'll never wear it. But I think it might be right for you, if you'd like it."

When a few weeks passed and no shirt arrived, the dark-room boy decided he'd never see it, that Monty had changed his mind or forgotten. Monty forgets like an elephant. Months later, arriving at this studio for another sitting, he had the shirt slung over his arm. He offered it with no apology for the time lapse, simply a laconic "Hope it fits." Monty, I suspect, thinks most of us are ridiculous slaves to time.

ALWAYS when I see Monty I am reminded of Katie Hepburn. They have the same strange green-gray eves which they direct straight at you, the same autocratic nose, the same at once casual and purposeful ways. They are alike, too, in personality. Both are determined to maintain their privacy. To this end they move like crabs or diplomats. You think they are coming towards you and they are going sidewise. You don't think they are coming towards you and they are right in front of you.

It will be fascinating if, as they plan, they do "Hamlet" together on Broadway. I hope, however, they will have a persuasive, able, firm director. Otherwise their mutual intellectual curiosity and over-whelming desire to put theories to the test is likely to bog down their production.

Speaking again of the change in Monty, he has over the years been seen in public with only one girl and only this girl's name-Myra Letts-ever has been associated with his. Miss Letts is not, in a strict sense of the word, a glamour girl. She goes about hatless, her dark hair rumpled, wearing a great sports coat. It has been said, among other things, that she is brilliant and stimulating and that she acts as Monty's dramatic coach. Monty has confirmed or denied nothing.

This past summer, however, Monty has not been seen with Miss Letts. He has been seen instead with young, attractive Judy Balaban, whose father is president of Paramount Pictures. More than once he and Judy have been seen walking up Fifth Avenue late at night, hand in hand, window-shopping. In a Sherlock Holmes mood I find it significant that Judy returned from a cruise at the same time Monty got back from crewing on that ketch. And it was Judy whom Monty took to the New York premiere of "A Place in the Sun" at which time—to make all of this more interesting and certainly more unusual—they posed together willingly for the photographers.

Success, as I said before, rubs off on people. So far it has made Monty more tolerant-more tolerant, among other things, of the ways of the world. By the same token, more attractive. But I doubt success ever will become Monty's master, drive him endlessly, as it can and does too often. Always, I think, Monty will take time out for living. Because, with his quick interest and his capacity for happiness he likely, always, will find life good.
The End

IS MARIO LANZA HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST HEADACHE?

Hedda Hopper comes up with some surprising answers in

January PHOTOPLAY-on sale December 12.

June—and the Familiar Stranger

(Continued from page 59) know it'll be a happy birthday. Evvie's giving me a party. We'll look forward to seeing you party. We'll look forwar both then on the first."

Evvie spoke to her dad, hung up and eyed the small figure opposite. "Daddy said you had all the details, so he wouldn't repeat them. Give—"

June was smiling. "He speaks with a Southern accent, did you notice, Ev?" "Why not? He's been living in Memphis for twelve or "

for twelve years."
"I wonder," said June, far off again, "what he'll look like. Twelve years is a lot of years.'

VVIE and June, ten and eleven when their parents broke up, had felt as if they'd been torn down the middle. Dorothy, several years older, understood things better but to the younger girls, life without both parents seemed unimagin-able. Mother was the constant center of their little world. Daddy, traveling for National Carbon and Carbide, had to be away a lot; but when he came home, everything turned gayer and more exciting. He had a dry humor that made them giggle, and a disposition that nothing could rile. He played the piano and sang and took them all dancing at Alt Park. First he'd dance with Mother, then with each of the girls.

Deep in their hearts, the girls hoped at first that Mother and Daddy would get together again—a hope that died when Daddy married Florence. They rarely talked about it. Even as youngsters they realized that what couldn't be helped had

best be left unhashed.

Marie and Fred Stovenour faced the reality of their rift with regret, without rancor, but chiefly with the determination that their children should suffer as little as possible. Summers and holidays were to be spent with Daddy. Far from trying to push him out of their lives, Mother did all she could to bring him close. Casually, she managed to keep him in the picture. "Your father would be proud of you, June—" "Evvie, you sound just like your June—" "Evvie, you sound just like your dad—" Dad, when occasion arose, referred just as naturally to Mother. Between them,

they eased the first tension and pain.
"Be sure to make Florence feel comfortable," Mother always said when she packed the girls off on a visit. They knew what she meant. They'd been taught courtesy and fairmindedness. It wasn't easy for Florence. To take their unhappiness

out on her would be wrong. In addition, she was a lovely person. They liked her.

One day stands etched in their memories for its mingled experience. "Florence," said Evvie, "is going to have a baby—"
June gasped. "Who told you?"
"Nobody. She's just getting fat."
"Lots of people get fat."

Though they'd outgrown the cabbagepatch stage, both were rather naive than otherwise. That Evvie, a mere child of eleven, could possibly know what she was talking about, her twelve-year-old sister refused to believe. Yet a vague uneasiness persisted and, candor being one of the Stovenour ways, she went to Daddy. "You know, Evvie said a funny thing today. She said Florence was going to have a baby. Isn't that silly?"

"No, it's true. She is."
June's heart plummeted. Only then did she realize how much she'd been counting on Daddy to laugh it off. Even Evvie, standing by, looked lost for a moment. Evvie was the airy one, always turning things into a joke, laughing so she wouldn't cry. June's feelings showed more. Both stood helplessly silent now.

"I want to tell you something you mustn't forget. It's true that you're going to have a little sister or brother, and that ·I'll love it. But nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place with me."

The baby was three months old in the summer of '39 when Daddy's company transferred him to Memphis. The younger girls went down for a month. Unwilling to leave Mother alone, Dorothy elected

to stay behind.

What they remember of that distant summer is a hodgepodge of unrelated events and feelings. How June, being older, handled the finances of the trip, with Evvie asking politely at intervals: "Am I getting a dime for every dime you're getting?" The panic when they couldn't find Daddy at first in the station crowd, and the relief of hearing his voice calling their names. The motor trip when they picked cotton and Daddy taught them to play poker with license plates. Florence's kindness and the way she always referred to little Fred-die as "Your brother." And of course the goodbyes that finally had to end it. Trying to salve the pangs of separation by thinking of the next time, happily unaware that it was to be twelve years off.

Many factors combined to keep them apart. Money was not too plentiful. Then Mother re-married. Not that Pop, as they called their stepfather, could take Daddy's place. They loved him for not trying to, but for making a place of his own instead. Then Twentieth Century-Fox discovered June. She was just fifteen when they moved to California. In Memphis little Bobby was born the same year. At three, he contracted polio. Despite operations, he still uses braces and crutches.

As correspondents, none of them rated high, but they kept in touch with each other by phone and wire. When they talked of meeting, it was always "Maybe next year," till the hurrying years had piled up to a dozen. And now at last Florence and Daddy were coming.
"Look," said June, "it'll be like a second

honeymoon for them. Let's find them an apartment."

The apartment when they found it looked so pretty that Evvie promptly offered to swap for the duration. June took her to lunch instead, and they laid plans.

"Ev, suppose we were coming out here

for the first time, what would we like to do most?"
"Go through a studio, see the footprints at Grauman's Chinese, dance at the Co-coanut Grove, eat at the Beachcombers."

"But the very first night," June said,
"I'll cook them a fried chicken dinner at
my apartment."

Under the talk and laughter, the stir of anticipation, the fun of lining things up, ran a submerged current of anxiety. When they told Mother, she reacted in character—calm for herself, pleased for them, wishful that they should show their guests a good time. Only how would it be when Mother and Daddy met? Ghosts of the old heartache rose—the divided loyalties, the dread of hurting either parent—ghosts that made them feel a little like lost children again.

A car with Tennessee plates pulled

up in front of Evvie's apartment. A few seconds later another car drove up. The girl inside, catching sight of two strange yet familiar figures unloading bags, turned her wheel fast and whisked into the driveway. Through Evvie's back door she came, lugging a huge basket. "Here's your chicken and salad and strawberries."

"My chicken?"
"You'll have to cook dinner. I'm taking



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Mother to the hospital. And Evvie, they're

outside. They'll be here any second."
"Who's outside? What's Mother doing in the hospital?"

"Nothing serious. I sent the doctor over on account of that pain she had. He wants her to go in for a check-up. Ev, Daddy looks exactly the same."
"How do you know?"

"I saw him. But I got kind of shy and sneaked around the back way."

The front doorbell rang. Evvie opened

it to their visitors. Through the flurry of greetings, she tried to maintain her poise. June was nervous, and showed it. She'd wanted everything so nice. Now, instead of hospitality, she had explanations to offer. About Mother. About Dorothy who couldn't be there because of the two babies. It was Dad who cleared the air. They can't remember what he said, and the words didn't matter. All they knew was that suddenly the tension lifted.

THEY did all the things they planned, but the high spots were these:

Dinner at the Bel-Air, with champagne to celebrate their re-union. Dad brought an album along, filled with snapshots of the girls when they were little, and the evening was given over to reminiscences.
"I remember how you used to wash your

hands."

'Doesn't everyone?"

"Everyone's way is a little different. I remember how you shaved. And the extra funny faces you'd make on purpose.

"I remember Gorgy-porgy."
"What on earth?" asked Florence.

"He'd fix crackers with syrup for us, or bread and milk, and to make it more interesting, he'd give it some silly name. Like Gorgy-porgy—"

"Remember our arguments in the back

seat. Ev?"

"How could I forget? You never looked to see whom you were disciplining, Dad. 'Be quiet,' you'd say, and back flopped the hand. It always caught me."

"Ev and I fixed you, though. Whenever we felt an argument coming on, we'd slide to the floor where you couldn't reach us.

The first time they danced with him was at the Beverly Hills Hotel. But for June the years dissolved, running into one another, as Dad's arms went 'round her. It was here and now, yet it was far away and long ago too, and she was a little girl, floating proudly off in the arms of her tall father between the stars above and the lights below, sure that nothing could ever be more beautiful. Tears stung her lids, thrusting her back to the present.

Mother came out of the hospital, checked and okay. "Are you taking good care of your father and Florence?" she'd ask. "Are they enjoying themselves?" But she didn't ask: "When am I going to see them?"

They'd spent an afternoon at Dot's, with Dad snapping pictures of the grandchildren like crazy. On the way home he said quietly: "We'd like to see your mother and everyone. Could that be arranged?'

But, of course, nothing simpler, he had only to say the word, they'd get right after it. "Well," prompted Evvie in June's apartment later, "let's get after it."

June picked up the phone.

Mother said she'd be delighted. "I'd have suggested it myself, only I wasn't sure how they'd feel. Tell you what, honey. We're celebrating Uncle Dale's birthday at Grandma's Sunday. Why don't you bring them along?" them along?

A weight dropped off their hearts and should have stayed off. But as Sunday neared, they began having ulcers again. En route to Grandma's, even Evvie fell silent. They arrived before Mother, which was like a reprieve. By the time she got there, June was safe in the bedroom, ear

glued to the keyhole, while Evvie peeked through a slit in the doorway.

Mother went straight to Florence, said how glad she was to see her and how well she looked, then turned to Dad. "Hello. Fred."

"Hello, Marie." Evvie saw them clasp hands and smile. "I'd like to tell you that I'm very proud of our daughters.'

A thrill raced through the girls. It was so obviously a tribute to Mother, generous and warm. With the same kind of warmth she accepted it. "Thank you, Fred," and shifted to a lighter note. The ice was broken. From kitchen and bedroom two stray daughters wandered forth.

The girls held their usual post mortem.

"For the first time today," said June, "I realized that they're not just Mother and Daddy, but two individuals with their own lives to lead."

"And we're a couple of dopes, Building a whole situation where there wasn't any. Making a big deal out of nothing."

At the studio, fearful lest Florence and Dad return with shattered illusions, Evvie briefed them beforehand. "There's one term we never use, and that's movie star. June's not a movie star to us or herself. Maybe you expect a lot of glamour. If you do, June'll let you down."

Luck was with them that day. Often the sets are closed, or only one picture is going and there's nobody around. But Twentieth Century-Fox did itself proud for the Stovenours from Memphis. On one stage they heard a great symphony orchestra, on another they watched a comedy scene. For a night-club sequence, they saw Susan Hayward do take after weary take, and saw with it the grind behind the glitter of movies. The name on a dressing room brought Dad to a halt. "Now there's a girl I'd like to meet. I've always kept track of her because you two started out in the same picture."

June knocked. "Come in," said Jeanne Crain, who was lying on the couch, knitting. June introduced her guests, they chatted for a few minutes and left. Behind his specs, Dad's eyes twinkled. "Evvie was right. What's glamorous about knitting?'

The last night of all, when Florence and Dad took them to dinner at the Beachcombers, and spoke simply of the lovely time they'd had, without making a fuss. "I hope it won't be twelve more years,"

said June.

"We won't let it be. Next year Bobby's due for another operation. Maybe after that."

Evvie said: "I'd like to see the boys." Dad paused for a moment, as if to shape his thoughts. "Those little boys think of you as their sisters. But there's a time for everything. They're about the age you two were when the break came. They don't quite realize what it means to share their father. But the day will present it-self when we can all be friends."

It was like an echo out of their vanished childhood. Nothing can change my love for you. Nobody else can take your place with me. It was like a pledge renewed.

This isn't the story of an emotional binge. The Haver girls don't take to selfdramatization. June lets you have things straight. Evvie underplays. They reject any nonsense about a lost father found again. They write to him no more frequently than they used to. "It wouldn't be honest," says June. "We don't have that many memories to share."

Evvie says: "Gush embarrasses me. I don't feel gushy about Dad. I feel, here's a good friend and always will be."

June smiles softly. "I don't mind being the sentimental one. We all parted, loving each other more. I don't know whether that's gush or not. I know it's the truth."

THE END



Presenting the Winner

(Continued from page 37) that had brought her luck at the local auditions last August. In the dressing rooms, the other two contestants heard only faint murmuring. And then came applause. It was Rachelle's turn. Her selection was from Shaw's "St. Joan," in which she tells the inquisitors she will live on bread and water but won't give up her God.
Virginia leaned against the wall, strain-

ing to relax. In a few minutes, every dream of these last months would be over. Failure . . . success . . . jumbled into one thought in her numbed subconscious. A round of applause brought her back to the Playhouse and the waiting audience. Virginia closed her eyes, crossed herself and

walked briskly on stage.
"I'm Virginia McGuire," she announced. "I will do a scene from 'The Trojan Women.'" Removing shoes, headband and earrings, she turned her back to the audience. For ten seconds she stood without moving, and then, no longer was she Virginia McGuire performing on the yellow-curtained stage of the Playhouse Theatre, she was Andromache, on the cliffs of ancient Troy, preparing to sacrifice her infant son to the avenging Greek conquerors. Her anguish was so stirring, her emotions so vibrant, when she finished, there was only the sound of silence. Delayed applause—the greatest possible tribute to any performer, broke the spell.

THE judges remained in the theatre to make their choice; the contestants and the few guests-Brenda Marshall, Gary Merrill, Mrs. Stanley Kramer, Jerry Asher, some Playhouse officials-moved into the college library for refreshments. Everyone chatted amiably but the air was strained until the judges filed in.

Bette Davis spoke immediately. "I was asked to replace Miss Ethel Barrymore as a judge. I feel it is a great honor. My only regret is that three scholarships are not being given. I was asked to name the winner. She is—Miss Virginia McGuire."

Spontaneously, Joyce and Rachelle rushed to Virginia and hugged her. In the days before the auditions, a bond of kinship and warmth had grown up among them. Each had come prepared to find the others typical "bathing beauties." Each secretly thought she landed in the finals accidentally. And each found the others to be the kind of girl she always had known, gone to school with and understood.

Amid the hubbub, surrounded by celebrities, sat Virginia, too dazed to do anything but smile. Gradually she warmed, she talked with Bette Davis, Bill Holden, reminded herself not to act foolishly in

front of this great assemblage of great people. It wasn't until she called home and her mother in Connecticut wept into the phone, that Virginia broke down.

As the excitement subsided, Bill Holden, remembering days when he, too, had come close to success and failed, sought outnot Virginia-but the two girls who did not win. He talked a long while with them and then, the next morning, called Paramount's casting department to plug the girls where they needed it most.

Joseph Mankiewicz invited all three girls visit him on set the next day-the climax to the celebrity treatment which on the first lap of their momentous journey. There they "guested" on WENR's "Bob and Kay" TV show, were presented with inscribed watches on ABC's "Junior Junction," were interviewed on WGN's Louis Quinn show and the next morning, were interviewed on WGN's breakfasted with Tony Weitzal of the Chi-

cago *Daily News*.

In California, following the auditions, all three were interviewed by the casting all three were interviewed by directors of Warner Brothers, 20th Century-Fox and Paramount. The girls lunched at the famous Brown Derby, met Tim Holt and appeared there on Frances Scully's Radio Show. They lunched another day at Paramount's Commissary, met Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman. They attended NBC's mammoth cocktail party for Red Skelton, later "guested" on both the Jeanne Grey and Billie Burke TV Programs.

Joyce McLeod now is back at Emerson College in Boston and her routine is that of a normal co-ed. But there's a bright shining light in her future. So impressed with her talent was William Meiklejohn, casting director of Paramount, that he is arranging a New York screen test for her shortly. Rachelle Mendlovitz is staying on in Hollywood for a brief coaching period at Paramount studios with the possibility

that she, too, may be tested.

This first contest is only the beginning for Virginia, Joyce, Rachelle. The pat-terns set by this venture, the professional interest stirred, leaves much hope for future contestants. William Meiklejchn, who saw the runners-up after the auditions, stated: "This has been handled more intelligently than anything of its kind I've ever observed. I consider this contest a real source of talent."

Though this first Photoplay Scholarship Contest is over, another year and another contest is in the offing. Next month, there will be information about the 1952 contest.

THE END

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... had a wonderful time at Palm Springs—hated to leave. But Jane was due to start production. Arriving home New Year's Eve, they were just going to bed when the bell rang. Jane opened the...



... door. In swarmed a crowd of friends! "Happy New Year," they cried. "How did you like our formal notes of acceptance?" one girl asked. "We tried to get you on the phone but . . ."



Jane dashed to her desk. In her mail were the formal notes. Also, a letter from her stationer—marked URGENT. A mistake had been made, he wrote. An ...



... order for party invitations had been mixed with her order! Jane blinked—then began to laugh. "Who cares! Happy New Year!" she cried. "Let's raid the frozen food locker—this is one party that can't be kept on ice!"





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